# Liberty

OCT. 28, 1944 10c

**Book: DIRIGO POINT**
A love story of two generations

**BASIC PARTY PRINCIPLES**
By
BRICKER . . . . . HATCH
THOMAS . . . BROWDER

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# Hurry, Son! In those books ahead
# Stand Columbus, Webster, Paul Revere—
# Men to set a young Imagination free,
# Heroes to Shape a young man for Tomorrow.

# And we see you in that Tomorrow, Son—
# A man Confident and Smiling—with a
# Smile that owes much to Ipana and Massage.

CHOOSE your future, Son. Hitch your hopes and dreams to a star!

For today, all the riches and resources of a mighty nation are yours . . . to help you develop every talent, every ability you possess . . . to the utmost.

To help you face tomorrow confident and *smiling!*

Yes, *smiling!* Because today, the smiles of our children are guarded with care. In schools all over the country America's youngsters are learning a lesson in dental health that many parents have yet to learn--the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and attractive smiles.

Young as they are, these children know that the soft foods of today deprive our gums of work. They know our gums tend to become soft and tender—and often signal their sensitiveness with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush.

*"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning!*

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist at once.* He may simply tell you that your gums have become sensitive—deprived of natural work and exercise by today's soft foods. And as so many dentists do today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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**Ipana Tooth Paste**

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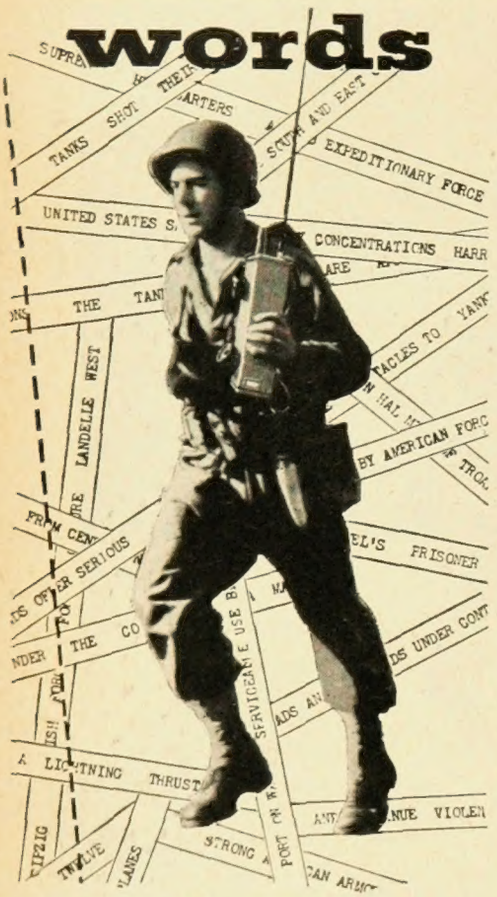


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*Cover: October 27 is Navy Day. Some of the smallest craft in our Navy, the PT boats, execute a right echelon.*

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY KODACHROME


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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

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# VOX POP

## "The Voice of the People"

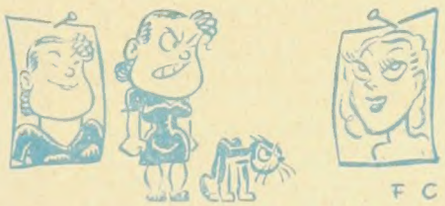
### WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH GERMANY?

BONANZA, ORE.—A while back one of our prominent commentators went to great pains to state that after V-Day Germany should be reduced to the status of a second-rate power; that she had forfeited the right to the place of a first-class power among nations.

It seems to me that we have not yet grasped mentally the enormity of the crimes that Germany, as a nation of people, has perpetrated upon mankind. The blame cannot be laid entirely upon the shoulders of political and military leaders. If the majority of the common people were not ready and willing to follow such leadership, and to sacrifice their property and their children for the purpose of taking by force things that didn't belong to them, such leadership would never have developed. Germany has not only forfeited the right to a position as a first-class power; she has forfeited the right to a *national identity.—Dorothy J. Eyers.*

### THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD ISN'T GRABLE . . .

NEW GUINEA—In your June 24 Vox Pop there appeared a letter headed Competition for the Dream Girl, by Judy Lane of Monterey Park, California. That letter deserves three stars.




I am one of those servicemen whose dream girl is neither Betty Grable nor Lana Turner. Her name—Miss Phyllis Papandrea—isn't as fancy as Grable or Turner. And she's no movie star. But she's just as sweet and beautiful. She lives in Chicago, not Beverly Hills, California. But she's *my* dream girl.—*S/Sgt. Michael J. Nemeth, Jr.*

### POSTWAR PRIVATES

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Concerning the article Who's Going to Raise Our Boys to Be Soldiers? (Liberty, September 2), where does Major General J. E. Edmonds get the idea that our boys are going to be turned over to any military organization for a year of training after the war?

By his own admission, five months has proven sufficient time to school whole regiments as soldier teams. Why, then, are these professional military men asking for a year out of the lives of our boys during peacetime?

Are these men afraid of the time when military leaders will be put back on the shelf, and ordinary peace-loving civilians will be back in the driver's seat? Are we going to allow a group of these men to disrupt the education and lives of our sons by forcing them into a year of military training?

Of course these drastic measures are necessary in time of war or *near war*, but during peacetime?—I'm not so sure.—*L. M. Hawkins.*

ZEPHYR COVE, NEV.—I note that the title of a recent article you had, referred to not "raising" boys for military training. I have no objection to the subject or argument, but plenty of objection to some editor's lack of knowledge. "Raise" applies to animals and vegetables; "rear," to

human beings. The error is common enough, but still there is no excuse for it. When I was a cub reporter my city editor hit me over the knuckles with a ruler for such a misuse of words.—*H. G. Moody.*

You mean they were singing that song I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier wrong all the time?—VOX POP EDITOR.

### CRYSTAL GAZING

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—My husband and I read the story The Better Things, by H. Vernor Dixon (September 9 Liberty) and we want you to know it was one of the best stories we have read in a long time. It will strike home to many of our boys. For example, my brother, who has been overseas for two years, only today wrote that the more he thinks of his future the less he wants to return to what he used to do. Multiply it by a thousand or more, and you have the same thought echoed by the boys over there. Perhaps this story will help give some boy the courage to strike for greener fields, and make good. —*Mrs. Joseph G. Drake.*

### FOR MOTHERS ONLY!

c/o FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I have just finished reading the article The Menace of the "Mothers" (July 29). I want to offer my thanks to Liberty for printing the truth about these parasites.

To the real mothers of the United States, I'd like to tell you how we feel over here. True, we aren't happy about having to be away from home so long. *But!*—don't think we are so stupid as to think our President, or anyone else who is backing the war effort, started this war. And by heaven, if these crackpot Mothers think we will stop short of a total victory, they had better start for Germany now! You see, to us total victory means the turning over of every stone that could possibly harm our children to come. These no-nation low-life parasites that are living on the blood-

*(Continued on page 10)*

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Now you can get complete home, farm, and personal liability protection as part of our NEW auto policy. Yes, *auto* policy. It's unique and extremely low in cost. See your State Farm agent today or clip and send in coupon below.

# "He Pestered Us into Saving Our Home!"

"Remember, Mary? We didn't even want to see that fellow. But he kept after us and we can thank our lucky stars he did! Best friend we ever had. Yup—if it hadn't been for him we'd 'a' prob'ly lost this house and all we've got when the court said, 'Mr. Coulter, we figure you're to blame for that auto wreck and you'll have to pay the damages.' Wow—eleven thousand bucks—I shudder to think of it. Well, that fellow paid the bill. Sure hope the new people next door listen to him. They're good neighbors—hate to lose 'em."

**There's really no mystery about the Coulter's friend**

He's one of 7000 representatives of State Farm Mutual—world's largest auto insurance company. The accident that happened to the Coulters could happen to the "people next door"—it could happen to you. But if you have State Farm's NEW *Full Service* policy it will protect you just as it protected the Coulters from virtually every liability that can be incurred as the owner and operator of an auto, home or farm.

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At a football game you caught a cold!

*(Your throat was thrown for a loss)*

Till someone passed you a pack of KOOLS

*(And they felt soothing)*

If they made you stand up and cheer . . .

*(Even when you had a cold)*

Why not make 'em your regular brand . . . smoke 'em all the time?

*(An idea worth tackling:)*

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS —*for good!*

### DEADLINE AT DAWN

**By William Irish**

**Liberty's Book Condensation**

Quinn had three hours and thirty-seven minutes in which to solve a murder—or become a candidate for the electric chair. William Irish, who wrote the chiller Phantom Lady reaches a new high in this cyclone-paced mystery!

### LATIN AMERICANS DON'T LIKE US

**By Ray Josephs**

We kid ourselves when we think that anti-U. S. feeling below the border is confined to Argentina. An expert on Latin America tells how we're irking our "Good Neighbors."

### A WORD TO THE WISE

**By Alfred Korzybski and Fred Rodell**

None of us can think straight or vote intelligently unless we beware of accepting words at their face values. Here's how we're often fooled—and also what we can do about it.

### THE CIVILIANS OF SAIPAN

**By Morris Markey**

The behavior of Jap civilians when we moved in on Saipan jolted even our tough leathernecks. Is this a foretaste of a problem that will face us when we occupy Japan?

### "DEAR MOM: DON'T WORRY—"

**By Helen Weigel Brown**

If you want news of a man believed to be captured by the enemy, there's a quick, effective way to get it. Here is how the Army finds out and tells you—promptly!

### WHERE YOU WANT IT, UNCLE SAM

**By A. D. Rathbone, IV**

The big trucks roll day and night to move the sinews of war, creating a story that's as exciting and romantic as their hauling feats are prodigious.

### LETTER HOME

**By Pearl S. Buck**

The author of Dragon Seed tells a tender story of a bighearted American soldier, a homeless Chinese waif, and a problem that required a typically Chinese solution.

# DAVID O. SELZNICK
*presents:*

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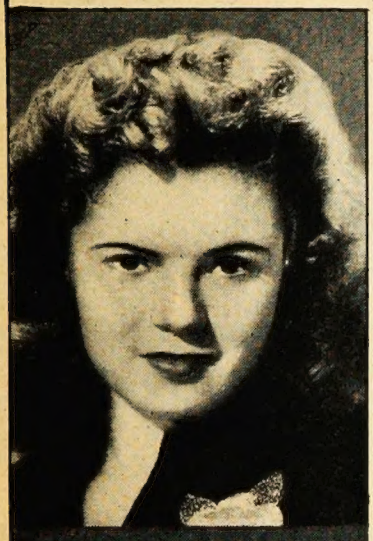
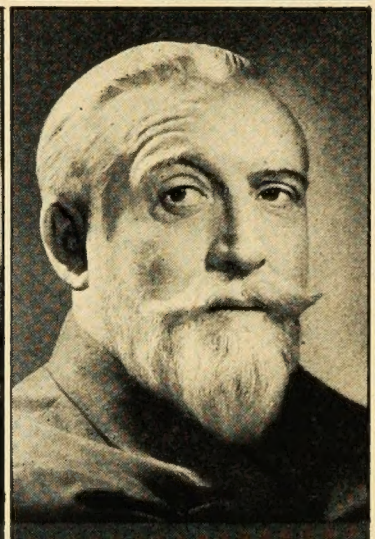
JENNIFER JONES

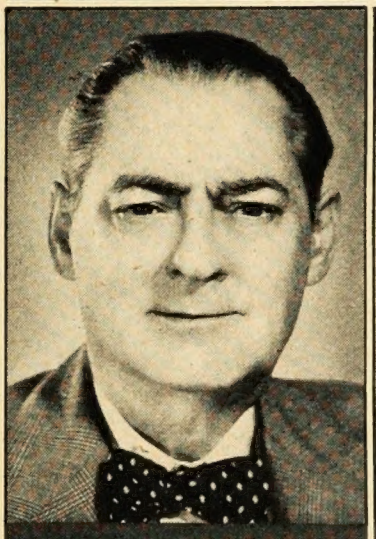
JOSEPH COTTEN



SHIRLEY TEMPLE



MONTY WOOLLEY



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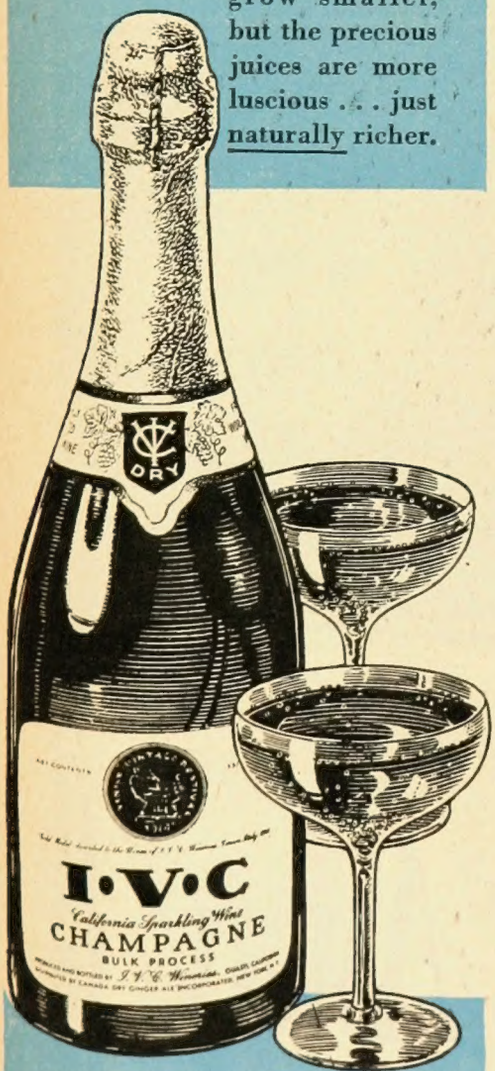


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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS & STAMPS


(*Continued from page 6*)

shed in this war are some of the stones we will not only have to turn when we get back, but *crush!*

To you true mothers I say: Fight these un-American mothers and, so help me God, we will back you to the last. Let's not lose the victory that is so close at hand!—*Elzy Kees, Jr., U. S. M. C.*

## SOUTH AMERICAN QUESTION MARK

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Your exposé of Argentina's military machine, and the way it is copying the methods of Hitler's Nazis is a notable contribution to the cause of peace. (Is Argentina Heading Toward War? by Blair Bolles, Liberty, September 16.) If your warning is heeded, war in South America will be prevented. Let us hope the costly lesson being learned in Europe will not have to be repeated south of Panama.—*Owen H. Barnhill.*

## THE DONKEY VS. THE ELEPHANT

FRUITHURST, ALA.—I wish to thank Mr. Paul Hunter for his splendid editorials. His page is the very first thing I read in Liberty.

It certainly *is* to be hoped that Mrs. Roosevelt's travels will not be made an issue in this campaign, nor the Fledgling's legs—or even his little mustaches. After all, I think Mr. Dewey's physical legs are much longer than his political legs; but

any shortage he has in either is more than made up for by his conceit, presumption, and obvious desperation, upon which he relies in his efforts to criticize President Roosevelt's able conduct of the war *and* the domestic policies. Mr. Dewey fails utterly to recognize that knowledge and experience are prime requisites in any Commander in Chief during these unusual times.—*Louise M. Jones.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The Democrats' wish that F. D. R. might rule forever betrays the same sort of unintelligent, doglike hero worship that made the rise of Hitler and Mussolini possible. They, too, wouldn't change their man for any other on earth. Well, we see what that sort of devotion did to the world.—*W. H. Conners.*

LOCKPORT, N. Y.—I just read F. H. Harding's letter in Vox Pop, September 2, voicing indignation because the comments about the "youthful" Dewey are meant to be derisive. May I remind Mr. H. that Dewey himself started this business in his first speech after being nominated, when he called Roosevelt a "tired old man," and stressed his own "youthful" vim and vigor? I am one who voted for Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, and lived to be ashamed of every vote. And I don't think Dewey measures up either.—*Mrs. S. H. Brown, a 3-star mother.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Your magazine is certainly a stooge for the New Deal.

The articles get worse and worse.

I am writing this on a card as it won't get printed anyway.—*Mrs. C. Jones.*


**RUGGED**

Combat Service men know that their Kirsten pipes *stand up* under hard and continual use. The Kirsten is scientifically designed for long wear; each pipe is precision-machined; they are made from Duralumin, one of the toughest, yet lightest metals known. These features give assurance that your sturdy Kirsten becomes a *permanent* possession.

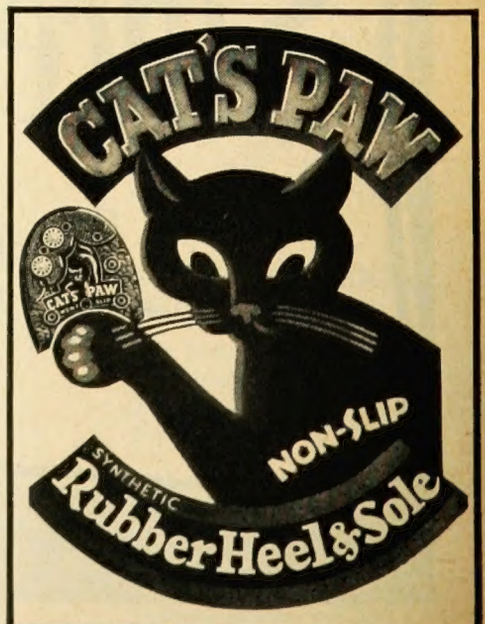
At war, or at home, the Kirsten pipe gives a clean, cool, satisfying smoke.

*Buy War Bonds —Save for Victory*

KIRSTEN PIPE CO.
Seattle 1, Wash.

THE Kirsten "RADIATOR" PIPE
PATS. & PATS. PEND.

**SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER. IT IS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR PACKING FOOD, AMMUNITION, MEDICAL SUPPLIES**



# SINCLAIR 100-OCTANE POWERS 3,000 "FLAT TOP" FIGHTERS

U. S. Navy Photos from Wide World

FIGHTERS and BOMBERS "go upstairs" quicker, maneuver better, fly farther and faster because they have 100-octane gasoline. Sinclair *every day* produces enough 100-octane gasoline to fuel 3000 planes in mass attack from a flat-top fleet. Today, wartime flying takes all Sinclair 100-octane. It will be promoting the development of peacetime aviation, tomorrow.

TAKE-OFF. Dive bomber gets "Go" from signal officer. Sinclair *daily output* of aircraft engine oil would lubricate 3900 bombers in lengthy attacks.

"SAM HOUSTON ZEPHYR" is one of the famous American trains using Sinclair oils. More than 150 American railroads use Sinclair lubricants.

SINCLAIR-IZE for WINTER now! Thousands of cars are junked daily—worn out! Don't let wear junk *your* car. Sinclair-ize service provides the change-over and protection needed for cold weather driving. See your Sinclair Dealer *today*.

# Thoroughbred Quality

There's a refinement of flavor, a serene quality in Dixie Belle such as you naturally associate with the pleasant moods of gracious living. Choice fruits, herbs and berries from far corners of the earth achieve in this distinguished gin an exquisite bouquet that mingles discreetly without overemphasis in any gin drink. Dixie Belle is preferred by those who insist on the best.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORP., Philadelphia, Pa.

*90 PROOF · DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS*

# GOING SOME PLACE?

**Well, if you simply must visit Aunt Jo, you should post yourself on the latest wrinkles in travel—because wrinkles are probably what you'll get**

## BY VINCENT McHUGH

Even before you tell the clerk where you want to go he'll say no.

I WOKE up with a jolt that knocked my ribs down around my ankles. The train was rolling hind end first down the grades of a mountain in Utah. Each time the last car—now in the lead—jerked into a curve, the engineer would set his brakes with a frantic clutch that telescoped every backbone in the train. It was three o'clock in the morning and I did not expect to see the dawn.

This went on for about twenty miles, until we came to a siding on the single-track line. We retired to this siding, and a big Mallett locomotive went on up to haul the crippled express blocking our forward progress out of the way.

I cite this merely as a faint example of what gives with wartime travel. You will hear happier stories. You will hear that the gilded expresses and streamliners are running pretty much in their usual style. That's more or less true, but, by and large, the magnitude of the railroads' wartime task is causing even the crack trains to run anywhere from an hour to several hours late.

You will also hear much worse stories. For one thing, the transportation lines find it almost impossible to get enough maintenance people, or enough personnel of any sort.

Railroad men and women, from ticket sellers to gandy dancers, are carrying on with a grim and selfless endurance that would astonish you. One conductor, a cheerful ex-vaudevillian from a Major Bowes troupe, told me that he had worked 19,000 miles all over the country in his first seven months of service. He'd forgotten how to sleep. In three months he'd been home just once, for his laundry.

Every last piece of equipment that will roll out of the yards is in service. Some of it must have come from the Baltimore & Ohio train that hauled Lincoln to his first inaugural. I remember a trip down through south Georgia with an OWI camera crew. The heat was volcanic and the air-conditioning didn't work. Perspiration dripped from the ends of our noses, and when the trainmen opened the top halves of the vestibule doors, we got a blast of engine smoke that kept us digging hard-coal cinders out of our ears for a week afterward.

Then there was the journey I made across a good slice of Texas in a wooden coach approximately a quarter mile long. It had evidently survived the era in which travelers shot buffalo from the train windows and it was still a very good coach for that purpose. It had gaslights, but there was no gas; so we rode the smelly brown plush seats into Dallas in total darkness.

Other wanderers in other parts of the country have similar tales. A lieutenant commander told me that he had gone all the way from Chicago to Cheyenne in a period wooden coach furnished with oil lamps. He did acknowledge that the lamps were lighted and seemed a little cast down when I mentioned my dark gaslights.

Let's go over the procedure. You are determined to take a trip. The trip is mere feather-chasing, and you know it. You know the railroads need the rolling stock and the schedule time for the people on direct war business and production business and government business—for the four Marine combat reporters I met in San Francisco who had been forced to ride the flag-stop locals all the way across the country from Parris Island; the B-17 pilot in Colorado who was getting back to his desert post by means of an ingenious piece of circumnavigation, and all those helpless men who are being routed out to the military hospitals nearest their homes.

You know these things, but you wrestle with your superego like Jacob wrestling with his angel. After a while you get him down and make him say uncle. You manage to talk yourself into a well-after-all frame of mind. Well, after all, you say, Aunt Jo *is* pushing seventy and this may be the last chance we'll have to get out to San Mateo. You may even forget that Aunt Jo is not your favorite aunt and that you have always suspected she takes dope.

But now you're in trouble. First, you walk briskly into a railroad travel bureau. There are three or four clerks, and perhaps seventy or eighty people holding white cards with black numbers on them. Take one of these cards. It will entitle you to a place in line.

You wait. You think that you should have brought a book—a good long book. But in the end, unless the office closes before anybody gets to you, a clerk will call your number and stand shaking his head regretfully while you tell him your story. He can't do a thing for you. Better try another railroad.

So you go, hat in hand, from one railroad agency to another. Or you may, if you prefer, go to the station ticket office and stand in line there for a couple of hours. I have seen healthy-looking people faint in those lines. But sooner or later, if you are pretty enough, or important

(*Continued on page 70*)

*"Arthur looks so wonderful in his Allen-A's that they gave him the cup anyway!"*

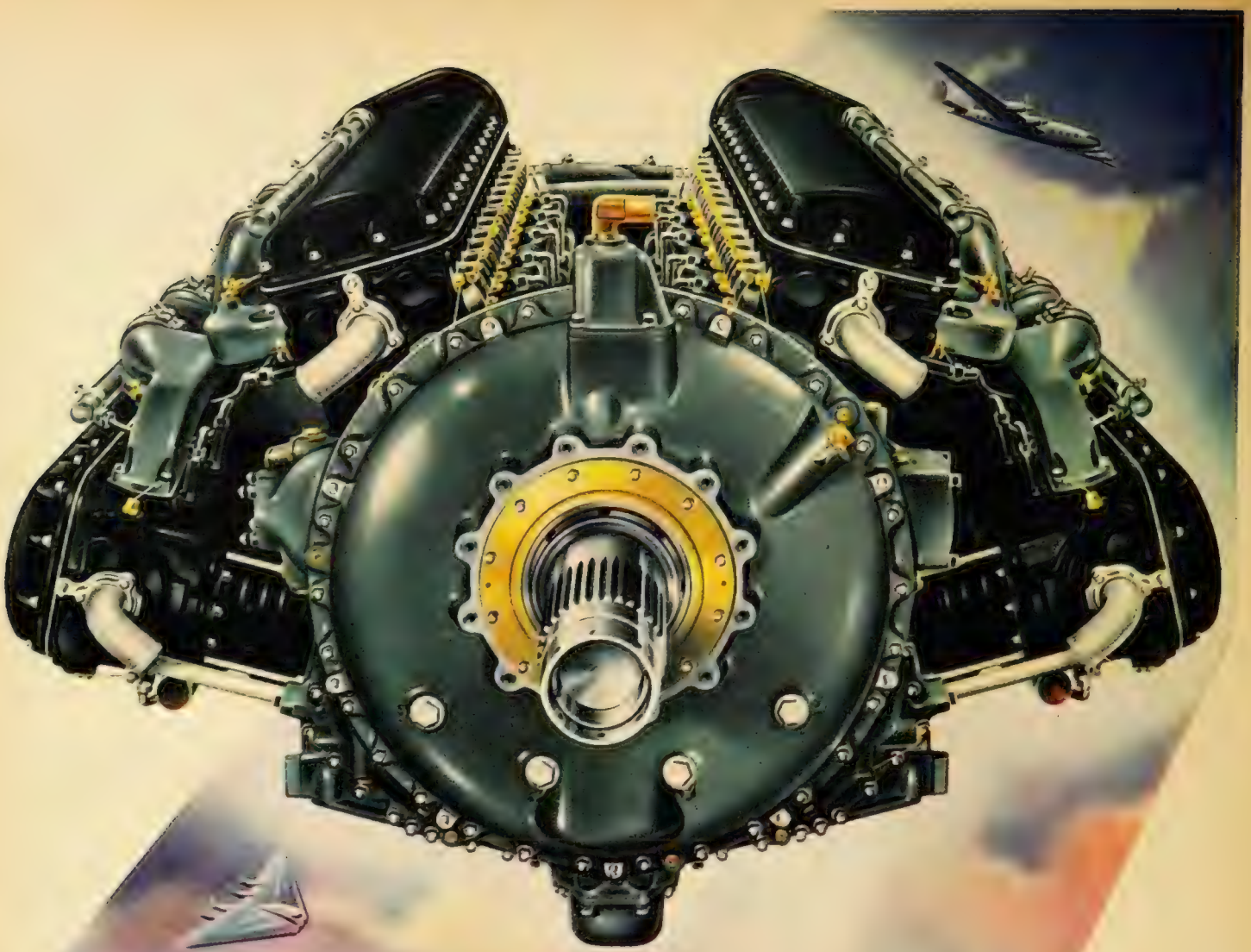
UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY and SPORTSWEAR

Only natural that this precedent-shattering award should go to a man in Allen-A's.

Because Allen-A's are knit to give better fit. And that same knit construction makes them more comfortable to wear, too. They give when you move, don't bind whether you stand or sit. And they don't crawl up or chafe.

They're made to keep you comfortable.

At a better store in your town.



# A LIQUID-COOLED GIANT — THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL

Going into America's new planes is the most powerful liquid-cooled aircraft engine in the world. ★ It is an Allison engine — of approximately 3,000 horsepower. ★ It is more powerful by hundreds of horsepower — gives our pilots over a third more power to work with than the huskiest engine they had before. ★ Virtually all its parts are the same as in other Allisons. So plane crews around the world can service it right now. ★ Its high power, long range, smoothness and dependability are qualities vital in the days of war, and equally important in the planes in which you will fly when peace returns.

**POWERED BY ALLISON**

*P-38—Lightning*
*P-39—Airacobra*
*P-40—Warhawk*
*A-36 and P-51—Mustang*
*P-63—Kingcobra*

*The more-than-50,000 Allison engines built for the U. S. Army Air Forces power the above planes.*

**LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES**

Allison

DIVISION OF

Indianapolis, Indiana

GM GENERAL MOTORS

**KEEP AMERICA STRONG**
**BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

*Every Sunday Afternoon*
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — *NBC Network*

The Martin Mars, the world's largest flying boat, built by the Glenn L. Martin Company, features a single rudder tail more than forty feet high.

# ON THE BEAM

## BY WAYNE PARRISH

### The B-29's Mate

The Boeing B-29 Superfortress has a companion plane, after all. The Army had turned thumbs down on even a bare reference to the Consolidated Vultee B-32 which is being built at its San Diego and Fort Worth plants. But the secret finally popped, even though no data on the plane are available other than that it is in the same general gross weight, range, and speed class as the B-29.

It can be taken pretty much for granted that the Army Air Forces doesn't rely on a single design in any one class of airplanes. For example, the Boeing B-17 was developed at Seattle, but when war approached, the Army encouraged Consolidated Vultee to build the B-24 Liberator in the same general weight, speed, and performance class as the B-17. So it was natural that when the next size was under consideration, both companies would be given contracts. The Boeing Company was ahead of Consolidated Vultee and was given the greater priority for materials and go-ahead. But the B-32 is now coming along and you'll be hearing about it in due course.

### Plane-Passenger Peeve

One of the constant complaints by the public against air transportation is that airplanes occasionally are grounded by weather and hence the passengers can never feel certain when they are going to reach their destinations. It's true that airplane schedules get behind, especially during the winter months. Since the war, the priority problem has made nonpriority travel highly uncertain.

But year after year the air lines have bettered their record of completion of schedules. After the war, when the new airport instrument-control equipment is installed, there should be relatively few times when commercial planes don't go through on schedule. Recently Eastern Air Lines established what is undoubtedly a world's record by completing every scheduled flight on its system during June and July—a 100-per-cent efficiency record that was remarkable, because Eastern has about the highest utilization of its planes in the industry.

Nonpriority travel is getting much easier, too. Now that the air lines have boosted their fleets from about 150 airplanes to about 270, it isn't so difficult to obtain a seat as formerly, and the chances of being "bumped" en route by a priority passenger isn't so great. Soon the air lines will be up to the 300-plane level, which will be within about fifty planes of the industry's all-time peak before the war.

### Plane Financing

Put it down on your books that you won't have much trouble financing the purchase of your own airplane after the war. Heretofore not more than 200 banks in the country dabbled with airplane financing. But today the 15,000 member banks of the American Bankers Association are studying the field carefully.

ABA officials are warning their members not to overlook any bets, and reminding them that twenty-five years ago the banks hesitated to go into automobile financing, with the result that the financing went to outside companies specially organized for the purpose. At least one aviation insurance company has prepared a booklet for banks, advising them how they can best extend credit to plane buyers in the near future.

### China Aircraft Corporation

Have you ever heard of the China Aircraft Corporation? Probably not, but it's an all-Chinese company with several thousand Chinese workers building Douglas A-26 subassemblies in a factory at San Francisco. No less than 3,000 Chinese have contributed to making the company possible, and a $500,000 plant was built by the Defense Plant Corporation. Twenty-five-year-old Dr. Seng-chiu Hu, who holds a Doctor of Science degree in aeronautical engineering from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is founder, director, vice-president, and chief engineer of the company.

China's First Lady, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, gave the company her blessing, and U. S. officials in Washington have aided in many ways to give the Chinese in the United States a chance to participate in the war.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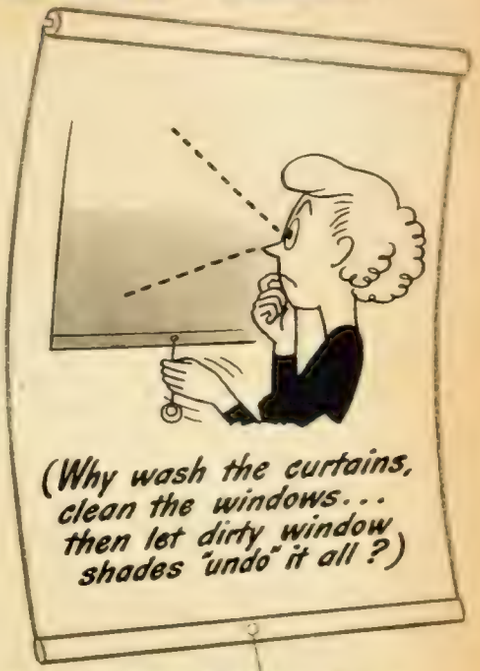


SLICK TRICK:*

CLOPAY
LINTONE 15¢
WASHABLE 29¢
REFILLS EASY TO ATTACH
*Replace dirty, costly shades with beautiful, inexpensive CLOPAYS... and put up fresh, new window shades, every year

● CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES are made of magical, cloth-like cellulose fibre. Won't pinhole, fray or crack. Inexpensive "refills" attach to old rollers as easily as sealing a letter. Cost only 15c-29c. A great step forward in modern housekeeping. Get them at your 5 & 10, hardware or variety store.

CLOPAY

America's largest selling brand of window shades

# LAMP RESEARCH IS "MOVING THE SUN"

HOW MANY times have you wished you could move your kitchen out into the sun-dappled cool of a summer morning?

That's one of the things G-E Lamp Research is planning for you when the war is over. With only this difference: instead of moving your kitchen outdoors, you can "move the sun" into your kitchen. You'll enjoy lighting that doesn't merely compete with darkness, but actually compares with real sunshine! Light that is properly controlled and available night or day, summer or winter. For example:

- Softer, more abundant light for easier seeing.
- Ultraviolet for essential Vitamin D.
- Shortwave ultraviolet that kills germs.
- Soothing, penetrating heat.

Edison started all this, back in 1879, when he perfected the first practical incandescent lamp. And G-E Research has gone on ever since making better and better lamps for you at lower and lower cost. Remember this when you buy lamps, now and after the war. Look for the G-E monogram!

*Photograph taken at New York Botanical Gardens*

"TO MAKE G-E LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER"—The constant aim of G-E Lamp Research

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*...for the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.* BUY WAR BONDS!

OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY PHOTO

**Manpower is manpower during wartime, and Army authorities feel a taste of freedom makes these Italian war prisoners work better and faster.**

# OUR ITALIAN PRISONERS OF WAR

## BY GEORGE H. COPELAND

**What's the story on these Italian prisoners of war? Is it true that we're coddling them? Here are the facts about a touchy situation**

THE Letter to the Editor read: "Has American democracy softened to the point where we are treating prisoners of war as honored guests?"

It referred to the handling of Italian Service Units, whose members are volunteers in the Allied war effort against Germany. It is typical of numerous other protests in recent months. Mothers whose sons were killed in North Africa, Sicily, or Italy have been incensed to see Italian P. W.s attending services in a Fifth Avenue church, watching a baseball game in San Francisco, or strolling through a zoo in Philadelphia. Veterans' organizations have been quick to pass resolutions denouncing the "coddling" of our captives, and congressmen and editors have showered the public with indignation and alarm.

A number of minor incidents and at least one serious disturbance have resulted. Boston had a small fracas when a ball was knocked over a fence near a policeman who was allergic to Italians. Bayonne, New Jersey, got hot under the collar when a couple of soldiers of the ex-Duce casually walked up a street out of bounds. Sight-seeing tours brought American Legion protests in both Newport News, Virginia, and Baltimore, Maryland. At Fort Lawton, near Seattle, attacks on an Italian Unit brought one fatality and a number of injuries. Rumors have exaggerated the importance of many of these incidents, yet the feeling that the P. W.s are "leading an easy life" and that their crimes as fighters for Fascism are going unpunished has made their treatment the subject of many a hot debate.

The War Department's attitude regarding these P. W.s, whose country is out of the war, is simple and understandable. To develop and maintain a good work output from the Italian Service Units' members, it gives them certain privileges and rewards, such as the opportunity to talk with persons other than prisoners, and to leave their place of detention, in groups, for short periods.

The P. W.s, for their part, work long and hard at tough, unpleasant jobs for which other manpower is lacking, and the Army says their record has been uniformly excellent. They do war jobs all over the country. They are processing trucks and tanks and half-tracks at ocean ports, waterproofing them and loading them aboard ship for the fighting fronts. They are toiling on the graveyard shift in Brooklyn's steaming laundries, repairing jeeps in Louisiana camps, and building military roads in California.

Requests for I. S. U. labor flow in from all areas to headquarters at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, New York. Here is the office of Brigadier General John M. Eager who, as a sign over his door states, is *Generale Commandante*. Far more demands come in than can be satisfied. Seattle has an emergency call to load ammunition on ships heading toward Tokyo, and there are no soldiers or civilians available. San Francisco, Boston, New Orleans press similar pleas. A camp in a California desert, closing up, needs salvage crews. An Army post in northern New York wants men for maintenance, for the mess hall, the motor pool, repair shops, and utilities.

As units, the *soldati* can be put right into military reservations and can work three shifts at hard labor—to which many civilians object. They get refresher courses in auto mechanics, in salvaging materials, in saving obsolete machinery and installing reclaimed parts in trucks, jeeps, and weapon carriers. Without their labor we would be forced to use troops or, in some cases, WACs or Waves.

Here are a few of the special tasks they have accomplished: In California a call

(*Continued on page 56*)

"There isn't a chance. And here's why!" Ada snatched a sheaf of press cuttings.

# SPONSOR'S WIFE

## BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

CHLO CALDER, slim black-eyed secretary to the president of Dark, Devlin & Disbrow, Counselors-at-Advertising, paused at the door of the Research Department. From here she could see the gold head of young Midge Carr bent over her desk.

Midge was working assiduously, which was nothing new. But just now, of course, she would be outdoing herself. Midge would want to leave her present job in A-1 shape before stepping into something better. A swell kid, Midge, attractive and unspoiled. And for the past few days she'd been living in a rosy glow.

Chlo put a narrow foot across the threshold, then withdrew it. Fishing cigarettes from her pocket, she lit one. After a few puffs, however, she ground the cigarette under her heel. Darn it, this hesitation merely postponed the unpleasantness. It . . . Chlo sighed. Of all the assignments she'd had around the agency, and they were legion, she hated this one the worst of all.

"You're the logical one to break it to the girl," T. K. Dark, her boss, had said. "She'll take it best from you."

"But it's rotten, T. K. I—oh, isn't there anything you can do?"

"Not with the Lantoine Company spending two million a year. You must see that."

Chlo did, when she considered the matter dispassionately. All the same, it was a crime, and she felt partly to blame.

It was Chlo who had first promoted the idea that Midge Carr would be a natural for the role of Janet in Starcrossed, a new radio program soon to be put on the air by D., D. & D. Midge was the right age. Her soft lovely voice had allure and personality. Moreover, Chlo knew Midge had some acting ability and was dying to get into radio.

When an idea fixed itself in Chlo Calder's dark head, little short of a blockbuster could dislodge it. Mr. Robert Weaver, head of the Radio Department, discovered this. Chlo had badgered him until, finally, hands thrown in air, he consented to give Midge an audition.

Midge had come through beautifully. Weaver, surprised and enchanted, handed her the part on a silver plate. And Midge got the thrill of her young life.

But now, Chlo thought wryly, this! Why the heck didn't I mind my own business?

Midge's head came up as Chlo stopped by her desk. A warm light flooded into her aquamarine eyes. Midge was grateful to Chlo to the point of speechlessness.

Chlo fumbled for words. But before she found them, it occurred to her that the Research Department was hardly the place for distasteful disclosures.

"I was on my way for coffee," she said. "Thought you might like some."

Midge rose at once. "I'd love it."

They found the cafeteria in the basement reasonably deserted. Chlo waited until Midge had lighted a cigarette and sipped coffee. Then she plunged.

"Listen, dear," she said. "I've some rather bad news for you."

Midge's eyes clouded. "About the part?"

Chlo forced herself to nod. "Yes. I'm afraid you can't have it, Midge."

"But I—I thought—" Midge stopped.

"And you were right," said Chlo quickly. "Everyone here is terribly enthusiastic about you. But it seems that Mrs. Park Whitcomb has pre-empted the part."

"Mrs. Park Whitcomb?" Midge said.

"Park Whitcomb," Chlo explained, "is the client who's sponsoring Starcrossed. He owns Lantoine Cosmetics, you know. Well, his wife is an actress. Her stage name is Ada Riverton."

"Oh!" There was a crushed look in Midge's eyes. "Yes, I've heard of her. But she retired, didn't she?"

"Unfortunately," Chlo said, "she's coming out of retirement. She read the scripts for Starcrossed and fell in love with herself as Janet."

"B-but, Chlo, Ada Riverton must be over thirty, and Janet is supposed to be a young girl."

"This is radio, darling," Chlo reminded her. "Your grandmother could take the part if her voice was all right. And Ada Riverton's an experienced actress. She can probably get away with it."

"I guess so." Midge's teeth bit her lip. "And I—I don't care so much for myself. But—oh, Chlo, I wrote Don about it."

CHLO started. She had completely forgotten Don Crowley. She knew Midge's fiancé only by reputation. But she did know that a training-plane crash in California had cut short Don's career as an Army flier. Months in a Pacific Coast hospital had followed. Don was getting all right again. But he wouldn't be able to work for another year at least.

"You see," Midge had herself under control now, "the radio thing would have made all the difference. Don isn't proud. In a silly way, I mean. If I could make the extra money we'd need, everything would be swell until he gets on his feet. As it is, though—" She broke off with a hopeless shrug.

"I feel very guilty about this," Chlo said. "But, anyhow, you're in solid with Weaver and something else is bound to come along."

She spoke with undue confidence. Radio parts were open frequently, of course. But she knew of none that Midge could have fitted so perfectly as that of the young girl in Starcrossed.

"You're swell, Chlo." Midge's eyes were too bright again. "And you're not guilty of anything, except trying to help me."

"Look, dear," said Chlo. "Wouldn't you like to go somewhere and have a darn good cry?"

Midge blinked the clouds out of her eyes. "I'm not going to be so stupid. But I do hate having to tell Don, because we were making—well, plans. He's coming home in three weeks, you know."

"Suppose—" Chlo checked it. No, that was a crazy idea. Perfectly nutty.

"Yes?" Midge sat up.

"Nothing," said Chlo. "Nothing." But a frown creased her wide forehead. The idea, nutty as it was, persisted.

THE taxi just missed sliding through ahead of a red light on Park Avenue, and while waiting for the green, Chlo almost ordered the driver to turn back. But she closed her lips. The cab moved on.

"Calder," murmured Chlo, "you're simply asking for a slap in the face."

The cab halted before a massive apartment building. Chlo got out, steeling herself. A moment later she was whisked aloft to the penthouse. A courteous maid admitted her and asked her to wait.

Chlo waited, in a living room that could

**Even a sponsor's wife can't faze Chlo, the nimble-wit of advertising, who succeeds in detouring the comeback of a one-time actress for the benefit of all concerned**

have served as a basketball court. A woman of medium height, with gray eyes and hair that had a hard bright glint, like bronze, entered presently.

"Miss Calder?" Her eyes swept Chlo appraisingly. "I had your note. You're from the advertising agency and you want to see me on a personal matter?"

"Yes, Miss Riverton." Chlo's own eyes, black with faint tawny lights, met the rather challenging gray ones.

Ada Riverton, in private life Mrs. Park Whitcomb, dropped into a chair.

"This is all rather mysterious, isn't it?"

"I think," Chlo began slowly, "that I'd better come straight to the point. Miss Riverton, I'm going to ask you to give up that part in Starcrossed."

Ada Riverton stared at her. Then she gave a brittle laugh. "Give up the part? I wouldn't dream of such a thing."

"But," Chlo sat forward, "you will let me explain my reasons for asking?"

Miss Riverton said, a trifle sardonically, "They might be amusing to hear."

Chlo had her little speech well rehearsed. Ada Riverton listened, her face an unencouraging mask. At the finish she waved a beautifully-kept hand.

"The idea is absurd. I'm neither quixotic nor altruistic, Miss Calder."

No, Chlo thought, but you're a born egotist. Aloud she said, "I'm merely asking you to consider a couple of kids who are in a spot. They want terribly to get married. And they could, if Midge Carr had this part. After all, Miss Riverton"—her eyes swept the luxurious apartment—"you've had all kinds of success. You've got money and—and assured position. And these children have nothing. They only want a chance."

"Listen, Miss Calder." Ada Riverton's voice was harsh. "I'm passing over your presumptuousness in coming here. But I may point out that I didn't get the things you mention by stepping aside for every moonstruck kid who wanted a chance."

"Don't you think, though," Chlo said desperately, "that the—well, the times can change a person's way of doing? This boy, Miss Riverton, was hurt in the service. He was a flier—"

Ada Riverton interrupted. "Millions of boys are fliers. Lots of them have been hurt. But, that aside, what would you have me do? Play Lady Bountiful and go on twiddling my thumbs around here?"

"I don't think," Chlo said boldly, "that you'd twiddle them long. You've been offered parts in several stage shows lately. One was in the new Sam Gallard show, wasn't it?"

The thin lines of Miss Riverton's brows shot up. "And how, may I ask, would you know that?"

"Oh, I read Pieter Van Tassel's column." Chlo referred to a gentleman who wrote daily in the Morning Express.

"That scandalmonger? But he's right for once. Sam Gallard has been after me. So have a few others. But I like this radio idea and that's all there is to it. I'm sorry, Miss Calder."

She didn't sound sorry, but she did sound definite. Chlo saw that she was banging her head against a brick wall.

"Well," she said, "thanks, anyhow, for hearing my story. I presume it's no use asking you to think it over?"

"Not the slightest." Ada Riverton looked reflective. "By the way, I wonder just who put you up to coming here?"

"Oh, Miss Riverton!" Chlo fought to keep down exasperation. "I thought I made it clear that I'm just interested in these youngsters. Coming to you was absolutely my own idea."

"Well, I'll believe you. And that's a good thing for your agency, isn't it, considering the—er—circumstances? But" —Miss Riverton's voice hardened— "it might be a bad one for you."

Chlo smiled. She had a wrinkly smile that spread panic among a community of freckles across the bridge of her nose and converted a half-moon scar on one cheekbone into a charming defect.

"Well, naturally, I know that you could make it unpleasant for me," she said. "But you're not going to, are you?"

"You're shrewd." Ada Riverton laughed. "And you're right. I can't see what making trouble for you would get me."

And you, baby—Chlo's mind raged—are a gal who doesn't crook a pinkie unless it gets you something, and you alone.

She said, "Well, I guess that's that. Good-by, Miss Riverton." And she departed, feeling licked to a frazzle.

CHLO had listened to a siren's song sung by Chuck Eiler, tall cleanly-chiseled copy chief at Dark, Devlin & Disbrow, and his running mate, Pixsley. Pixsley, who looked like a brown gnome, rated among New York's first five art directors. The three were inseparable companions.

The song had to do with cocktails. And because, unlike Ulysses, Chlo had nothing with which to stop her ears, they now sat in Crawford's, a dark smoke-choked caravansary in the middle Forties, west of Broadway. Chlo, apparently on a whim, had insisted upon Crawford's.

Eiler looked about him with distaste. "Why the devil did you drag us over here?" he grunted. "You'd better not let Nick find out. He'll call down the curse of Niccoletti on you." Niccoletti's, a block from D., D. & D., was the favorite hangout of the triumvirate.

"Listen, Chuck," said Chlo. "If I don't waive Nick's once in a while, I'll be taken for a fixture there."

"My mother wouldn't like me being in a place like this." Pixsley grinned.

"But, Pix, it's a wonderful place! Actors and all the notables come here."

"Ha!" said Eiler. "She doesn't get enough ham in the advertising business. She's got

(Continued on page 72)

Where the Germans made murder a mass-production business—the crematories of Lublin.

# MURDER FOR PROFIT

## BY RALPH PARKER

**Know your enemy! You'll never see him plainer than in this firsthand report on the Maidanek death camp where Nazis slaughtered a million and a half people**

**By wireless from Moscow.**

TONIGHT, after seeing Maidanek, the Nazi extermination camp near Lublin in Poland, I found myself thinking: But this is all too simple. You can't kill a million and a half people just by putting up some crude timber huts and a few bathhouses, building a few concrete cells and a dozen or so firebrick stoves. To kill so many in battle, you need to mobilize nations, train millions, build great factories, invest huge sums in armaments. A million men were killed at Verdun, but it cost the warring powers more than $2,000 to kill every one of them.

Yet Maidanek represented murder for profit. Here at Maidanek, with its rank vegetable gardens from which even the hungriest today turn with a shudder when they realize the great compost heaps contain human ashes, the Germans did their work not in frenzy or anger, but with cold, scheduled efficiency. Here at Maidanek, where dead men's shoes are piled up by the hundred thousands, Hitlerite Germany was fully exposed at last.

Some of those I met today said we would find worse places when we came to Germany. "At Maidanek," said Florentin Le Du, Breton survivor of a series of German concentration camps, "there was little refinement of torture. You should see Buchenwald."

But it's doubtful whether anywhere else has the German system of disposing of enemies has been so perfected, for at Maidanek Fascism Incorporated made record profits. Prisoners built the camp. Prisoners from the European ghettos paid their own railroad fares to go there. Prisoners to a large extent staffed the camp. The men who poured the blue death crystals in the gas chambers and who stoked the crematories with bodies asked for no bonuses, for they had their share of gold fillings, they sold ashes to mourning relatives, and they took bribes from those who thought it worth while to postpone death for a little while.

The overhead and upkeep thus were light. On the credit side was the production of a constant labor force of 40,000 to 50,000 hands, not all of whom were needed to keep the camp running. Then there was booty. It has been estimated that two thirds of Maidanek's victims were Jewish. These Jews weren't told they were going to die when they left the ghettos of Warsaw, Budapest, Amsterdam, and Prague. They were told that a new life in segregation awaited them in eastern Poland. They were permitted to bring two grips per individual, occasionally extra bedding, sewing machines, a crate of dental equipment, a little cheap stock from their shops. Some brought gold with them, sewn into their clothes. Many had American dollars.

If the huts were full, as was the case practically all the time after November, 1943, during the phase which camp authorities called the "Tower of Babel" period, the trucks that jolted from the Lublin station would pull in at the bathhouse court. The luggage would be unloaded and dumped in a big high-roofed building like a customs shed. "The Germans used to say to the owners as they filed by, depositing their grips, 'You'll come back here after you've bathed,'" said Andrew Stanislawski, a Pole who worked in Maidanek all last year and most of this. "It was all very orderly and efficient. You see, the Germans wanted to keep things running smoothly in order to prevent congestion. The people deposited their luggage, went back to the bathhouse, undressed, filed into the gas chambers, and were carried out through the baggage shed and deposited on trucks or, during winter, on sledges. Once, about one hundred corpses passed me on the way to the crematories. I noticed that one naked figure was making signs. He was still alive. Mussfeld [who ran the crematorium] killed him with an ax."

Hans Stalp, a German, said he once counted 157 children's bodies brought from the gas chambers.

With the owners disposed of, the baggage was shipped to sorting sheds either in camp or the SS.'s warehouses on Chopin Street in Lublin. The contents formed the most valuable item on the credit side of the Maidanek camp's profit-and-loss account. I have a file of documents taken from the office at the Chopin Street warehouse. It contains letters from SS. officials of Lublin to district SS. and police headquarters, and covers the period from the fall of 1942 to the summer of 1943. These letters gave authority to SS. officials in charge of various departments in the warehouse to deliver stock to various addresses. One was signed by G. Hoskower and addressed to a department under a certain Reinhard on September 14, 1942. It was an order for 100 pairs of small tweezers for an SS. dental clinic. Across the bottom of the letter was a note saying the order had been filled.

On June 2, 1943, I. Felsingen signed authority for a large shipment of goods to an SS. enterprise in Zamosc. It included

Some of the grim plunder at Maidanek. Shoes and clothing of the victims went to residents of the Reich.

feather beds, underwear for men, women, and children, shoes, blankets, sheets, towels, and winter coats—in all, 6,500 articles. The warehouse was able to supply everything except 800 handkerchiefs. A list of a somewhat different character was headed: "Details of goods found in possession of Polish sentry Chylinski, who stole them from the Jewish ghetto, and which have since been housed at the Gendarme station at Lubartow." Then it listed articles which appear to have been in the possession of an Orthodox Jewish family of four or five persons, including a small girl and an infant.

It is doubtful whether there is a single item of household use which, at one time or another during the past three years, hasn't found place on the beautifully tidy shelves of the Lublin warehouse. When I visited it today, the stock was a reflection of the "Tower of Babel" phase, with merchandise from many European lands. There was, however, a striking predominance of Hungarian Jewish material, an indication of the fate of at least some of Hungary's half million Jews. You could dress a small town and fill many of its shops with the stuff that lies in Chopin Street today, although most of it is secondhand. There are enough toys to make hundreds of children happy, enough razors for a division of soldiers to shave with, and pencils and notebooks enough to meet the needs of Moscow's foreign correspondents for a decade.

THUS the Maidanek camp was a paying concern. The SS. in eastern Europe lived off it. It helped to finance Hitler's war. Just as the victims' ashes helped to fertilize the gardens off which their warders lived, their possessions—all humble little things that the poorest and most miserable inhabitants of Europe could put in a couple of grips or a sack—went to keep their murderers in comfort. An SS. man in Berlin has a toothache relieved with the equipment taken from Samuel Nathmann of Miskolcz, Hungary. A German child in Düsseldorf plays with an American-made Mickey Mouse toy that belonged to Babette Weil of Prague.

Three French patriots, one confined at Maidanek and the other two at near-by Camp Lipova, told me their experiences. They are Florentin Le Du, fifty-four, a Breton who was a chauffeur in Paris; Jaques Doneker, twenty, of Goussainville, near Chantilly, a mechanic; and Jean Faure of Toulouse, also a mechanic. Le Du is a militant Communist; the other two, De Gaullists. Le Du was arrested in Paris in January, 1943, was held in several concentration camps, and was transferred to Maidanek early this year.

"I lived on dirty water and millet and worked twelve hours a day in the potato fields under the blows of the SS. and trusties," the gray-haired, emaciated survivor told me. He said the worst moment was the daily roll call when both the dead and the living had to be present. Those who had died in the night were laid on the ground in their regular places. Only those who had disappeared mysteriously in the night were absent. The roll call, which lasted several hours, was the time when the guards had their fun. Picking victims for their "practical jokes," they set savage dogs after them, forced them to run until they collapsed, and smothered them in manure. "If a man was torn to pieces, we were often ordered to gather the remains and put them in line for roll call," he said.

At Weimar, Faure lost an eye when a guard struck him with a truncheon loaded with a razor blade. His cheek bears the scar of the blow. His wrist is damaged where he was struck by a revolver, and he's also suffering from tuberculosis as a result of his imprisonment. Le Du said four or five hundred Frenchmen preceded them from Buchenwald to Maidanek. "When the Reds got near," he said, "the Germans evacuated the camps and made convoys of prisoners in order to march them to Warsaw. I managed to feign sickness and was put in a truck with several others, most of whom were really very ill.

Evidence. Cans of the "Zyklon" poison gas used to kill Maidanek prisoners.

"FAURE was among them. There was shellfire when we reached Lublin and Russian planes were overhead. They machine-gunned us. I sat tight while bullets seemed to miss me by inches. The guards bolted to cover. Suddenly a Soviet tank burst out on the road and crashed into the truck, breaking the wheels. Luckily nobody was hurt. The guards reappeared and forced the prisoners into cellars. Faure was unconscious, but two little Polish children helped me carry him in. I had my knife ready, for I had decided to kill myself or escape.

"But I was surprised to find a German who behaved decently. He was a soldier of the Wehrmacht who had been educated in France and spoke French well. I said to him, 'It would be absurd if we got killed now. We might be free in a couple of hours.' He looked at me and winked and went out. The Russian tanks had gone beyond Lublin and the infantry hadn't yet arrived. Nominally the town was captured but we were still German prisoners and at their mercy.

"The German came back half an hour later with several bottles. The guards got completely drunk. I don't remember clearly what happened after that. We were in the cellar about a day before the Soviet infantry came."

Doneker, who wasn't far away, was saved with several companions by some brave Polish women who brought food and spirits to the guards and also clothes hidden under their skirts for the prisoners, who were dressed in thin, striped prison uniform. Taking advantage of the panic and the guards' drunkenness, the women guided the prisoners out to safety.

This happened at other places during Lublin's liberation, and while probably the

(*Continued on page 65*)

# Dear Johnny

EN ROUTE to the station, Pete ordered the cab to stop at the same jewelry store on E street. He told the driver, "I'll just be a minute"; and he crossed the sidewalk and went inside, fumbling with the little ring box. He was wearing his blues, lieutenant stripes, gold wings. Cap jaunty, the way he always wore it. But his sunburnt face was composed, and in his dark eyes there was no emotion at all. The jeweler, looking at him, must have wondered about it. This wasn't the same buoyant, devil-may-care Navy flier, the one who had laughed so much and whose cheeks were flushed when he picked out and paid for the diamond engagement-and-wedding-ring set.

"She's a wonderful girl. In the Navy, too," he'd said—"a Wave," and he had laughed. "The whole thing's strictly Armed Forces!"

The jeweler had squinted at him. "I saw your picture in the paper," he'd said, "the two of you. You were dancing, isn't that right? She's very pretty, the girl."

But now Pete stood there not smiling any more. He pushed the ring box over.

"I don't suppose you'd take these back?"

The jeweler stared at him. "Of course, but—" He felt self-conscious and tried to smile it off. "Don't you love her any more?" He realized at once he shouldn't have said it. The lieutenant was deadly grim. For a moment he was silent Then, almost inaudibly, he—Pete—said:

"Yes, I still love her."

The jeweler didn't ask any more. The sudden intensity in Lieutenant Peterson's eyes frightened him. Perhaps something had happened to the girl. He took back the two rings—engagement and wedding—and refunded the full amount.

"Thank you," Pete said, and he left.

In the cab, Pete rested his head on the back of the seat. The cabby had switched on the radio while he was gone and it was playing dance music. Almost at once, with pain that was nearly blinding, Pete recognized the song—The Music Stopped. He wanted to shut it off, but he couldn't. Sunset cast shadows between the buildings. There were auto horns, pedestrians, confusion; and the music sweet and loud:

> The music stopped, but we were
> still dancing . . .

HE met her late one afternoon at the Merry-Go-Round Bar in the Copley-Plaza, and the song was playing then. Somehow he associated his first look at her with its melody, and afterward it became *their* song; something sacred between them, so that when they heard it they stopped whatever they were doing—stopped for just an instant, and then, always, they kissed.

> The lights were low, so we kept
> on dancing . . .

A voice singing, a radio voice, and Katharine sitting alone at the table, looking very trim, very lovely in her Wave uniform. She was a yeoman second class, and doing what a yeoman should do—writing a letter. Except that this was a personal letter, on blue stationery; and a brilliant, slowly revolving bar was scarcely a place where a yeoman did her official work.

**Pete held her close in his arms and his lips brushed her hair.**

**It's up to a girl to keep faith with her fighting man, but what if she falls in love with someone else? Kathie thought she had the answer, but it wasn't enough for Pete**

# BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

He himself was not on the merry-go-round, and he watched her table circling around, thinking this was no time for a girl to be writing letters; thinking he should know her. She was beautiful, with black hair that came to her shoulders, like Hedy Lamarr's, and a young, radiant face, nicely lipsticked, very pretty, and composed in thought over the letter.

The song played, and he was looking at her, so that he was not even aware that he'd begun walking around with the merry-go-round. But he was. He was walking at a pace so that he never got ahead of her table or behind it. It was she who noticed first, even in spite of her concentration.

LATER she said, "How could I help but notice? A handsome Navy lieutenant, with gold pilot's wings on his chest, South Pacific campaign ribbons, and his cap very rakish, so you could see his blond sun-bleached hair, and his sun-baked face underneath it, with the dark eyes focused on me. Rather merrily, I remember now."

But it wasn't merrily. Incredulous, or hypnotized, perhaps. And when she looked up, at first puzzled that he was following her table around— Do I know him? she'd wondered—he jumped aboard and came over. He sat down in the place opposite her, and now realizing that she didn't know him after all, she smiled. It was a very warm smile, and while it was happening she was studying him. (I *should* know him, she thought. It seems to me that I do.) But she didn't any more than he knew her. It only *seemed* that way.

"Good afternoon, sir," she said.

"Good afternoon," he said.

There was an awkward pause. He asked: "Aren't you drinking?" It was, after all, a bar.

"No sir," she said. "Not yet. I wanted to get this letter started first. But I can't seem to." She smiled. "I came here to write it because I thought perhaps once it was started I might *need* a cocktail to get it finished—and mailed," she added.

But now there was that song and she forgot the letter, so full were her eyes of Pete. He wondered if anything as incredible as this could have happened: if she saw him in the same way he saw her—in the way that told her the two of them meeting here like this had been inevitable?

"Would you consider having a drink with me instead of finishing the letter?"

"I'd love to," she said. "I—I really didn't want to write it anyway. Not today."

"Bacardis?"

"Yes," she said, "with dark rum."

"You like them that way too?"

"Yes, sir," she said.

He gave the order, then turned back. He was drunk already, on her beauty.

"Name?"

"Winters, sir. Katharine J. Yeoman second class. I'm stationed here in Boston."

He told her his name was Willie Peterson and everyone called him Pete.

"You may call me Pete, too, yeoman. Ashore, that is." (Ashore meant anywhere off duty.) "May I call you Kathie?"

She laughed. "Yes, sir--I mean Pete!" And her eyes were big the first time she said his name. They were green eyes, Pete noticed. Shamrock green.

The drinks came. He lifted his.

"Kathie and Pete," he said.

That was the day it started, and afterward (though not right away) neither of them thought it would ever end. They dined that night in the Surf Room. There was music, an orchestra, people in evening dress. Pete and Kathie ate lobster and drank white wine, and talked, and danced, and found things to laugh about. They discovered they had mutual tastes about sports, people, books, everything, though they were from different parts of the country—he from Wisconsin, "and raised on a farm; milk-fed, corn-fattened." But he wasn't very fat now. He was lean and hard, cheekbones jutting in his sunburnt face.

"Annapolis took the fat off me," he said. "I'm one of those rare birds in this war—an Academy graduate; Navy down to my ankles—and I *like* it! Even though," he added, "things sometimes get tough aboard an aircraft carrier. You see, I'm a fighter pilot." But he didn't go on about it. Frowning just a little, he took a quick drink, then he was smiling again.

She was from Salt Lake City. She'd been raised there; joined the Waves a year ago. "And I'm thrilled with it! I never thought I'd travel so much in my life. New York. Then the West Coast—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hollywood. And now here—Boston! I feel very wise, very cosmopolitan. It's fun, Pete! And besides, you have a swell feeling that you're in something."

"You are," he said.

The way he said it made her proud—glad. She laughed happily. "You know, I haven't *really* laughed in ages!" Perhaps it was the night, the crowd, the music, and Pete sitting there across from her. Suddenly the music began to play *the* song. Their eyes met, and that was the first time they stopped, cold, doing whatever they were doing. Then they got up and danced. He held her close in his arms and his lips brushed her hair. He wanted to talk, but he couldn't. Because *he* was glad, too. So damned happy he didn't trust himself to talk. He'd never felt *this* way before.

Dancing, they were easily the most attractive couple on the floor. A tall lieutenant in blues; a lovely Wave in blues. A newspaper photographer, there to snap pictures of social celebrities, saw them and, hard-bitten though he was, was struck by something about them. They weren't celebrities, but he took their picture anyway.

After the dance they went for a horse-and-buggy ride. But they ended up on foot, walking along Tea Wharf. "I always feel there are ghosts here," Katharine said—"of those indignant citizens who threw all that tea into the river." There was moonlight, the sound of the water softly lapping the pilings beneath them, and in the distance there was the silhouette of an old four-masted sailing ship.

"Not ghosts," Pete said; "but there *is* tradition here."

They stopped, and she looked up at him, her face beautiful in the shadow of the moon. He tried to talk, but he thought of the song, and he couldn't, at least not well.

"Kathie—no, I'm going to call you Kat. Kat, isn't that silly? Crazy Kat. . . . Kat, I—" But he didn't know what to say, so he said, "I have ten days' leave before I go back to the West Coast." Then: "Hell, that isn't what I meant to talk about!"

"What did you mean to talk about, Pete?"

"About how beautiful you look," he said, "and how I've never met anyone like you—"

"Don't," she said. "Don't say it! Instead, let's— I think it's time I went back."

He was shocked. "But—what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said; "just—let's go."

"Kat, something *is* the matter!"

"No. It's nothing. Please . . ." She was trembling, and there was something in her voice that kept him from asking more.

He took her by the shoulders and kissed her forehead.

"All right, Kat, we'll go; maybe you'll tell me tomorrow."

"Maybe."

But she didn't. She was too glad to see him, and in the excitement of being together he forgot to ask her. It was noon, and she was on a special pass. They went to the Tavern for lunch. The place was dark, and there was music here too, and Kathie kept her eyes on him.

(*Continued on page 79*)

He was thinking this was no time for a girl to be writing letters.

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The Honorable Carl A. Hatch

# THE MARCH OF DEMOCRACY

# by

# The Hon. CARL A. HATCH

**Senator from New Mexico and prominent figure in Democratic Party councils**

**Politicians forever talk about the "basic principles" of their respective parties. So Liberty asked a leading spokesman of each to state these basic principles in black and white**

SINCE 1933 the Government of the United States has proceeded on the theory that America is big enough, human enough, and rich enough to guarantee not only safety from enemies outside, but also security from want within—security to those who are willing to work.

The Democratic administration has proceeded in the belief that America can support this guaranty fully within the framework laid down by the fathers of this government and within the framework of our economic system, without sacrifice of any of the basic individual liberties set forth in the Constitution.

In the march of democracy, that is a tremendous step forward. It means that we believe in America and her future more than any other people in history have believed in their country.

It means that, in the huge abundance of our wealth and productive capacity, we have at last come to know our own strength and are ready to use it for the good of our people.

We consider ourselves ready to go forward with ever greater achievements, and for these we find ever stronger urges. We no longer need, as our incentive, the spectacle of hungry, ill-clad, uneducated children. That is the incentive of despair, of a nation of weaklings. For America to become great, that is not one of the essentials.

But let us remember that we were not always so minded. The resolve that children shall not go hungry is nineteen hundred years old. But the disregard of it is older than that. The framers of our government well understood this principle. To make it effective in our modern world, the uses of government are necessary both in placing a floor under human suffering and in placing a ceiling over special privilege.

Call it New Deal, call it bureaucracy, call it federal interference, or what you will—in nineteen hundred years of mankind's history, America, under the Roosevelt administration, was the first great sovereign power to put that principle to work on a mass scale.

Before that, we had our despairing would-be breadwinners, men by the millions who were willing to work and could find no work. We had our undernourished, ill-clad children. And we had them precisely at the time when we also had our greatest overabundance of the good things of the farm and factory.

The Democratic Party believes that a mass poverty which threatens the strong and the ambitious equally with the weak and the slothful is the most damaging form of regimentation. Americans are, on the whole, a people of outstanding merit. Yet under unemployment and a government that does nothing about it, the relative merits of those among the unemployed millions are meaningless and are of no avail.

America is big enough and rich enough—yes, and human enough—to do better than that.

Such has been and will be the true concept of this great country of ours.

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Governor John W. Bricker

# FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

# by

# GOVERNOR JOHN W. BRICKER

**Governor of Ohio and Republican Vice-Presidential candidate**

WE Americans believe in the party system of government. But what, after all, is a political party? It is a body of men and women who have common convictions concerning the policies and processes of government and who strive to translate those convictions into the common life of their times. Its vitality is derived from the vitality of the men and women who do its work. When they grow weary, or indifferent, or lose their independence, the party dies. Then it is that our system of government is threatened.

It takes three elements to make a political party. The first is an ideal of government. The second consists of candidates who espouse that ideal and who can be trusted to apply it. The third is a great army of men and women whose business it is to support the party's stand on the issues and to get its candidates nominated and elected. Neither the issues nor the candidates nor the ideal of government can prevail without that army of free and independent and enthusiastic workers.

The Republican Party believes that a political party is a vital part of the machinery of self-government. It is a forum for the debate of public policy. There is only one way to maintain freedom and opportunity and representative government in America. That way is through forthright discussion of public questions, through sincere party platforms, through the selection of qualified candidates, and through free elections.

The Republican Party has faith in the people and believes that they are fully able to govern themselves through free representative processes.

Free representative government in America was born in a time of great crisis. It was nurtured in years when men had only an ideal of government and life that was yet to be proved in the turmoil of human experience. Because the men and women who founded this nation dared to try out representative government on these shores and midst the storms of the eighteenth century, the Republican Party believes that each succeeding generation must dare to keep it alive. Even in times like these we must prove in America that representative government can wage war and remain free.

The Republican Party believes that state and local governments must retain their rightful place in our federal system. It insists that unless the trend toward centralization of all power in the federal government is checked, state and local governments will sooner or later be reduced to puppet organizations. It recognizes that changes in economic and social conditions require, from time to time, a reallocation of governmental functions. But it likewise knows that centralization of power destroys local self-government and opens the door to totalitarianism and every form of demagoguery. If we believe in self-government, we must give the people a chance to practice it. They can do it best not at the nation's capital, but at the nation's crossroads.

Finally, the Republican Party believes that the most liberal form of government is that in which the citizen enjoys the highest freedom and individual opportunity, and that the most reactionary system is that in which the citizen lives and moves and has his being only by sufferance of the government. This does not mean that government must close its eyes to economic abuses or social injustices. But there is a vast difference between regulation and regimentation. Political ownership or management of agriculture, commerce, and industry has no place in our free economy, and the public interest does not require it.

WIDE WORLD

Norman Thomas

# THE SOCIALIST PARTY IN 1944

# by

# NORMAN THOMAS

**Five-time Presidential candidate of the Socialist Party**

THE Socialist Party—like most Americans—wants the earliest possible peace that will last, wants the preservation and increase of democracy, and wants complete victory over poverty and unemployment. We believe that the people have it in their power to obtain these things within the framework of the American governmental system, in loyalty to its highest traditions.

But not without the introduction of principle into our political alignment. No single thing is doing more to encourage the growth of an American fascism—of course under another name—than the deliberate attempt of the Democratic and Republican parties to minimize issues and to subordinate principles to a struggle over personalities and for offices.

One great purpose in the Socialist fight in 1944 will be for the right of the people to vote for what they want. Some of the most populous states in America, *e. g.*, Ohio, Illinois, California, have made it next door to impossible for a third party to get on the ballot. Granting that a two-party system is better adapted than a three-party system to our laws and customs, nevertheless, when two parties operate on the tweedledum-tweedledee principle it is a menace to democracy to deny a third party a chance to become a first or second party.

Of course Socialists are fighting for something more than the right to be a spearhead or a nucleus for a great new party like the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation which our neighbors in Canada are developing.

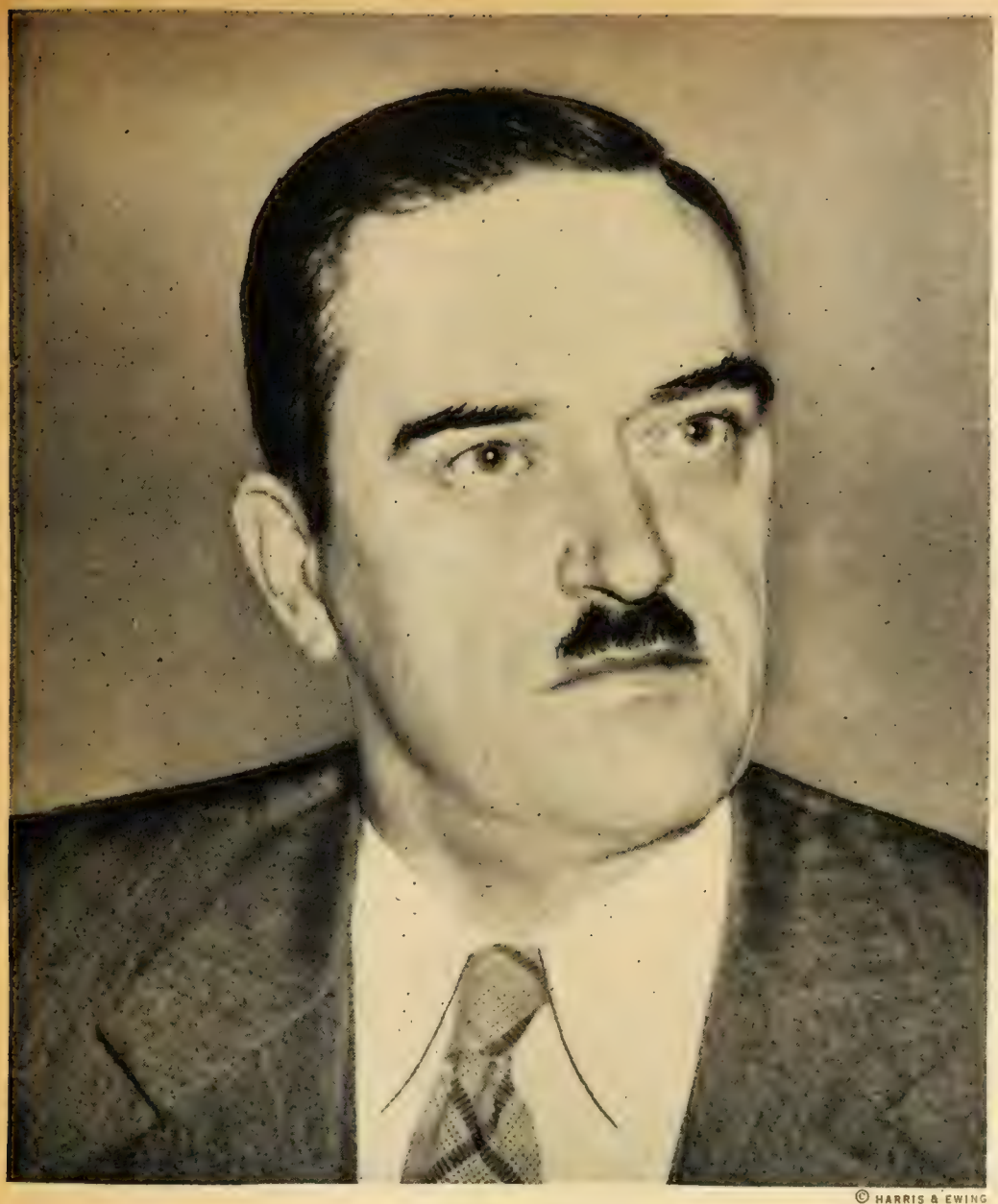
We are fighting for a peace without vengeance on any people or imperialism of any sort; for an economic and political co-operation between *free* peoples which will provide machinery for settling disputes without war and progressively removing the causes of war.

The test of such a peace will be the end of competitive national armaments, of universal military conscription, and of the need for them.

We fight against the President's secret diplomacy and his apparent underwriting of Stalin and Churchill in the Balkanization of Europe and the re-establishment and maintenance of the British, Dutch, and French empires in the Far East at the cost of the lives of thousands of our sons.

We are fighting for abundance for all. If by planning, in spite of Washington's many blunders, we can accomplish miracles of production for war, we can likewise conquer poverty and we can do it without war's regimentation. Socialists do not stand blindly for government ownership. That depends on who owns the government. We stand for government ownership and control of the commanding heights of our economic order: the great natural resources which are God's gift to us all; the whole system of money, banking and credit; and monopolies and semi-monopolies where competition cannot effectively protect us. We reject the totalitarian state whether Communist or Fascist. Socialized enterprises should be operated under public corporations in which the workers of various categories and the whole consuming public are represented. Consumers' Co-operatives must be encouraged.

We do not reject government of the workers by the bosses, for the profit of absentee owners, in favor of government of the workers by the bureaucrats for the glory and power of a military or totalitarian state. We are pointing the way in which the people can save themselves.



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Earl Browder

# FOR VICTORY AND A LASTING PEACE

## by

# EARL BROWDER

**President of the Communist Political Association**

AMERICAN Communists approach the 1944 elections with one supreme criterion for candidates and issues: Do they contribute to victory and an enduring peace?

These aims are bound up with the concord achieved at Teheran by Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt on behalf of the three leading powers of the United Nations. All policies, and the candidates, must be judged by the standard of Teheran.

If they strengthen the alliance for victory and a durable peace, they must be supported; if they weaken or tend to undermine the concord, they must be defeated.

There are Democrats and Republicans on both sides of this main issue. Therefore it is the duty of voters to cast their ballots for those who best represent the Teheran perspective, and reject those who are opposed, or who are lukewarm and vacillating—regardless of party label.

The Communists have decided to completely subordinate their own partisan interests to the obvious needs of the nation at war. As a manifestation of this course, we are discarding our party form of organization, and taking on the character of an educational political association that does not advance its own candidates, but rather works in co-operation with the broadest labor and progressive circles.

Victory and an enduring peace, envisioned in the Teheran concord, will bring our country into the tasks of postwar readjustment under new, unprecedented world conditions. The national unity brought into existence for the war must be strengthened even further. Otherwise there is grave danger of the consequent conflicts within our country leading to the breakdown of international peace.

American Communists, recognizing that there is little or no likelihood of the majority in this country taking the path of a socialist reconstruction after the war, frankly set themselves to co-operate with the democratic majority in solving the postwar problems along the lines of the President's message to Congress on January 11, and the Baruch Report. We are therefore not challenging in any way the slogan of "free enterprise" in the practical political life of the country. Our only plan is national unity, upon whatever practical program will unite the progressive majority of the country to realize the promise of Teheran.

We know, however, that for this policy to bring good results in the long run, it is absolutely essential that it shall achieve approximately full utilization of the national economy in the postwar period. There must be approximately full employment of available labor. This will require an enormous expansion of America's foreign trade and a big rise in the general standard of living—otherwise there will not possibly be the markets to absorb the production of which our national economy is capable. But such expansion of foreign and domestic markets must be achieved in a manner which will cause a minimum of conflict within the country, for deep and widespread conflicts will by themselves destroy the potential markets.

We advocate the development of organized planning to achieve these goals, in which management and labor, together with the government, will each contribute such proposals and support to an agreed course as will give the maximum guaranty of success.

Everything for a quick victory and a lasting peace! Everything to realize the promise of the Teheran concord! Such is the guiding thought which American Communists contribute to our country's political life in 1944.

# MAN HUNT

**Sheriff Sam had a murderer to catch if he wanted to be re-elected, but as it turned out, the culprit hated the opposition more than he loved freedom**

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY DICK CALKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

YOU mean that gold-plated ax hanging behind my bar? Well, sir, I keep her as a sort of a momentum, a kind of medal, like the Purple Heart or the Victoria Cross. A citation for loyalty, maybe. Have one on the house, mister, while I elucidate.

If you will kindly take a squint through that clean spot in the front window, you will notice the Apache County Jail right across the street. I think a great deal indeed of that old jail. Not much to look at, but she could tell some dingers, provided you could get her to talk.

You have heard of Senator Samuel Clegg down at Washington, no doubt. Head of the Congressional Commission for the Perpetuation of Law and Order. The CCPLO they call it. The senator used to be sheriff around here. Fact is, he had been sheriff since when Arizona was a territory. Come to Apache Wells when he was just a button, but he's big britches now, as you know yourself if you read the papers.

Sleepy Sam he was known as in those days. Got elected to sheriff on the Democratic ticket, there being no Republicans within three hundred miles. Live ones, that is. Every time a new election come up, Sam took first prize in a walk.

Then, about ten year ago, a Eastern syndicate bought up a stretch of range land at ten cents on the dollar and imported a bunch of pedigreed Holsteins, together with a gang of mongrel Republicans. They started working the old political shell game, and with election day coming up, it began to look like Sleepy Sam stood to lose his shirt.

But Sam had faith in his lucky star. He'd worn that sheriff's star for twenty-odd years, worn the silver off down to the brass. He just couldn't figure that anybody would be low-down mean enough to take his star away from him.

WELL, one day Sleepy was snoozing outside his jailhouse door. His bloodhound, Violet, lay at his feet, chasing imaginary outlaws across a dream desert. Every once in a while Violet would let out a whimper and twitch her mangy hide when Sam's snores hit a new low. So help me, stranger, Sam and Violet were the most congenial couple I ever see. They should have been man and wife, them two. Both led a dog's life, which is mostly sleeping.

As I was saying, here is Sam and Violet hitting it off like a church sociable duet when up comes two citizens, stepping high and wide to clear the rubbish in the jail yard. One was a tall skinny bean pole of a man, with sad eyes and a Winchester carbine. The other was about knee-high to a horned toad, and so fat you hardly knowed if he was laying down or standing up.

The highpockets hombre nudged Sam in the belly with his Winchester. "Whut th' hell?" says Sam, coming back to life and blinking his eyes. "Longhorn Menafer and Stubby Slade! Whut you two night owls doing out in the sun? Nothing short of murder ever got you out of the hay in the daylight."

"Murder it is, Sam!" Longhorn looked like he was going to bust right into tears. "Nee-various an' total murder! Seen anything of Lem Stark?"

"Not recent," says Sam. "He dead?"

Stubby Slade kicked a empty tomato crate into the shade and sat down. "Nope," says he, "just wanted, that's all. Conked Lafe Gorky with a ax. Cracked him open like a melon."

Now, I knew this Lafe Gorky, stranger. He was a no-good horse wrangler for that Republican cattle outfit I was telling you about. Used to come to town Saturday night, Lafe did, and pass out political handbills. Then he'd pass out himself. He was a menace to the community, what with leading innocent cow hands astray, feeding them liquor and preaching the Republican gospel, which there isn't none of, to my way of thinking.

Well, the news that Lafe Gorky had been bopped off sort of woke Sleepy Sam up. He started to get to his feet, but the effort was too much on a hot day.

"Which way'd the sidewinder go?" he asks.

"He's layin' over back of the livery stable," says Stubby Slade.

"Not him, chump," says Longhorn Menafer. "Sam ain't chasin' no corpses." Longhorn turns to Sleepy Sam. "Jasp Hemming got word th' public benefactor was last seen high-tailin' up Coulter's Gulch, but he wasn't certain."

"Nobody's certain of nothing these days," puts in Stubby.

"Better raise yourself a posse, Sam," says Menafer. "Election day's coming, and there'll be hell to pay if you ain't got Lem Stark behind the bars before the polls open."

"Lafe Gorky was a elephant man, don't forget," chips in Stubby Slade. "Them Republicans has got a strangle hold on this county's politics right now. If you slip up on this job, it'll be your neck."

Longhorn scratched his jaw with the front sight of his Winchester. "That cattle syndicate has put up five thousand smackers for the capture of the killer. You can't call that alfalfa, Sam."

"Guess you're right, Longhorn." Sheriff Clegg waved a hand toward the Golden Fleece Saloon, which is this place you're in at the moment, stranger, as you may have noticed. "If you boys will just drift along out of the sun before you get a heat wave," goes on Sam, "I'll do me a bit of thinking."

Sleepy Sam tipped his chair back against the jailhouse wall and began his brainwork. It must have been tough going, because in no time at all his jaw was roosting on his wishbone, and from the sound you'd think the Southern Pacific was coming upgrade with a load of ore a mile long.

Drink up, stranger. I'm pretty near done. Thanks, I will take a cigar. Now, so you understand the layout, let me explain that behind the jail there is a sort of gully, covered with mesquite. It is not good for nothing except to throw things in, like empty tin cans and bottles. It is good to do this in because the mesquite hides them. That is the reason our town looks so tidy.

From out of this mesquite comes a man with two weeks' growth of red whiskers on his face. He is not a bad gentleman at heart, as anybody could tell by looking into his honest blue eyes. The same color as mine, by the way.

This man snakes along the ground dragging a ax behind him. When he gets to the corner of the jailhouse, who does he see there but the sheriff, propped up on his chair like I said, and hitting it off like Mexican revolutions, two hundred to the minute. But this hombre does not bother to wake up the sheriff. Neither does he rouse Violet the bloodhound. As a matter of fact, he is very careful indeed not to do so.

Instead, he tiptoes past the both of them and sneaks in the jailhouse door. This, you see, puts him behind the sheriff. He raises his ax, slow and deliberate, keeping his honest blue eyes on the back of Sam Clegg's bald head.

THIS is what you might call a crucible moment, sir, wouldn't you say? But do not get excited, Red Whiskers lays the ax real quiet on the sheriff's desk and walks over to the cell, of which the door happens to be standing open.

The noise of the iron gate when it slammed shut jerked Sam out of his chair like he had sat on a Spanish bayonet.

"Lem Stark, you murderin' polecat! Where—"

Sam's voice choked off in amazement.

"Do not be harsh with me, Sam," says Red Whiskers. "Turn the key and lock me in, for Gawdsakes. Them damn Republicans has been chasing me from Hades to breakfast, of which I ain't had none of, by the way.

"I killed Lafe Gorky, Sam," goes on the gent in the cell. "It was me or him. He come at me with a ax when I said you'd win the election. The lethal weapon's on your desk. I'm in your jail. This day's work ought to hog-tie the vote for you, Sam."

Then this red-whiskered person looked at Sleepy Sam Clegg with his honest blue eyes, the same color as mine. "Gran'pappy was a Democrat," he says. "Pappy was a Democrat, and I'm a Democrat. I wouldn't let those Republican skunks get credit for catchin' me. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

Well, stranger, that's about all. Have another? Here's looking at you, sir. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. They give me that ax hanging behind my bar, and I got the five thousand smackers for capturing the killer. Yes, indeed. Bought this place with it. The senator drops in for a chat with me whenever he's in Arizona. A nice gentleman. I call him Sam. Guess I need a shave. I see you've noticed my whiskers is red.

THE END

Up comes two citizens. One was a tall, skinny bean pole with a Winchester. The other was fat.

# HERE'S YOUR COUNTRY, SOLDIER

## BY LIEUTENANT WILLIAM FITZGIBBON

**What's it like to get home after two years? How are the dames? Is it still the good old U. S. A.? A serviceman reports back to the boys over there**

A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE shell, the old Anzio Express, came in with a quick whine and a roaring crash a hundred yards from where we stood. A swirl of gray dust hung over the shattered building like a snagged cloud, and from it came a soldier in a jeep driving fast toward safer regions.

The Navy said to hell with the passenger list; we'd check it out at sea—and the remaining soldiers on the wharf scrambled aboard. The LST closed its jawlike ramp and cast off. The Jerries threw in another round that landed in the water to our starboard, spouting up a huge geyser and killing dozens of fish. Within five minutes we were out of artillery range for the first time in months.

A few weeks later I was in New York City eating a banana split, and the girl behind the counter was telling me how lucky I was to walk in just when they happened to have bananas.

That's the war for you. Sometimes you stay in one spot for months and months, until you're ready for a Section 8; then suddenly the Army transfers you around so fast you think you're on a whirligig.

She was a nice soft-looking girl with amber hair, but I was tired of her talk about bananas and how hard they were to buy. Then she asked what that ribbon was, and I told her it was the European Theater.

"How long were you overseas?"

"Two years," I said. It's funny, but whenever I tell someone that now, I feel as though I'm bragging. Overseas, you flaunt the fact with a mixture of pride and self-commiseration and it gives you rank over the new arrivals. Once you are home, it's merely an incident in your background and it makes you a little self-conscious to talk about it.

"Gee," the girl said, "I'm glad we had bananas when you came in. We're supposed to get a dozen bananas a month, but sometimes we don't get any for months, and even then most of them are overripe and squashy. Slow ships or something, I guess, because of the submarines."

I wondered how I could include a dissertation on bananas in "my first impressions of the United States," which I had promised to write to O'Conner. Private William O'Conner of Brooklyn took me down to the docks that last morning at Anzio. He and I had been on duty together since D plus three, working nights and sleeping days.

"Listen, lieutenant," he'd said. "Don't be like all those other guys when you get back. Tell us what the States is like now. Tell us about the chow you get, and how you're livin', and about the dames, and if the people back there know what we're doing over here and if they give a damn. Do that, willya, lieutenant? Don't forget about us, like those other guys who went back. And tell us how it feels to get home after two years." I said sure I would, for the *n*th time, and he saluted, sloppily as usual, and drove back to the war.

We'd all wondered what the hell when our departed friends failed to write to us from the States. We knew it wasn't carelessness. There was another reason. They were sparing us some ugly truths, we thought: something was wrong at home.

The United States is all right. I know that now, and I know why the men who went home failed to write back to us. But I had to come home to find out.

I plucked a quarter from the collection of American, Italian, and Algerian coins in my pocket and paid the girl before she could begin pumping me about the war. I don't exactly mind talking about my close calls, but after hearing the experiences of some infantrymen in my outfit, I feel like a junior Scout leader relating the adventures of summer camp.

Outside the drugstore I stopped at a corner stand and bought a stack of the latest magazines. The last I'd seen had been two months old. A large display of candy caught my eye and I asked the guy behind the counter how much I could buy.

"All you want," he said, and when I asked if I could buy a hundred almond bars he started to get them. I told him never to mind, I was only investigating. He turned away from me gruffly.

Your mind gets twisted in two years overseas. Your view of the U. S. A. is all out of focus. My wife knows how long I was gone, but occasionally she finds it hard to believe I was shipped out before the gas shortage was felt and before any rationing began. We, overseas, had a distorted view of rationing. We thought there were extreme shortages of candy and cigarettes here at home because we were limited ourselves. Many of our soldiers over there still believe that, and home-front problems of labor, manpower shortages, crowded trains, Victory girls, and housing conditions are subjects for night-long speculation.

In one of the magazines I bought was a cartoon showing a well-dressed man with a briefcase being accosted by a policeman for sleeping on a park bench. The Washington Monument was in the background.

Those soldiers I left in Italy stare at cartoons such as that, not knowing whether to laugh or take them seriously. A source of fine anticipation, of course, is the cartoonists' satire on women of the U. S. howling wolfishly at the outnumbered male. There's a joke in the Army that says soldiers are required to wear steel helmets in New York City for protection against room keys that girls throw out of hotel windows. The overseas soldier, who has seen the unexpected happen so many times, half believes it.

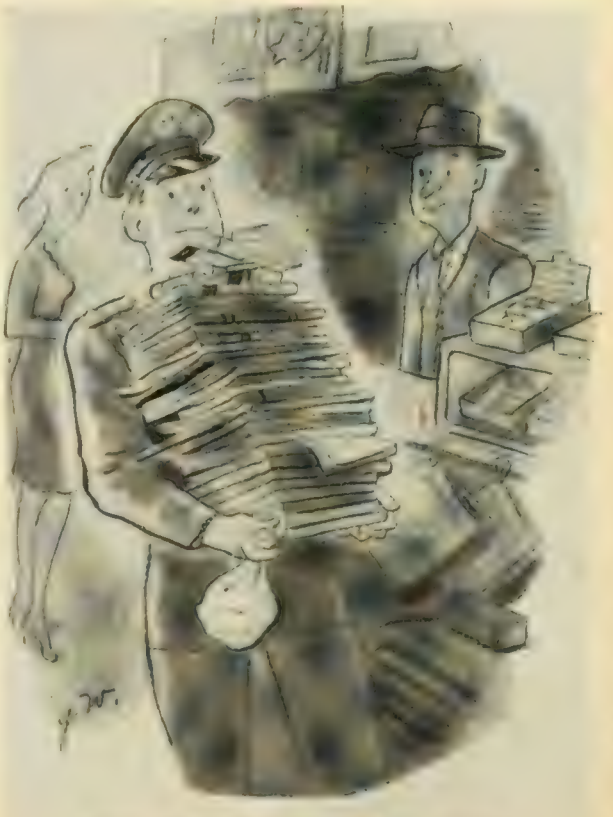
Purely in the interest of enlightening my friends overseas, of course, I halted a girl on the street by the simple method of standing in her path, and asked her how she was affected by the available-male shortage. She was a classy-looking biddy, except for some slight mustache traces.

"Oh," she said, "you soldiers are all alike."

Next, as a final step in my inquiry into wartime morals, I whistled at a girl—close up. She walked right by with the nose two inches higher. Just like old times.

During the course of my twenty-one-day leave, and afterward in my travels under Army orders to a new post assignment, I visited New York, Durham, North Carolina, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Louisville and walked the main stem in each of these cities. As I did so, I kept an eye peeled to see how the draft was going, and I think if I had a penny for every draft-age civilian I saw I would have enough money to buy a forty-nine-cent necktie. And those I saw looked a mite peaked. I won't venture further along those lines. Comes to mind the story of three G.I.s who attacked a 4F in Chicago, or some such likely place, and he sent the three of them to the infirmary.

At any rate, after my quick look around I judge the average civilian male in the United States today is either in puberty, senility, or war work.

There are exceptions. There are profiteers, loafers, draft dodgers, and disaffectionists in the States today, just as the United States also had these people in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Civil War, the War with Spain, and World War I. But don't be persuaded by scare stories in the papers that these people are even

Some things I just couldn't get enough of—like magazines and candy.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WILDE

I stopped a girl on the street to ask if she was affected by the available-male shortage.

the Q. in John Q. Public. The genuine American people are solidly behind the war—and I didn't have to be home very long to find that out.

Several weeks after I was home I heard a lady remark on a quiz program that she "never reads the war news." Something like that makes it hard to keep your dinner down, after living the war and thinking only war for months and years, unless you recognize these rare people for what they are. As Thackeray wrote, "You can't have a tempest in a slop bucket."

It's nice to be able to sit here in a comfortable chair and say, "Don't give it a second thought." But I appreciate the overseas point of view. Over there we don't get the true picture of the home-front war effort. Sure, we heard a lot of boasting by big business of how its products were winning the war, and we saw pictures of Army and Navy "E" presentations, but we kind of shrugged it off as propaganda and ballyhoo. The reports we got, usually by curt press items or word of mouth, of boondoggling and haggling in the States were not so easy to shrug off.

Overseas we hear of strikes, not of war plants without strikes; we hear of disgruntled workers and of absenteeism, but not much of those who work hard at their benches every day, month in and year out. It's nobody's fault in particular. Bad news travels faster than good; newspapers deal in the unusual, not the commonplace.

UPON my arrival home I heard a dozen glittering stories of U. S. production. None of them reached us overseas.

One of them, typical of the rest, I'd like to tell for the soldiers overseas who read this. It occurred in a New Jersey war plant. The Reynolds Metals Company found itself suddenly in a manpower shortage which, were it not remedied, would throw the plant off its production level, and consequently leave war contracts unfulfilled. As it was illegal to work women seven days a week (and 98 per cent of the plant's employees were women), the plant managers spread a word-of-mouth appeal for Sunday workers—laborers in other plants, white-collar workers, housewives, students, anybody who would give up his weekly day off. And, for solid proof that America is working, they got twice as many as they could use!

Workers, professional men, bankers, teachers, and housewives answered the call from all over the New York-New Jersey area. These people didn't do it for gain, or to get their pictures in the papers. A bank president who took his place at a workbench refused, when confronted by a reporter, to identify either himself or the institution he heads. A Long Island lawyer got up at 4.30 A. M., traveled by car to a train, by train and subway to a taxi, and by taxi to the Reynolds Metals plant. After he had paid for his lunch and for this zigzag trip he had a profit of two dollars in his jeans—not much for the loss of his Sundays, or for his eight hours of perspiration, or for the five hours of traveling.

The doubts the soldier has regarding the integrity of his country are somewhat mitigated by the sight of supplies flowing into his sector, but human stories such as the foregoing would certainly be reassuring to him. I told a newspaper friend of mine I intended to include the Reynolds war-plant story in this article and he advised against it.

"Don't do it," he said. "It's old stuff. It must have happened two months before you came home, and besides, it never was unique. The same stuff goes on all over the country."

I tell a lot of people here at home what their long-gone boys want to know about the States. It's a one-man campaign to liven up those V mails. Sure, we were interested in politics, in labor and race problems and in shortages, but we got a lot of general news. We wanted to know how the U. S. man on the street actually was living. The old home town is damned hazy after a year or more overseas and any letter that takes a walk down Main Street, pointing out Mason's shoe store, Carter's drugstore (with old man Carter himself jerking sodas because he can't get help), and the civilian clothes in the window of Riggs' men's shop, is a letter your soldier will read and reread until it's smudged beyond recognition.

Give him a G-2 estimate of the home-town situation. Tell him about the girls and if they're suffering a man shortage; tell him what the restaurants have to eat and drink and how a steak costs a dollar fifty to two bucks almost any place now; tell him what a man's suit (a civvy!) would cost him these days. Tell him how many bonds your town bought in the last drive. Tell him about old men and girls delivering telegrams, and about women driving taxis and delivering milk and working on the railroads. That's old stuff to you, but it sure isn't to the guy with Ireland, Algeria, Tunisia, Italy, and France (or Australia, New Guinea, and Guam) between him and Main Street.

If you would try to picture yourself in the soldier's shoes, living his boring, loathsome life, then letters going overseas would improve enormously. There would be fewer cases of guys sweating out mail call, feeling the excitement of receiving a letter, and then experiencing the awful letdown that comes with reading dry nothingness.

BUT to get back to the business of coming home: would that be a letdown, too? Certainly I don't think any of the boatload of us returning to the United States on rotation really expected it to be. True, at times our glowing anticipation was mixed with apprehensions about home-front apathy, but the moment we stepped ashore those endless foreign years telescoped, and our fears of U. S. indifference fell dead away. Our country and our people hadn't changed. All at once we were home. All at once our bleak worries were foolish and groundless. All at once we had never been away.

The kids on the streets spoke English and didn't tag along after us for chewing gum or bonbons or cigarettes as did the Algerian ragamuffins; nor did they, as do their Neapolitan contemporaries, attempt clamantly to interest us in a shoeshine or their sister or both. Cars lined the clean streets and no one threw slop from the windows with a "Gardyvoo!" At least you guessed they didn't.

It was nighttime and still the city was brightly lit. Shop windows were filled with luxuries of civilian peacetime life,

(*Continued on page 78*)

"The game is really up, you know, Grant," Coyle said. "I have to admit I'm disappointed."

# SUCKER BAIT

**Frantic at his wife's disappearance, McGrath walks into trouble with his eyes open, and only the timely arrival of Danny Coyle retrieves a situation fraught with danger**

BY JUDSON P. PHILIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

## PART TWO—CONCLUSION

COLIN did follow one piece of Coyle's advice. He got out of uniform and into an old tweed suit. His service revolver had been put away on a shelf in the closet. It was still there. He took it from its holster and slipped it into the pocket of his trench coat. Carrying the coat over his arm, he went out.

He found a taxi on the corner and gave the address of Lewis Grant's gambling house on East Fifty-second Street.

All of this Colin had done under a full head of steam. But as the taxi started its journey downtown he began to wonder just exactly what he would do when he got to Grant's place. If he stormed in, brandishing his service revolver, and demanded to know where Marcia was, they would laugh at him. The strategic advantage was theirs. They held all the high cards. As long as they knew where Marcia was and he didn't, he couldn't move against them. He could produce no evidence for the police, if he went to them, that Grant or Tierney or Vanescue had anything to do with Marcia's absence from the apartment. Colin suddenly knew he needed Coyle badly; needed his advice.

The cab stopped in front of Grant's place. Colin got out and climbed the brownstone steps to the door. He had to go in. He knew that. Perhaps it was all right. It had been Coyle's plan before Marcia's absence changed the aspect of things. Perhaps it was still the right move.

The door was opened in answer to his ringing of the bell. It was opened about a foot and Colin saw that a chain lock on the other side guarded against any forcible entrance. A man with thin black eyebrows and a shiny bald head looked out.

"Well?" the man said.

"I want in," Colin said.

"Who do you want to see?"

Colin hesitated. "Either Mr. Tierney or Count Vanescue," he said.

The man promptly removed the chain and opened the door. Colin went in. From somewhere above came the low murmur of voices.

"Card room's the first door to the right at the head of the stairway," the man said. "You'll find your friends there."

"Thanks."

Colin went up the gracefully curved staircase. At the top of the stair a girl in a black uniform and white apron greeted him. "I'll take your hat and coat, sir," she said.

Colin hesitated. He couldn't take the revolver out of the trench-coat pocket. The girl stood waiting, her hands held out for the coat and hat. There was nothing to do but pass them over to her.

"You won't need a check, sir," she said.

He lit a cigarette and walked to the door of the card room. It was a large old-fashioned high-ceilinged room, probably

several rooms of the original house knocked into one. There were about a dozen card tables spaced at comfortable distances on a dark-green linoleum floor. All but two or three were occupied. Grant's customers seemed to be playing a variety of games —bridge, poker, blackjack, red dog.

Colin looked around slowly, wondering how he would spot Tierney and Vanescue. Suddenly he was frozen where he stood. Relief and anxiety crowded up in him at the same time. Marcia! Marcia was seated calmly at a bridge table in the corner of the room. As he stood there, incapable of movement, she looked up and saw him. He saw the panic in her eyes that had been there the night he suggested going to the canteen with her.

The first feeling of relief at seeing that she was all right was replaced by a surge of anger. He took a step forward and was checked by a hand on his arm. He turned quickly. The little man from Coyle's was standing beside him. He spoke in a curious way without moving his lips.

"You don't know her," the man said, and immediately sauntered off across the room. His contact with Colin had been so quick and casual it seemed unlikely any one had noticed.

Colin put out his cigarette in a standing ash tray and walked slowly over toward the bridge table.

There were three men in the game with Marcia. One of them was a thin sandy-haired man with a toothbrush mustache. He was Marcia's partner at

"You don't know her," said the little man.

the moment. Marcia was dummy, her cards spread out in front of her. The opposition consisted of two men Colin decided must be Tierney and Vanescue. Vanescue was thin, tall, with a sharp aquiline face women would consider handsome. He was never still, twisting and turning in his chair, folding and unfolding his cards. His partner was a bulky man in a rough tweed suit. Colin saw that he wore a pair of highly polished Western boots. This must be the alleged Texas oil man, Tierney. His head was turned to talk to a man who stood back of him, watching the game. This man was a stocky blond with a deeply lined face and very pale blue eyes. He wore a dinner jacket.

"Your luck is bound to change, Mr. Tierney," the blond man was saying as Colin approached the table. "I'm a sucker to do it, but I'll give you a side bet if you like."

"You're on, Mr. Grant," Tierney said. "Sky's the limit."

"Five dollars a point?" Grant said coolly.

"Done, by the Lord!" Tierney said. "That gives it a little more zest."

Colin couldn't believe his ears. He knew the average bridge rubber ran from eight hundred to a thousand points, sometimes more. They were betting in telephone numbers. He glanced at Marcia. Her eyes were lowered to the cards which her partner was playing.

The little man from Coyle's was suddenly standing behind her.

Marcia's partner was hesitating over a play for what seemed an interminable time. Presently he led from his hand up to an ace, queen in the dummy. Tierney played low and Marcia's partner took the finesse. It worked, and he tossed the balance of his hand into the center of the table. "The rest are mine," he said.

"You're sure the finessing kid tonight, Flood," Tierney said.

"Lucky," said the man called Flood. "Only way I could make the hand."

"That's game and rubber," Vanescue said. He totaled up figures on the score pad. "Twelve hundred against us. Let's cut for partners again. I hope to heaven I get out of this seat."

They cut. Tierney and the man called Flood drew together. Vanescue and Marcia had the high cards, and Vanescue moved quickly to the seat Flood had occupied. Tierney leaned back in his chair.

"Not my night," he said, and smiled at Marcia. "But I'm glad you're winning for a change, Mrs. McGrath."

"It's about time," Marcia said.

THE shift in seating plan brought Vanescue into the chair behind which Colin was standing. It was his deal. Colin, watching his slender fingers shuffle the cards, noticed that he had a thin strip of adhesive tape around the tip of his right thumb. Suddenly Vanescue turned and looked at Colin.

"Do you mind awfully not standing behind me, old man? I'm superstitious."

"Of course," Colin mumbled.

As he shifted over behind Flood, Colin was aware of Lewis Grant's pale blue eyes resting on him speculatively.

Vanescue dealt. Colin looked at Flood's cards. The man had a bust hand. Vanescue opened with a demand two bid. Tierney passed. Marcia bid a suit and Vanescue promptly went to a small slam. Tierney doubled. Vanescue redoubled. Vanescue made the bid. Again a finesse was required and again it stood up. Tierney shook his head good-naturedly.

"This seems to be my night to go to the cleaners," he said.

Colin figured that the oil man had lost more than fifteen thousand to Grant on his side bet on that one hand, which didn't include the table stakes, whatever they were. He didn't get it. Why should Tierney be losing and Marcia winning?

The bald man who had let Colin in downstairs appeared and went over to Grant. He spoke to the gambling-house proprietor in a whisper. Grant's pale eyes turned once more to Colin. Colin felt the damp sweat in the palms of his hands.

The bald man went away. Grant stood alone, listening to the bidding of the new hand which Tierney had dealt. The oil man bid a game in hearts and after the lead had been made and Flood had put down his hand, Lewis Grant walked over to Colin.

"I wonder if I could speak to you alone for a moment," he said.

"Certainly," Colin said.

"My office is just across the way there," Grant said.

As they crossed the room Colin felt the need of making conversation. "Pretty rough game that," he said.

"Dollar a point table stakes," Lewis Grant said. "The side bets do make it add up."

"A man could lose a small fortune in a short time," Colin said.

"If he has it to lose," Grant said. He opened a door at the end of the room and stood aside for Colin to go in.

Grant moved around to the swivel chair behind his desk. He indicated a leather armchair that stood beside the desk. "Sit down, Commander McGrath," he said.

Colin stared at him. "So you know who I am?"

GRANT sat down in the swivel chair. "You're not expert at intrigue, commander," he said. "It's rather careless to leave identifying letters in the pocket of your coat if you don't want to be identified. I must admit you and your wife did rather a good job of not recognizing each other. I didn't tumble to it at all until my man reported his findings on you."

"Then I take it we come out in the open," Colin said. "Just what is it you want of Marcia? You must know, since you're so careful about strangers, that she can't possibly meet her debt to you."

"I know exactly how good a financial risk your wife is, commander."

"Then . . ."

"And that really has nothing to do with the problem that faces me at the moment, commander. What I'm trying to figure now is just what I'm going to do about you."

"Do about me?"

"Yes, commander. You suddenly have a very high nuisance value."

"Perhaps that should flatter me," Colin said. His anger was rising.

"I don't really care whether it flatters you or not, commander. You and your wife have managed to confuse things rather seriously. The first mistake was your wife's going to Coyle. The second mistake was your deciding to play a hand. If you'd both waited another twenty-four hours, commander, your lives would have uncomplicated themselves. As it is . . ."

"As it is I've had enough of this," Colin said angrily. "I don't know what you meant to force Marcia to do by getting her tangled up in debt, but she isn't going to do it. I'm taking her out of here, now. You can sue for the money and see just how far you can get with it."

Grant's pale blue eyes didn't waver. "You're missing the point, McGrath."

"Well, what is the point?" Colin demanded.

"The point is, commander, what am I to do with you for the next ten or twelve hours? And after that, what am I to do with you? You've stuck your own head into a noose, you know. If you'd waited, by this time tomorrow your wife would have owed no money. You'd have had no problem. Now the whole thing is changed."

"You're talking in riddles," Colin said. He stood up. "Since you know me and where I stand, there's no use in continuing this thing any longer. I'm taking Marcia home. Then you can try to collect."

"I'd sit down if I were you, commander," Grant said. He had reached into his pocket and brought out a small revolver which he put down on the desk within easy reach.

"You wouldn't dare use that with the place full of people," Colin said.

"Maybe not," Grant said. "It would make a lot of noise. You could always try me and see what I would do." He smiled very faintly. "I don't suppose your memory could fail you, could it, commander?"

"My memory?"

"Yes. Suppose you forgot about tonight. Suppose tomorrow you and your wife went away on a trip for the balance of your leave, and suppose you could go,

(*Continued on page 83*)

# NURSES with WINGS

**On long plane trips to base hospitals, the flight nurse is sister, mother, and friend to wounded boys with aching minds who say fervently, "Thank God they sent a nurse along!"**

BY

MORRIS MARKEY

She comes down like an angel and G. I.s really think she is one. A flight nurse cheers her patients.

**A Central Pacific Station.** THE flight surgeon stood beside the air strip at Saipan, watching intently while a big transport plane rolled slowly to a stop. He seemed to stop breathing as the door of the plane opened. An orderly got out first. He turned to help the next passenger down, and there was the flutter of a skirt.

The flight surgeon sighed deeply and relaxed. "Thank God," he said. "Thank God they sent a nurse along!"

Since Tarawa, last November, the Seventh Army Air Force has assigned flight nurses to the planes evacuating wounded men from the far places of the Pacific to base hospitals. It happens very often that a badly hurt lad has not seen a white woman for months or even years. The simple presence of a girl (picked for her job because she is a straightforward American girl with some brains) works miracles in his attitude toward his injury, his hopes of recovery. Often enough she is the best remedy for a wounded mind.

It was Flight Nurse Irene Craig Stone who had come to Saipan. She reported briskly, but with a warm and friendly smile which all the discipline in the world could never take away from her.

"Where are my patients?" she asked.

He was led to them, where they lay quietly on cots. From the depths of their pain and loneliness they looked up at her and grinned, and a few of them even attempted the traditional drawn-out whistle. She didn't overdo the cheerfulness. She had work to do.

The plane carried no stores except K rations, and ahead lay a fifteen-hour flight to Hawaii. Lieutenant Stone found a chaplain, and together they began to forage. It was night and the mess halls were closed. Burglary of the officers' mess yielded only a few cans of soup. But at a Seabee galley the two found a newly baked cake, which they appropriated (the chaplain pausing to bless the occasion). A Navy kitchen with a flimsy lock gave up some cans of fruit and turkey meat.

That night, 10,000 feet over the Pacific, the men in their slung litters ate delicacies which had dwelt for months in tantalizing dreams.

Rank is of no account in the evacuation of wounded. Head injuries, cases requiring plastic surgery, and men with ruined nerves usually get priority. A great many of the wounded dread the flight. Few have ever flown before. Others, air-crew members who have been shot down at sea, know, and enlarge upon, the hazards of a long flight. They grip their stretchers and hold their breaths during take-offs, and then fight each lurch of the plane as it runs through squalls.

If anything unusual occurs, this fear may become a dangerous factor. It may throw a wounded man into a condition of shock from which he simply cannot recover. An engine may stop. A sudden storm may toss the plane about in the air. Then it is up to the nurse to keep the men calm, and she can do it only with her smiling confidence. They see a woman taking it all in stride, and they are ashamed, and quiet down. She moves among them, patting a pillow here, straightening a cover there—doing those things which only a woman can do, and which many of the soldiers had forgotten all about.

A young marine in the first invasion wave at Saipan found himself in a knife fight to the death with a Japanese officer as soon as he was ashore. When the officer was dead, the marine made a routine search of his body and found his own brother's identification tags, kept as a souvenir. His mind exploded with rage.

Aboard the evacuation plane the marine was morose and threatening. He made all the other wounded restless as the plane droned endlessly above the water, and temperatures began to go up.

The flight nurse aboard was Lieutenant Sara Ann Jones. He met her first ap-

**The flight nurse brings the badly hurt ones back alive—and not infrequently in better shape.**

proaches with sneers and brutal words. But presently she persuaded him to smoke a cigarette with her. Then she played the role of mother or big sister, and got him to talking. She asked enough questions to lead him over his harrowing experience two or three times. And so he talked out his rage and was calm again. He still wanted to kill—but only Japanese, and not even those with his bare hands.

On one of her flights out of the battle zone, Nurse Betty Ann Chase had among her patients a Navy photographer whose leg had been nearly blown off at Kwajalein. He knew he was being flown out for an amputation, and he had little will to live.

Lieutenant Chase sat down on the litter beside him. She found out that he had been, before the war, a magazine photographer specializing in style pictures.

She began to wonder how his injury could really handicap him in that sort of work. At first she sympathized with him, but then, as she began to work out with him the way he would live in the future, she allowed her sympathetic mood to cool off. She checked off the things he still could do. Then she tried to make a list of the things he couldn't do. Run? Play tennis? Dance? Perhaps not. How much running and tennis and dancing had he done before, anyway? Not much. Very well, then. Where's the rub? You don't take pictures with your legs, do you?

By the time the plane landed on Hickam Field, he was eager to have the amputation over with so he could get going with his new life.

Between flights the nurses work twenty hours a day in the hospital wards on the atolls and the islands. The worst days are the holidays—Easter and Thanksgiving and, above all, Christmas. They bring memories of gentler days, and homesickness is harder to fight than enemy gunfire.

But Christmas was really Christmas in the little hospital on Canton Island last year, even though the nearest evergreen tree was 1,600 miles away, in Hawaii. Three flight nurses badgered an Air Transport Command pilot into flying a Christmas tree down. On Christmas Eve they set it up in the ward and decorated it with seashells painted with fingernail polish and lipstick, and strung on surgical gauze. For snow there was cotton sprinkled with Epsom salts.

The three girls went through the ward singing carols. And they looked at the pale smiling faces propped on the pillows—and burst into tears. So the wounded men stirred and began to laugh and tell jokes and cheer the nurses up.

Weeks on end, thereafter, the strange case of Christmas Eve was the daily topic of conversation on a coral island with one palm tree, surrounded by thousands of miles of empty ocean.

At Eastertime, the flight nurses at Tarawa stayed up all night dyeing eggs with mercurochrome and gentian violet and blue bichloride tablets swiped from the medical stores.

The flight nurses run errands over thousands of miles of sea for wounded men in remote island hospitals. They bring back artists' materials and musical instruments, wood-carving knives and playing cards, books and phonograph records.

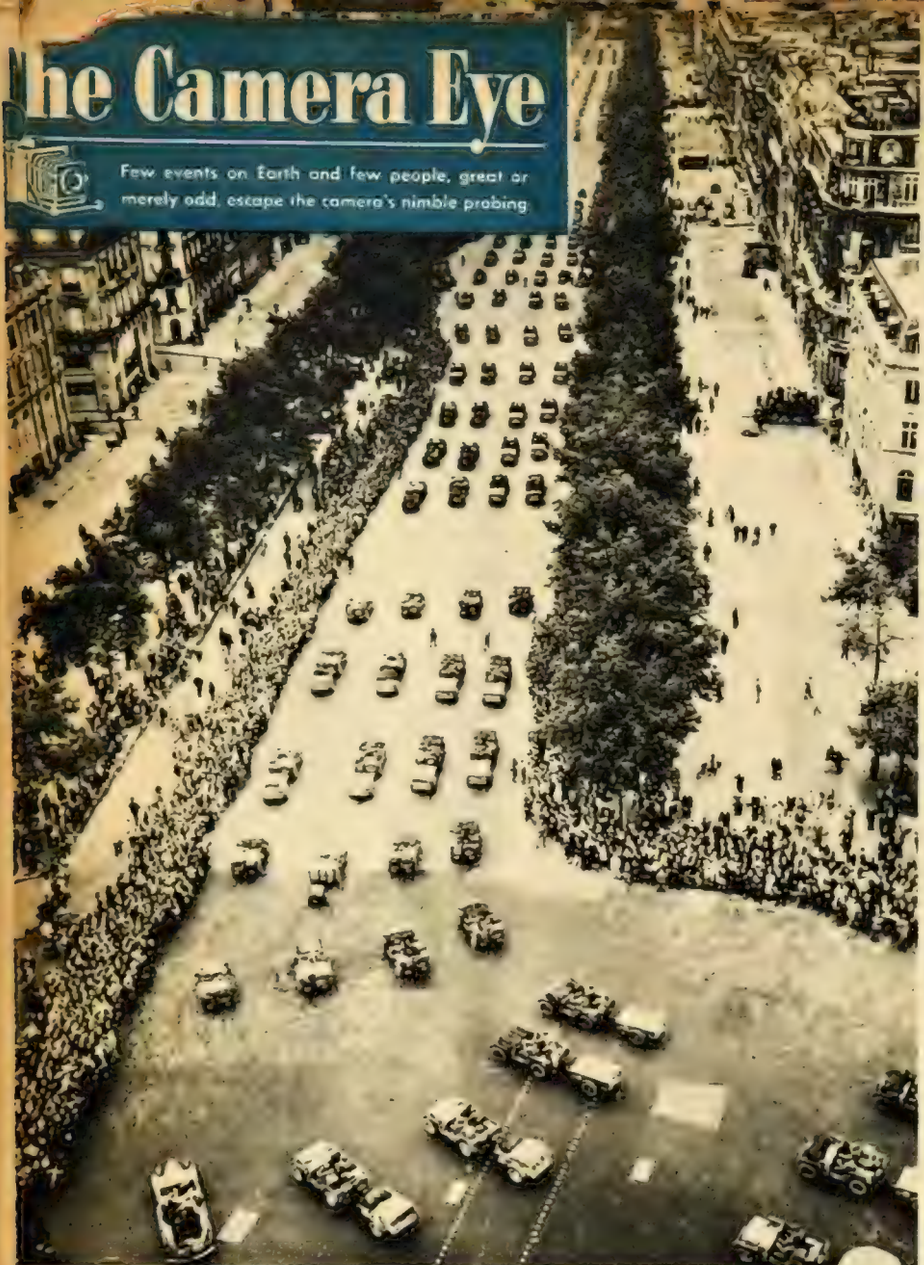
Lieutenant Anne Manning found out that one of her severely wounded patients on the flight from Eniwetok to Pearl Harbor would spend his first wedding anniversary in her plane. She managed a cake and some lemonade from somewhere, and took it aboard, and in mid-flight stood by the soldier's litter, made a nice little speech, and gave him the cake.

Nobody instructs the nurses to do these things. No doctor or flight surgeon, no general or admiral would risk orders governing feminine instincts, feminine warmth and generosity and cheerfulness. And it is not the flight surgeons alone who say, "Thank God they sent a nurse along!"

THE END

# The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing.



**A SIGHT FOR SORE HEARTS**—Everyone loves a parade, but imagine the emotions of the Parisians as they line the streets of their newly liberated city to watch American might roll up the Champs Elysées.

**ULTIMATE OBJECTIVE**—The goal of every G. I. is a separation center. Here's the one at Fort Dix, N. J., where Pfc. Edward Marolda, Pacific veteran, is again becoming a citizen of Winsted, Connecticut.

**OPTIMIST**—When British troops occupied the town of Surbiano in Italy, they came across this cheerful little refugee, who was perched on top of the few possessions his parents were able to salvage, all ready to start from scratch again.

**FAMILY PORTRAIT**—Three generations pay the penalty for having associated with the Germans during their occupation of Chartres—a French collaborationist (right) with her mother and her German child.

**SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS**—The Japs' backs are to the wall, but our marines in the South Pacific take time out to stretch theirs. This unidentified but hep leatherneck is bumps-a-daisying with Patty Thomas, dancer with Bob Hope's foxhole troupe.

**IT'S WORTH A PURPLE HEART**—Chasing the Nazis across Europe is tough on the feet. Pfc. Joe D. Brusco of Elizabeth, N. J., stops a minute to cool his blisters in Brignoles, France.

**HAILZAPOPPIN**—A winter hailstorm got lost and landed in Pueblo, Colorado, on August 31, filling the streets a foot deep. Pedestrians decided the best way to navigate was in their bare feet.

**WARRIOR'S WIFE**—While Old Blood and Guts Patton takes Germany apart Mrs. Patton was on hand for the radio première of the General's Battle Hymn, played by Phil Spitalny (shown with Mrs. Patton above) and his All Girl Orchestra.

**PHONY WAR**—Nobody loves ersatz like the Nazis. Lacking the real stuff, they sought to fool British troops in France with wooden models of tanks and 88-mm. guns that killed no one.

**DEATHBUOY**—Those are no doughnuts on the backs of these British infantrymen. They're fuel tanks for a new flame thrower, the Lifebuoy. This portable incinerator is now being used in Europe.

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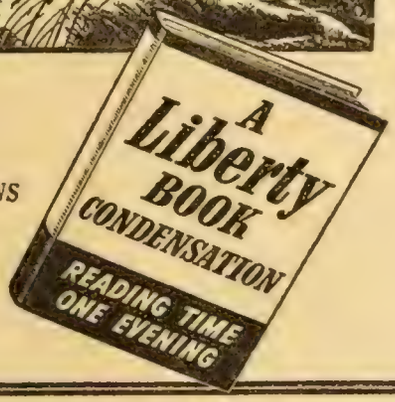
# Dirigo Point

## BY ELIZABETH FOSTER

*ILLUSTRATED BY WIN HOSKINS*




**Years after the divorce of Laura and Roger Hawthorne, the suppressed scandal that had caused it threatened to explode, like a delayed-action bomb. How two pleasant couples met the menace to their happiness is the theme of a piquantly-told story.**

JASMIN left the bus at the corner and walked slowly back to the door of the Ritz. She was several minutes late, and she knew her father would be waiting for her in the lobby, masking his impatience under a polite exterior. But she could not apologize for being late, or even try to explain to him why she had spent the better part of the morning in Central Park, where the cherry trees were in bloom, confusing homesick thoughts of the Maine woods with a desire to spend the summer in town.

Roger Hawthorne was quietly pacing the lobby, with one eye on the clock, and he did not see her as she came through the swing door. Jasmin paused briefly with an uprush of feeling. His hair was a shade grayer above the temples and somewhere in his travels he had acquired a sunburn. Her pleasure in seeing him again was tempered with shyness, for they had met each other very seldom during the twenty-four years of her life. Today, with the diffused light in the hotel lobby shining on his gray hair, he looked both handsome and distinguished. She wondered how many boys of her generation would be as attractive at the age of fifty.

She walked slowly toward him and he turned and saw her.

"Jasmin! How sweet you look!"

He did not chide her for being late, and Jasmin thanked him silently as she put her hand in his. "Hello, father!"

Roger led her toward the dining room where he had already engaged a table for two near a window. He ordered sole *Amandine* and a bottle of Graves. An awkward silence followed, which was broken by Jasmin, who began to talk about the war. In her haste she thought the subject would lead to a number of safe generalities, but she was wrong.

Roger said, "War is always harder on the women—

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especially the *young* women—because they haven't any future." Her eyes clouded and she put down her glass.... There would be nothing for her, or for anyone else in her generation if America went to war. And she would lose what she wanted before she had it.

Roger looked at her with a quizzical expression. "Don't let's talk about the war, Jasmin," he said. "Let's talk about you. When are you going to Maine?"

"Tonight," she replied, and the word fell on the noisy room with a dull explosion. Roger looked at her in silence, controlling his expression so that it remained impassive.

"Tonight," she repeated. "So I won't see you again, I'm afraid."

"Aren't you going rather early?" asked Roger. "In my day we never went before the first of June."

"We weren't going for another two weeks, but day before yesterday mother had one of her impulses."

There was a pause, and he attacked his filet of sole.

Jasmin felt that she must talk or he would notice her

abstraction. "Sandy's going with us," she continued glibly. "The idea is that we're to be there in time for the smelt fishing."

And I, she added privately, have to go along as a chaperon, and I don't want to! I don't want to!

"Oh, so Sandy's going, is he?" said Roger, and if Jasmin had been listening she would have noticed the dryness in his voice.

"Yes," said Jasmin; "he always comes up with us in spring, and then he comes back in October for the shooting."

Roger gazed at his daughter helplessly across the narrow table. Her head was bent over her food, and a beam of sunlight from the street outside was glowing softly in her pale blonde hair. Her oval face, built like his own but more deliberately, was grave and sweet, and there was the ghost of a smile in her gray eyes. She was thinking of something that pleased her. She seemed more lovely and more valuable to him today than ever before. He wanted to explain why he had gone away and left her years ago so that he would be in no danger of losing her now. There was so much to explain, and yet he was always helpless in the face of it. How could he possibly tell her why he had left her mother, when he didn't quite know why himself?

"Jasmin!"

"Yes, father?" she answered, looking up.

His voice failed him.

"What is it, father?" she repeated.

"Nothing, Jasmin, only—only you must think I'm a heel to have left you. I assure you it wasn't because I didn't love you."

"I know," said Jasmin quietly. "You and mother weren't in love with each other. That was all. And I think it's a crime to live with someone you don't love. So I don't blame you. I know how it happened."

"You *don't* know," said Roger flatly; "you're too young to have any idea what happens to a marriage when it starts to crack up. And I hope you'll never find out."

Jasmin said nothing and clasped her hands together under the table.

Roger said warmly, "You're not one of these cynical young things who think that all marriages end in divorce, are you? I hope your mother and I haven't done that to you."

"No, of course not!"

"I'd never forgive myself if I thought you didn't want to be married because we made such a mess of our lives."

Jasmin answered him gravely: "I suppose you're worried because I'm twenty-four and not married yet. I can see what's in your mind."

Roger confessed that the thought had occurred to him.

"I can promise you," continued Jasmin, "that you and mother had nothing to do with it. I never found the right person—that was all."

She had an overpowering desire to confide in him, to reveal everything that was in her mind that afternoon, and hear what he had to say about it. After all, he was her father, he was her own flesh and blood. It was more than possible he would understand. But something held her back. She was afraid it would be unlucky to put her hope into words. It was so tenuous that she was terrified it would vanish if she tried to give it substance. And yet, she ached to tell someone.

She would have been astounded if she had known that more or less the same emotion was stirring in his own breast—he was longing to tell her what was in his mind, but he knew he mustn't.

"Let's have a brandy," he said suddenly.

Jasmin relaxed with a feeling of anticlimax. She was glad that the moment had passed, because she was sure she was right in keeping her emotion to herself. She would be so humiliated if none of it was true. Her grandmother had often warned her that she had an unusually vivid imagination.

JASMIN wandered up Madison Avenue. She had two hours in which to have her hair washed and her nails manicured, but she went toward her appointment reluctantly because she was not in the mood to be imprisoned under a drier.

She wanted to go back to the park and watch the small children sailing boats on the pond.

She came out of the hairdresser's feeling slightly better, but not much. She walked fast, hoping that exercise would bring her down to normal and still the dreadful feeling of suspense and excitement which was brewing in her heart. But it was no use. As she turned into Sixty-eighth Street, the palms of her hands were cold as ice.

She rang a bell and a little *click-click* answered her. Taking a deep breath, she opened the door and walked up the stair. She knocked shyly on the door. It opened at once.

She had forgotten that Tony Carteret was so tall. He seemed to tower over her, and he was laughing down at her from a great distance. His hands were outstretched and she felt herself being pulled gently into the room. The door closed and they were alone.

"Jasmin! Jasmin! How good it is to see you!"

"Tony!"

"Don't speak—just let me look at you!—You've had your hair done, and you've got a new hat. And someone has given you a gardenia! I'm sorry, because I bought gardenias for you, too."

"Tony, father bought me this." It was getting faded anyway. She took it off and laid it on the table. "You were sweet to think of buying me flowers!"

"But why wouldn't I buy you flowers? I chose gardenias because of your name."

Cape jasmine. . . . The other boys around town never remembered that. Only her father, and Tony, who scarcely knew her.

"I don't suppose I should have you here while mother's away," he added as he hunted for the cocktail shaker. "I don't know what people would think—but it seemed so much nicer than one of those damn bars."

"Yes, Tony, it's all right."

He was spreading anchovy paste on salted crackers.

Jasmin felt she ought to help him, but she was rooted to the sofa. He finished the hors d'oeuvres and brought them to her.

"Thanks, Tony. Why did you go to Oxford instead of Harvard? You were going to explain that, too."

"Mother was living in London," he replied, "and I thought I ought to be near her. Is that anchovy paste all right? I've had it quite a while."

"Yes, it's fine."

"Mother's a lonely person in a way," he explained. "I wanted to go to college in America, but I couldn't leave her."

"Is that your mother, over there on the desk?"

"Yes." He took the photograph off the desk and handed it to her. "This was taken in Paris several years ago. It's not very good, but it will give you some idea what she's like."

JASMIN looked at the photograph in silence while Tony poured cocktails. She tried to find some resemblance between mother and son, but there was almost none. His mother's face was small and gay, with a short nose and a chin that looked determined and perhaps a little petulant.

"She's in Aiken now," said Tony, "but she'll be back next week. I want you to meet her."

This was the moment for Jasmin to tell him that she would not be here next week, that she was leaving tonight for Maine. But the words would not come. She rested her head against the back of the sofa and looked at the ceiling, refusing to let anything spoil this, their last hour together for months and months. She could hear him moving around the room, setting things to rights, and finally she lowered her eyes and watched him. His face in repose had a sweetness about it that made her heart stop for a moment, and although he was very young, there was a certain maturity in his expression which she hadn't found in other men of her own age. Europe, she supposed, had something to do with it.

Jasmin sat up and clasped her hands around her knees. She tried to appear unconcerned, for it would be stupid to let him see how she felt. She must take it lightly while she was with him.

"Tony," she said with a smile, "I've got a confession to make. I don't know why I didn't tell you before. I meant to last night, but we were so busy talking about other things . . ."

"Well, what is it?" he said as she paused.

"I'm going to Maine tonight at nine o'clock."

There, it was out! She relaxed against the sofa.

He sat down beside her on the sofa and drank the rest of his cocktail and stared thoughtfully at the other side of the room.

"Isn't this rather early in the season to go to Maine? It must be awfully cold up there."

"I'll have to chaperon mother and Uncle Sandy."

"Who's Uncle Sandy?"

"Mother's faithful beau—Alexander Boyne."

The name meant nothing to Tony.

"How long do you think you'll be gone?"

"All summer," she replied. "That's the trouble."

"All summer!" echoed Tony in dismay. "You can't do that!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to. I'll see you in the fall, when I get back."

He set down his cocktail glass and rose to his feet with a frown. He crossed the room twice before he spoke again, and she was ridiculously happy because he was so upset. She was unprepared, however, for what came next.

"Fall's no good," he said. "I won't be here."

"You mean you'll be in Cambridge. But I can come to Boston."

He hesitated, jingling the keys and the small change in his pocket. Then he said slowly, "I'm not going to Law School. I'm going into the Navy. Nobody knows it yet; I haven't even told mother."

Jasmin grew very pale. Tony had been in England when the war broke out. There was no use arguing with him, because he had seen it at firsthand. She knew that it was impossible for America to stay out of the war, and that he was doing the right thing, but it meant the end of this.

"Where will you be in Maine?" he asked.

"Up in the mountains—a place called Winnebago. I told you about it last night."

"That's right, you did." Tony hesitated, searching his mind for something which was eluding him. "Mother has a camp somewhere in Maine. She never mentions it, and I've forgotten the name of the place. She won't go there because she hates the woods."

"I doubt if it's anywhere near ours—we're in the middle of nowhere," said Jasmin.

Tony crossed the room. "Couldn't I come and see you?" he said diffidently. "I might fly up there for the week-end, or something."

"There isn't an airfield within a hundred miles of us," replied Jasmin. "You'd have to take a train, and then a bus, and then hire a car to drive the last fifteen miles. It takes forever."

"Sounds difficult," he admitted. A fleeting grin passed over his face as he added, "And you sound as though you didn't want me. You're not very enthusiastic about the idea."

"I do want you," she said quietly.

"Then you will ask me up—soon?"

"Yes, Tony."

He put down his half-empty glass and took her hands in his. She knew that he wanted to kiss her, but she held back.

"Jasmin . . . oh, Jasmin!" he murmured.

"Tony, I have to go now," she said, trying to release her hands.

"Jasmin," said Tony quietly, "how old are you?"

She hesitated, and the color came and went in her face. "I'm twenty-four," she replied uneasily. "I'm older than you are."

"So I supposed. Do you feel that I am so awfully young?"

"No, I never think of it. You're older, anyway—I mean, you're more mature—than most of the boys I know."

He kissed her, and she picked up her new hat and put it on, and found her purse and gloves, and they went toward the door. When she came out into the street, it seemed to be aflame with late afternoon sunlight. She paused, getting her bearings and thinking, It was wonderful, but it wasn't real. He doesn't love me, and there's no use kidding myself that he does. Good-by, Tony! Maybe I'll see you again, and maybe I won't.

THE wind was blowing from the north and the lake was full of miniature whitecaps. There was a patch of snow on South Mountain, and there were no leaves whatever on the trees, but spring was stirring in them, for the shore line was a soft burnt umber. A thin veil of smoke hung over a point at the other end of the lake, and Jasmin thought, Camp will be warm and cozy and we'll have hot toddies before lunch.

Bert and Walter, the guides, were stowing the luggage into the boats, and Sandy was having an animated conversation with Willie Tinker, who owned the sporting camp at the end of the lake.

Sandy was clothed in an old Harris-tweed suit, and already it seemed to smell of balsam and fir and wood smoke. Willie's clipped accents rose over the splash of the waves; he said something amusing, and Sandy laughed.

Laura, Jasmin's mother, was shivering at the end of the wharf. Jasmin joined her. "As usual," she remarked, "I can't believe I've been away."

"Neither can I," replied Laura. "I feel as though we'd left camp yesterday."

They looked across the rough lake in silence, enjoying it to the full. The waves were dashing against the rocky shore, throwing spray into the overhanging firs and birches, and to the left, crushed against the mouth of the outlet, was a bank of dirty gray ice. A lonely fisherman was throwing a fly into the teeth of the wind, and a pair of sheldrakes was flying low across the choppy water, almost touching it with their wings. There was a strong fragrance of pine and balsam and running sap in the air,

and you could smell the water, too, fresh and clean and bitter cold.

Bert called to them, "We're all set now. I've got all the stuff in one boat, and you can start ahead in the other one."

JASMIN and Laura walked back along the wharf, joining Sandy. The guide held the boat while they climbed into it, and Jasmin noticed with a pang that his hands were getting leathery and gnarled with age. Their progress up the lake was slow and wet. Jasmin relaxed in the bottom of the boat and looked up at the pale blue sky. Every once in a while the spray came over green, but she had on an old tweed suit which nothing could hurt. She took off her English felt hat, however, and stowed it under the seat, letting the wind and the spray ravish the wave in her hair. It was a relief not to care how you looked, to be unkempt and dowdy if you pleased, and smell of fish and engine grease, and to be able to take the polish off your nails. A smile crossed her face; this time yesterday she was in the Ritz, musing over the wonderful hat she was going to buy after lunch and hang the expense.

Bert nosed the boat inshore, on the theory that there was a slight lee from a point of land farther up the lake. Jasmin could see brown leaves under the trees, the black hips on the alders, a clump of trillium not yet in bloom. The woods were thin and leafless, and the visibility was so good that she could see the Dwight camp plainly as they moved slowly past it. Jasmin called her mother's attention to the deserted house.

"Did you ever see anything so dreary? Why don't they fix it up?"

"I suppose they've lost interest," replied Laura briefly over the whine of the motor.

"Or why don't they rent it to someone, if they can't be bothered to do it themselves?"

"That, my dear, is something I've never understood," replied Laura, avoiding Sandy's eyes.

"They were rather queer ducks, weren't they?"

"Oh, no," said Laura, "they weren't queer."

Sandy changed the subject. "There's a loon!" he said, pointing.

"They've been nestin' around here somewhere," said Bert. "Jasmin, you better see if you can find the nest."

"What would I do with it if I found it?" replied Jasmin. "I'm past the age where I'm interested in raising loons."

She was unaware that everybody was trying to change the subject. She looked back at the Dwight camp until a point hid it from view, pondering the strange habits of a family that could go away for twenty years and not care what happened to a house which had once had charm.

Bert shut off the motor and the boat drifted in to the float. Loretta, Walter's wife, came running down the path in a white apron, her graying hair blown by the wind. She was engaged by Laura to do the housework in the camp.

"All the beds are made up," Loretta reported. "The camp's nice and warm, only there was a nest of swallows in the dinin'-room chimney and we couldn't light the fire in there until this mornin', so the dinin' room's damper'n the rest. My, Jasmin, ain't you grown thin!"

They left the guides to struggle with the boatful of luggage, and walked up the path. The large rambling house was made of peeled logs with a porch running around three sides of it. Laura's father had given it to her as a wedding present, and the guides in the village had built it. There was a place under the eaves where the men had carved their initials on the logs, with the date of Laura's marriage to Roger. The roof had been reshingled during the winter, and Laura looked at it anxiously, hoping that the shingles were as fireproof as the mail-order catalogue claimed they were. She had paid a lot of money for the shingles.

Then she opened the door and went in, and as she crossed the threshold a warm tide of feeling rushed over her. Nothing had changed; the camp looked just the way it had for twenty-five years. Even her ex-husband's chair was there by the fire. She wondered why she had never given it away. And Roger's old twenty-gauge gun was hanging over the door which led into the dining room; but the gun had a reason for being there, because Jasmin used it.

"Do you know if there's any liquor in the house?" asked Sandy.

"Must be," replied Laura. "Try the sideboard."

Sandy found the bourbon, and he and Jasmin concocted a toddy. Laura took off her coat, which was damp with spray, and hung it on the fire screen to dry. She knew that her feet were wet, too, but she was too cold to do anything about it. The fire was roaring up the chimney and she spread her hands in front of it with a shudder. She could hear the wind dashing the water against the shore. It was cold, bitterly cold, but she was glad to be home. Sandy said something to her and she turned with a smile. He handed her the steaming toddy, and their eyes met.

"Sandy darling, are you really sorry you came?"

"No, of course not! Laura, drink that, or you'll have pneumonia."

Jasmin watched them thoughtfully.

Her mother had had a lot of serious beaux in the past, but none of them had lasted as long or had been as patient as Sandy—poor Sandy. He was always there in the background, waiting. He saw her mother's affairs blossom and die, and with infinite tact he would pick up what remained of her emotions and put them together again with affection and understanding. Jasmin was sometimes dismayed with the way her mother took Sandy for granted, and it wasn't because her mother was a flirt or anything like that. She was really devoted to him, but something always held her back. Jasmin could not understand why her mother hesitated, at her age. Everyone liked Sandy, he was a good fisherman, and he had a solid income, inherited from an aunt in Boston. He was also gifted with a sense of humor, and he was good-looking in a mild sort of way. He would be an attractive stepfather.

SANDY put his fish in the icehouse and went into the camp via the back door. Laura was seated in front of a blazing fire, knitting. She greeted him with a smile.

"Hello, Sandy! What did you get?"

"Two small trout. I rose a salmon, but I missed him."

Laura asked him if he had seen Jasmin.

"Yes. She's anchored at the mouth of the river."

"Does she show any signs of coming home?"

"No."

Laura put down her knitting.

"Sandy, what do you really think is the matter with her?"

"I told you yesterday what I thought."

"Yes, but who is it? I can't imagine where she's been seeing enough of any man to know whether she's in love with him or not."

"Deep, like her father," said Sandy dryly, and then regretted his words, for Laura's face closed up.

"That was a tense moment we had in the boat this morning, wasn't it?" he added.

"You mean when we passed the Dwight camp?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I didn't think it was so bad. It passed off very smoothly."

"I've always told you that Jasmin ought to know the truth about the Dwights."

"What's the sense? It all happened so long ago."

"That, Laura, is one of the stupidest things you've ever said."

Laura made no reply. Sandy walked into the dining room and came back with the bourbon. "I don't know what your idea is," he added.

"Because I've always made up my mind I'd never say anything to Jasmin about her father—anything against him. I never have. She adores him."

"That's all right, Laura, but if she doesn't hear it from you she'll hear it somewhere else."

"If she hears it from me, it will sound biased."

"Not necessarily. As you say, the story is old stuff now. Just tell her the facts."

"What facts?"

"Well, you don't have to blame it on Roger. You can tell her that it was Margot's fault. When a woman like that sets out to get a man, he can't help himself."

"Jasmin will think Roger was terribly weak," said Laura positively.

"No, she won't, not if you tell her the right way. You've got to make her see what Margot was like."

"Then I will sound biased," reiterated Laura. "She'll think I'm still jealous, that I'm just doing it to get even with Margot."

"Oh, Laura!" said Sandy hopelessly. "How do you know what Jasmin thinks about anything? Does she ever tell you what's in her mind?"

Laura looked upset.

"Has it ever occurred to you," Sandy continued, "that Jasmin is reticent because you don't confide much in her? What, for instance, have you told her about me?"

"Nothing."

"There, you see! That was idiotic, to begin with. It was unbelievable of you, Laura!"

"What was there to tell? I mean—"

"For all I know," he went on, "she may think we're living in sin."

"No," said Laura practically, "because if we were, she wouldn't have to chaperon us."

"Just the same, I wish you'd tell her my intentions are honorable."

"Any fool can see that," said Laura mildly. "You don't look much like a philanderer."

WILLIE, who was official postmaster for Lake Winnebago, had to sort the mail, and it seemed to take him longer than usual. Jasmin leaned against the lobster barrel and tried to be patient. Willie handed over her letters one by one. There was an envelope bearing her father's handwriting, and she saw with astonishment that it was addressed to her mother. That's funny! she thought.

"Here's another one for ye, Jasmin," said Willie, handing her a square white envelope.

She took it from him calmly and shoved it into the pocket of her mackinaw without opening it, and went down to the wharf.

As she opened Tony's letter, she was convinced that it was going to be something of a blow, and she was not disappointed. "Dear Jasmin," she read, "I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to make it for the week-end."

Jasmin paused briefly and looked across the lake. It seemed very cold and empty, and the mountains were hemming her in.

But there was more to the letter. "Now, Jasmin," wrote Tony, "prepare yourself for a terrific surprise. I don't know why mother never told me this before, and she was very peculiar when I asked her why she had been so secretive about it. But it seems we have a camp on Lake Winnebago."

A look of astonishment crossed Jasmin's face, and she shook her head. There were only a few camps scattered along the wooded shore, and none of them belonged to anyone named Carteret.

"And what's more," continued Tony, "she says she's going to spend the summer there. I tried to persuade her not to, because she hates the woods, but she says she's too broke to live anywhere else this summer. Most of her money was in French mill stocks, and they're all washed up, God knows. She's planning to move next week. I argued with her that it was too early in the season, but she wouldn't listen. I didn't mention you because I knew that would only complicate matters.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I know I ought to say I'm thrilled about seeing you in Winnebago, and all that, but I wish we could have seen each other alone. . . ."

Jasmin slowly folded the letter and put it back in the envelope. The Carteret camp was probably on Lake Welokenebacook. The names would sound alike to anyone who had never heard them before. The last line of his letter ran through her mind again and a smile appeared in her eyes: ". . . but just as soon as I can, I'll come and see you, even if I have to beat a path through the woods to your door. TONY."

LAURA was listening to the radio. The war news was bad; she was twisting the dials in an effort to get New York. There was a lot of static, and as Sandy came into the room she gave a muttered imprecation and tried another station.

"Laura!" exclaimed Sandy, clearing his throat.

"Yes, dear, what is it?" said Laura absently, frowning over the static.

"Turn that damn thing off."

Laura switched off the radio in surprise. His voice sounded nervous.

"Look, Laura," he said, "I have something to tell you."

"Something about Jasmin?" she exclaimed. "Have you found out—"

"No, this has nothing to do with Jasmin. It's *your* little headache."

"Go on!" she said as he paused. "I can take it, whatever it is."

"Well," he continued, "when I went out on the lake this morning I saw smoke rising from the Dwight camp, and I went to investigate. I thought it might be pic-

nickers. But it wasn't. The door was open, and old Jim Woodruff was in there with a couple of cleaning women from the village."

"Getting it ready for what?"

Sandy looked at her without answering.

"I see!" said Laura after a protracted silence. "Margot's coming home."

"Yes, Margot's on her way."

Laura sat down limply on the bench beside the fire. She could hear Jasmin moving about overhead. She was singing to herself—something about spring being here today and gone tomorrow. . . . Jasmin had been only two years old when Margot left Lake Winnebago—not old enough yet to understand. But now she was twenty-four.

"Damn!" said Laura under her breath.

"Now don't let Jasmin see that you're upset," admonished Sandy. "If she finds out the truth—and she will before long—just let her think that you don't care any more."

"I don't care!"

"Then stop swearing."

Sandy hunted around for his pipe and filled it; then he kicked the fire, and a cascade of sparks flew up the chimney. Laura's eyes were snapping with anger.

"You know," he said mildly after a while, "what you ought to do now?"

"What?"

"Get married."

"I don't see what she has to do with that."

"She has a lot to do with it. If you leave here for any other reason, she'll think you're running away from her. You don't want her to think that, do you?"

"No."

"She says you drove her out of here, and now she wants to pay you back."

"I'm not going to get married," said Laura, "just because of Margot."

"No, I wouldn't want you to. But you think it over."

Laura rose to her feet.

"Now what?" he asked.

"I'm going to get the bourbon," she replied. "I need a drink."

JASMIN found Sandy in the woodshed hunting for kindling. "Sandy," she said casually, "haven't you heard about the Dwight camp?"

"Well, what about it?"

"I heard it had been rented or sold, or something."

"Well, what do you want to know?"

Before she could reply, he had walked out of the woodshed toward the house. She trailed after him.

"They say that some people named Carteret are going to live in the house. What happened to the Dwights?"

"Dwight married Carteret," said Sandy.

"You mean Mrs. Carteret was a Miss Dwight?"

"No, she was a *Mrs.* Dwight."

Sandy threw the kindling on the fire and she handed him the logs. There were shreds of bark all over the floor and she brushed them carefully toward the hearth. She said casually, "Did you ever know her?"

"I saw her once or twice," he replied, "but it was so long ago I wouldn't know her from Adam. Her second husband was a Frenchman."

Yes, it was all fitting together, like blocks in a Chinese puzzle.

"Sandy, if I confide in you, will you keep your mouth shut?"

He turned on his heel and stared at her. She was standing with the hearth broom in her hand and she looked oddly radiant. He wondered what in the world she was going to tell him.

"I've never seen Mrs. Carteret," she said, "but I happen to know her son, Tony."

Sandy walked slowly back into the center of the room and stood there, rocking on his heels. His face was devoid of expression.

"Why don't you want to tell anybody?" he said finally.

"I don't know, Sandy. Silly of me, but I wish you'd keep quiet about it for a while."

"Are you in love with him?"

"Yes."

Sandy took his hands out of his pockets and drew them slowly over his gray hair.

"You ought to tell your mother," he said.

"No, I don't want to."

"You *must* tell your mother."

Jasmin bent down and stirred the kindling with the tongs. The flames licked the birch logs and there was a crackle of sparks. She was far more interested in the fire than in what he was saying. A feeling of despair went over him.

"Jasmin, did you hear what I said? You'd better let your mother in on this."

"No," she answered; "no, Sandy. I'll tell her in a day or so. I want her to meet him first. You see, he's younger than I am, and she's likely to think I've lost my head."

AFTER dinner, Laura and Sandy played backgammon, leaving Jasmin to her own devices. She tried to read, but her eyes kept straying toward the fading light outside. Finally she put down her book and opened the door of the coat closet

"Where are you going?" asked Laura.

"Out," she replied laconically.

"Wear something warm, darling," said Laura, "it's very cold."

Jasmin slipped into her mackinaw and found a red woolen cap embroidered with edelweiss. Then she quietly left the house. The evening star had come out, and a few birds were still singing in the woods. She sat down on an upturned canoe and looked at the evening star. After a while she heard the splash of a paddle and saw Tony coming toward her in a canoe.

"Get in," he said quietly as he reached the dock.

He paddled around the next point into a little bay and let the canoe slide into the rushes.

"Hello, Jasmin," he said. "I couldn't beat a path to your door because there's an absolute wilderness between the two camps. I tried, and then I took the canoe."

"Yes, there's no way of getting to me by land."

"Mother asked where I was going, and I simply told her I needed fresh air and exercise. I couldn't stand any more palaver tonight."

"What happened?"

"Women are awful on a trip. You're not like that, are you, darling?"

"Tony," she asked, "why didn't you know where the camp was?"

"I suppose I did, really. Mother says she told me where it was, so she must have."

"I'm still awfully confused."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm confused about the Dwights."

"My mother was married to Barclay Dwight first. Then she married a man named Carteret."

"Yes, I know all that."

"Did you find out that Barclay Dwight was my father?"

"No—was he?"

"My real name is Dwight, but mother changed it for some fool reason when she married Henri."

Jasmin lapsed into puzzled silence, then said thoughtfully, "I'm just wondering why I never used to hear the family talking about the Dwights. It seems odd, when they lived next door."

"They probably had some sort of a row. Don't let's worry about it now. It's a beautiful night and the stars

are out. Aside from the fact that it's damn cold, it's lovely."

He backed the canoe out and made for the point.

"What are you doing?" asked Jasmin, who thought he had suddenly taken it into his head to go home.

"I want to kiss you," he answered, "and I'm afraid of upsetting the canoe. Let's land here."

Jasmin got out of the canoe in silence and climbed the slippery bank under the trees. There was a desperate feeling in her heart, but she stilled it and looked up at the dark fringe of pine needles overhead. This was either an end or a beginning—she didn't know which. She heard him pull up the canoe and drop the paddle under the seat; then he climbed the bank.

"Jasmin," he said quietly.

She turned and he took her in his arms. He did not kiss her at once, but laid his cheek against the rough surface of her mackinaw and held her without speaking, clinging to her as though he needed comfort.

"Tony!" she murmured, "what is it?"

"Nothing," he answered. He kissed her, and she knew as their lips met that he wasn't going to tell her why he had clung to her. Then he drew her down under a pine tree and they sat there in silence, locked in each other's arms.

"What's the matter with you?" he said at last. "You're funny tonight, Jasmin."

"Am I?" she said.

"Yes. You—you're distant, for some reason. What have I done?"

His arms were still around her, and she could feel his lips on her cheek. With a sudden motion she slipped away from him and leaned her head against the pine tree.

"I'm older than you are, Tony," she said.

"Does that make any difference?"

No, not if they loved each other. But there was still this dreadful uncertainty in her mind, this haunting feeling that he was merely attracted to her and had no intention of letting himself fall in love.

"Come here, sweet! Don't look so frightened. I love you—don't you know that?"

"I didn't know . . ."

He put his arm around her again and held her so that she could not move away from him. His lips were tenderly possessive.

LAURA was thinking about tapioca and wax candles when she opened the door of the store, and Sandy was thinking about Jasmin, so it came as something of a shock to both of them to find the place was occupied by Margot.

Laura heard her voice before she saw her—the voice she had grown to hate with a bitterness that was still sharp after twenty years. Margot was among the slabs of bacon and corned beef in the rear of the store asking for sweetbreads. Sweetbreads! thought Laura. Isn't that typical!

"Shall we do our shopping later?" murmured Sandy.

"No," said Laura, "we won't."

Then Sandy held his breath, for Margot turned her head, and the two women were face to face for the first time in over twenty years. Margot stared at Laura for a moment, and Sandy was forced to admit that she was also behaving well, for her expression did not change. After a pause she said, "Hello, Laura!"

Laura smiled politely in return and murmured, "Hello, Margot!" and Sandy's breathing returned to normal.

Laura paid for her groceries and Sandy followed her out into the street, burdened with paper bags.

"Well, that's over," she commented as she walked up the street. Sandy said that she had behaved beautifully.

"Margot didn't behave so badly herself," replied Laura. "I wonder where the boy was."

"He must be somewhere around the village. We'll undoubtedly run into him."

They stopped next at the hardware store. It was very large and full of everything a hardware store has to offer, including fishing tackle, a stuffed moose head, three large brook trout mounted on birch bark, and a variety of guns, both new and secondhand. It was a moment or two before they saw Jasmin, who was half hidden by a mountain of stovepipes. She was talking to a young man in a khaki shirt. Jasmin did not see them; her face was flushed and gay, and they could hear her laughter echoing through the dark store.

"Who's that with her?" asked Sandy casually, although he knew.

"I've no idea," said Laura slowly, her face gray. From where she was standing, she could see the boy quite well; there were the dark level brows, the gray eyes, the slightly oval face; and there was Jasmin looking up at him.

"Oh, hello, mother!" exclaimed Jasmin. "I want you to meet Tony Carteret."

"How do you do?" said Laura in a level voice.

"Tony and I met each other in New York last winter," Jasmin continued. "His mother has a camp on Winnebago."

"My father was Barclay Dwight," explained Tony, coming to her aid, "but my name was changed to Carteret. You must have known my father."

"Yes," said Laura quietly, "I knew him. I used to know Barclay very well. And I was very sorry and upset when he died. He was a lovely person. . . . Come on, Jasmin! We must hurry or we'll be late for lunch."

She turned on her heel and walked swiftly out of the store, followed by Sandy. Jasmin was a little upset by her mother's brusque manner, for it wasn't like her to be short with people. She said good-by to Tony and went out to the car.

When they were in the boat, halfway down the lake, her mother said abruptly, "You never mentioned that you had met him."

"Didn't I?" said Jasmin innocently.

"Were you out with him last night?"

Jasmin straightened.

"Why didn't you tell me where you were going when you left the house?"

"I didn't know I was going to see him. I was sitting on the wharf when he came by in a canoe."

Laura blew a cloud of smoke into the air. "I don't think it's quite right for you to stay out as late as that."

Jasmin was torn between laughter and anger. She started to say something more, but changed her mind. Laura relapsed into glum silence.

MRS. EMERY, Jasmin's vigorous and young-spirited grandmother, climbed the porch steps, paused, and then slowly opened the door. Laura and Sandy were sitting in front of the fire—Laura with her knitting and Sandy with a newspaper. She thought dryly that it was a very domestic scene.

"Mother!" gasped Laura.

"Didn't you get my telegram?"

"No, of course not!"

Laura kissed her mother. Mrs. Emery looked shrewdly at Sandy. "Hello," she said. "How are you?"

"I'm fine," he replied evenly. "I'm sorry we didn't get your telegram—it must be sitting in the village."

"Oh, mother," protested Laura, "why did you come as soon as this? It's an awful trip at this time of year! What made you do it?"

"I thought I was needed," said Mrs. Emery. "But perhaps I wasn't. You seem quite calm. I am afraid I rushed to conclusions yesterday when Sandy's letter arrived. But I'm here, and there's nothing I can do about it. Sandy, put another log of wood on the fire. I'm freezing to death."

"What conclusions?" asked Laura.

"I thought you'd be more upset by your neighbors. I also thought it would be dignified for me to be here—she was always afraid of me."

"If you're talking about Margot," said Laura, "I haven't seen her, and I don't intend to see her."

"Yes, you have," said Sandy. "You met her in the village."

"How does she look?" asked Mrs. Emery.

"Plump," said Laura.

"Why *did* she come back? Sandy forgot to tell me in his letter."

"It was the only place she could live without paying rent. She's broke."

Laura avoided looking at Sandy, who was staring at her from the other side of the room. Mrs. Emery began to unwind the Shetland scarves around her neck. The fire was making her feel warm and comfortable again. She was vastly relieved to find that Laura was not upset.

"Where's Jasmin?" she asked, unwinding the third scarf.

"She went up the river."

"What for? The river's closed."

"She said she was going in search of fiddlehead ferns," replied Sandy.

"It's too late for fiddleheads."

"I don't know why she went, mother," said Laura, who had her own suspicions.

Mrs. Emery stretched out her feet and toasted the soles of her shoes, and gradually a current of warmth began to seep through her icy veins. It was delicious to be in front of a fire again, toasting the soles of your shoes.

Presently Laura slipped out of the room quietly, leaving her mother alone with Sandy.

"Well . . .?" Mrs. Emery asked.

"I didn't think you'd come as soon as this," he said. "Why did you?"

"Because I could tell from your letter that you were keeping something from me. What is it, Sandy? What's the matter?"

He was almost tempted to answer her, for she seemed calm now and the color had come back into her cheeks. But he thought Laura should tell her—Jasmin was Laura's child, not his.

"It's nothing about Roger, is it?" she asked.

"No. Roger may be a fool, and all that," said Sandy, "but I doubt if he'd be enough of a heel to pursue Margot up here, even if he did want her."

"Why did Jasmin go up the river?" asked Mrs. Emery obliquely.

"She didn't go in search of fiddleheads," replied Sandy.

"All right," said Mrs. Emery grimly; "if you're going to be maddening, go and find Laura and ask her to come here. I want to know the truth."

Sandy went out, and a moment later Laura entered the house by the kitchen door. Her face was pale.

"I don't know what to do about this," she said. "I don't know what to do!"

"Jasmin's in love, isn't she? Why don't you like the boy?"

"It isn't a question of whether I like him or not. But Jasmin can't marry him."

"Why not?"

"He's Margot's son."

"Why didn't she tell us?"

"She didn't know who he was. Margot changed his name to Carteret. . . . Wasn't it like Margot to change it? I suppose she thought Carteret sounded more aristocratic than Dwight."

"Poor Barclay!" said Mrs. Emery. She gave Laura a baffled look. "It must be nearly time for lunch," she said. "I'm going up to wash my hands and face."

Laura stared into the fire without moving, after her mother had gone. Although the birch logs were radiating plenty of heat, her hands were trembling and her feet were cold.

Sandy came in and found her quietly weeping.

"Don't," he said.

"Oh, Sandy, help me!" she wept. "Do *something!*"

"What do you want me to do?"

He bent down and put his arm around her and held her while she wiped her eyes. He knew she was behaving stupidly, but his heart was torn.

"Stop it, Sandy—stop it somehow! Mother's not on my side—nobody's on my side. Please help me!"

"There's only one thing I can do," he said, patting her shoulder.

"What?" she asked between sobs.

"I can go to Margot. Do you want me to?"

"Yes—you'll have to. Tell her to go away—tell her anything!—but get rid of Tony!"

AS Sandy approached the Dwight camp, he looked around to see if anyone had spotted him, but the only thing within hailing distance was a gull. Feeling relieved, he tied the boat to a cleat on the end of the wharf and walked slowly up the path.

He knocked twice before Tatine, Margot's French maid, opened the door.

"Is madame at home?"

Tatine, whose many years of service with Margot had given her a possessive attitude, eyed him suspiciously.

"Go and tell her I wish to speak to her," said Sandy.

Recognizing the voice of authority, Tatine walked heavily indoors, and he heard her speaking to Margot. A moment later she reappeared, looking sulky and curious. She held open the door. "Madame is there," she said, pointing to the downstairs bedroom.

Margot, surrounded with baby pillows, was lying in a huge bed. Her bright curls were piled on top of her head and secured with a pink satin ribbon, and her bed jacket—also pale pink—was hung with little ermine tails. The air was heavy with perfume and stale cigarette smoke. She put down the French novel she was reading and greeted him.

"*Tiens!*" she said with a laugh, "if it isn't Sandy! What a surprise!"

Sandy pulled up a chair and sat down beside the bed.

"Well, Margot," he said dryly, "how are you?"

"I think I am coming down with pneumonia," she replied. Her voice had a French accent, and it infuriated him, because he knew it was about as *ersatz* as the rest of her. It would deteriorate, if she grew bored or angry, into the more wholesome accent of Trenton, New Jersey.

She considered him for a moment and then exclaimed, "You haven't changed at all! You are just the same. *En effet, c'est extraordinaire!*" she murmured thoughtfully to herself. Sandy could have strangled her.

"Still the same old Sandy," she said, "the same lovable, foolish man. You will never learn."

"I have no idea what you're talking about," said Sandy.

"Still living in hope, still faithful!"

"I'd rather you didn't mention my affairs," he said coldly.

Margot grinned at him impudently.

"Don't let's quarrel, *mon vieux!*" she said. "We have a lot in common, you and I. We were always the outsiders in Winnebago."

"Look here, Margot," said Sandy, ignoring her plea for amity, "I came here to have a few words with you about something."

Margot's smile faded.

"Are you referring to Jasmin's idiotic crush on my son?" she asked.

"Yes, but that's not what we call it. If you'd seen them together, you'd know that Tony is in love."

"You have nothing to worry about," said Margot. "Tony is not in love."

The statement was so flat that Sandy gazed at her in fascination, wondering how anyone could be so positive. She was calmly smoothing the little ermine tails at her throat and he marveled at her aplomb. She reminded him of a little bantam hen. She had the same jaunty carriage and plump bosom, the same impertinent expression.

"If Tony were thinking of marrying her," said Margot, "he would have told me so. I know my own son."

"I wonder! That's what every woman thinks. He has every intention of marrying Jasmin—and you don't want this marriage any more than Laura does."

"I wouldn't hear of it!" agreed Margot with vigor.

"Then the only thing you can do is to send him away. If he doesn't see her for a while he may get over it."

"I have no intention of sending him away," she retorted with a laugh. "How perfectly ridiculous! Why doesn't Laura send Jasmin away? Tony's going into the Navy, and I may not see him again for the duration."

"Then leave with him!"

"Why should I?" she flashed angrily. "Why the devil should I? I was driven out of here once before, and it's not going to happen again. This is my house, and I intend to stay in it. You can all go to the devil!"

"All right, but I've warned you," said Sandy, rising.

SANDY rowed home again. He had accomplished very little—for he was sure Tony would see Jasmin if he felt like it, as long as she was within rowing distance—and he had laid himself and Laura open to insulting remarks from Margot. He was still boiling with fury as he approached Dirigo Point and saw Jasmin standing on the end of the wharf. He could tell by her immovable expression that she was waiting for him. When he came closer, he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Sandy," she demanded, "why does mother act like this? If she'd only tell me why she doesn't like Tony!"

"Jasmin," he said, "it's not really my place to tell you this, but I think you ought to know. I wanted your mother to tell you, but she wouldn't. . . . Do you know why she divorced your father?"

His voice was different from his usual half-banter, and Jasmin was frightened. "Why, yes," she faltered. "She divorced him for incompatibility."

"Yes. But they got along beautifully—until the other woman came along."

"Who was it?"

"Margot—Mrs. Carteret."

Jasmin stared at him with her lips parted. He saw her turn green, and he thought she was going to faint.

"Tony's mother . . ."

"Yes."

Jasmin clasped her hands tightly in her lap and looked at the dancing waves beyond the wharf and the purple

outline of South Mountain. He saw a dull flush creep over her face as the full impact of the scandal hit her. Then she turned to him. "What happened?" she asked.

"Plenty," said Sandy, "but I think I'll leave out the details."

"No, tell me now. I want to know everything. Please, Sandy!"

"Margot started it, and your father was weak enough to fall for it."

A hermit thrush flew into the pine tree by the wharf and began to sing. The lovely cool notes floated through the late afternoon silence like water falling over stones.

"No wonder mother's upset—but she's thinking only of herself," said Jasmin. "I don't think she ought to act this way. Of course she hates Tony's mother, but she oughtn't to spoil my happiness."

Sandy shook his head. "She's thinking of you. She doesn't want you to marry Tony because he has bad blood in him."

Jasmin's eyes grew steely.

"I'm going to marry him," she retorted. "What you've just told me doesn't make any difference. I love him,

and you and mother can't stop me. You're making too much of this. Father had an affair with Tony's mother. So what? What's infidelity, compared to selfishness? Nobody thought of me at the time of the divorce—whether I wanted to be separated from father."

She left him before he could speak, and when he heard the front door slam behind her he reached for his creel and took out a flask.

JASMIN strode through the living room and upstairs. She closed the door firmly and lay down on the bed. Her feelings were a mixture of shock and misery. She tried to think calmly. One or two things were puzzling her. Why didn't her father marry Margot, if he was in love with her? Also, why had she, Jasmin, been so dumb all these years? Looking back, she could see a thousand little things—straws in the wind—which might have revealed the truth if she had been bright enough to recognize them.

She heard footsteps on the stairs, and held her breath. She wished she had locked the door, for Laura had a habit of coming in unannounced. But the footsteps paused hesitantly outside and she heard a low voice saying, "Jasmin, are ye in there?" It was Bert, the guide.

"Yes, Bert," she answered quietly. "What do you want?"

"I got somethin' for ye. Open the door."

She rose and let him in. Bert handed her an envelope. "This is from your young man. He gave it to me down to the Outlet."

Jasmin opened the letter quickly. It was very short.

"Dear Jasmin, meet me on your wharf at eight o'clock. I want to talk to you."

Her heart missed a beat and she felt a little sick. He had found out himself—he knew the whole story. She put the note back in its envelope.

"Is there any answer?" asked Bert dryly, but there was a gleam of sympathy in his eye. She wondered how much of this Bert knew—everything, probably.

"No, Bert," she replied, "there's no answer."

THE night was cold but windless, and the wide sky overhead was crowded with stars. Jasmin sat in the shadow of a pine tree and waited. After ten minutes or so she heard the splash of a paddle, and Tony rounded Dirigo Point. "Good evening!" he said. "How are you?"

His voice sounded quite cheerful. Jasmin was nonplused because she had expected him to be morose and distracted.

"What's happened, Tony?" she asked. "Why did you want to see me?"

"Did you get my note?"

"Yes, of course, or I wouldn't be here. What's the matter?"

"We can't talk here," he replied. "Get in the canoe."

She obeyed him silently and he paddled swiftly toward the clearing on the other side of the cove. They beached the canoe and sat down, and he took her hand. He didn't say anything at first, and she supposed he was trying to think of some way of telling her without upsetting her. She knew she ought to help him, but she was speechless.

"Darling," he said at last, "I've got some news for you."

"Yes, I know," she said wearily.

"You couldn't possibly know," he replied. "The letter only came this evening."

"What letter?" she exclaimed.

"What the devil is the matter with you?" he asked, staring at her in the darkness. "I'm telling you I had a letter from the Navy Department."

"The Navy!" she echoed.

"Yes—they've given me my commission, and I'm leaving for Boston tomorrow."

"Oh!"

For a moment Jasmin battled with the panic every woman feels at this announcement, and Tony said, "Don't take it so hard, darling. I won't be going to sea for another three months."

She broke down, and when Tony saw she was crying he was very upset. It wasn't like her to be hysterical. He took her thoughtfully in his arms while he pondered.

"Look here, Jasmin," he said after a while, "is there anything else that's bothering you?"

"No," she lied, "there's nothing else."

"There is something on your mind, and I know what it is. Some damn fool has told you the family scandal."

"It wasn't a damn fool—it was Sandy," she replied. "He told me this afternoon. How did you find out?"

"I've known quite a while. I came home one night and found mother weeping, and Tatine said she was crying because I'd hurt her. When I asked her why the hell it was my fault, Tatine got mad and told me the whole story."

"And why," said Jasmin heavily, "didn't you tell me?"

"Because I knew it would upset you."

"What, exactly, did she say?"

"She was pretty rough on your father," replied Tony uncomfortably. "She said he was a roué, a degenerate, and a confirmed drunk."

"What else did she tell you?"

"She said that mother was in love with him and he jilted her. Evidently he was going to marry her and then changed his mind."

"It's a lie—all of it," said Jasmin—but without much conviction.

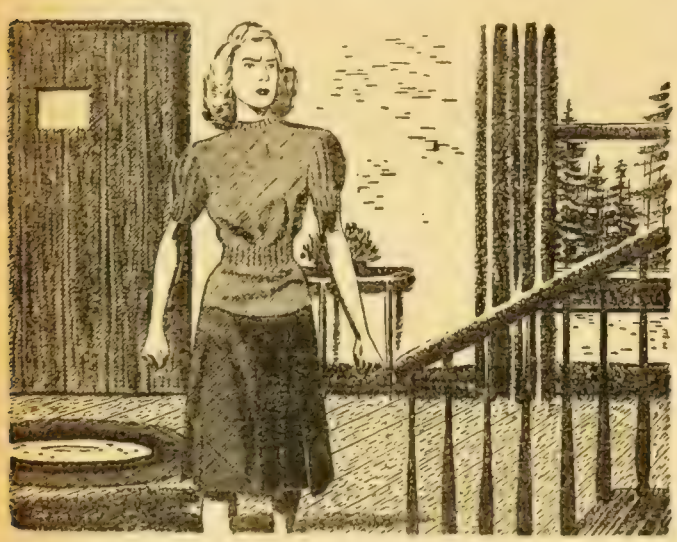
"Whether it is or not, it has nothing to do with us. You've got to keep that in your mind all the time, and you mustn't let anybody persuade you that you're not going to marry me because your mother hates my mother!"

He tightened his arms around her and their lips met. She clung to him, knowing that this marriage she had wanted more than anything in the world would take all the courage she had, and something more. But she loved him—and she was going through with it. . . .

Mrs. Emery felt contented and at peace with the world

around her—the visible world of mountain, lake, and forest. In spite of a cold wind, the atmosphere was more pleasant in the boat than it was indoors at Dirigo Point. She landed the fish and Bert rowed slowly toward the Outlet.

When they were opposite Willie Tinker's, he said it was time for the mail, so they landed at the wharf and Bert vanished indoors. He was gone some time, and she amused herself by watching a family of sheldrakes bobbing along the waves a few hundred feet away. She was



thinking what game little things they were—for the ducks were small and the lake was rough—when the door of Tinker's main camp opened and Roger Hawthorne, her ex-son-in-law, came toward her down the path to the lake.

"Hello, Mrs. Emery!" he said cheerfully. "How are you?"

Mrs. Emery looked at him in consternation, and for the first time in his life he heard her swear. "My God, what are you doing here?"

"I came up for the fishing," he replied blandly.

Liar! thought Mrs. Emery. Her astonishment at seeing him left her speechless. She was disgusted with him for coming. Undoubtedly he was having a rendezvous with Margot.

"I'm sorry if I've upset you in any way," he said stiffly, "but after all, we live at different ends of the lake—"

"The lake's only five miles long," she reminded him. "Go away, Roger!"

"Why?" he parried. "I don't see why I should."

"You must think of Jasmin. Do you want to hurt her like this?"

"I am thinking of Jasmin."

"No, you're not," said Mrs. Emery flatly. "You're thinking only of yourself and Margot."

"Margot!" he echoed.

"Yes—you came up here because you wanted to see Margot—you forgot Jasmin entirely. She doesn't know a thing about the family scandal, and this is a disgusting way to break it to her."

Roger looked at the distant shore and saw a gray plume of smoke rising from the Dwight camp. A strange expression went over his face, but he said nothing.

Mrs. Emery wanted to tell him what she thought of him, but before she could speak something occurred to her. She thought hard for a moment, and then her anger changed to a look of determination.

"Roger!"

"Yes?"

"Go away and take Jasmin with you!"

"Why?" he asked in surprise. "What's the matter with Jasmin?"

"She's in love—"

"Yes, I know, but who's the man?"

Mrs. Emery told him. She couldn't help a feeling of satisfaction when she saw him blanch.

Returning home, Mrs. Emery found Laura in the tool house, cleaning a gun. Laura calmly received the news that Roger was staying at Willie Tinker's.

"Oh!" she said queerly. "Is he? Never mind, mother—it doesn't upset me."

"Did you know he was coming?"

"No, of course not," said Laura. "Why should I know?"

"I told him the whole story and he was very upset. He said he wouldn't think of letting Jasmin marry Tony—simply wouldn't allow it. I'm sure you're glad to know that."

Laura grew much paler. Her body trembled and she steadied herself against the workbench.

Mrs. Emery, absorbed in what she and Roger had said to each other, failed to notice Laura's pallor. "Are you going to tell Jasmin her father's here, or shall I?"

"I'll tell her," said Laura. "Send her out here."

Mrs. Emery left the tool house, and when the door closed, Laura relaxed against the workbench and buried her face in her hands.

Why had Roger come? She had been very careful in her letters, and there was nothing in any of them which could have given him the impression that she wanted to see him.

Jasmin opened the door. "Did you want to see me, mother?" she asked coolly.

"Yes. I have some news for you. Your father's here—he's down at Willie Tinker's."

Jasmin's lips parted in a rueful smile.

"You didn't expect that, mother, did you?" she said bitterly.

ROGER and Jasmin were sailing in the sloop. Jasmin opened the picnic basket, took out a bottle of beer and a lobster sandwich. Roger knew the moment had come to unburden his mind, but it was Jasmin who spoke first.

"Did you ever come here with mother?" she said bluntly.

"Yes, I did," replied Roger.

"It must be depressing to come back to a place where you've been terribly in love, when you're not in love any more."

"I hadn't given it much thought," lied Roger.

"I want to talk about you and mother," she said. "Why did you leave her?"

"I didn't leave her. She left me."

"I don't get it," Jasmin said bitterly.

"Don't get what?"

"How you could sink so low." Her face was pale and defiant.

"You may know all the facts," he replied slowly, "but there are some things you don't understand."

"I don't understand any of it," she retorted. "Why did you have an affair with—with another woman—so soon after you were married? Weren't you in love with mother?"

"Yes, of course I was in love with your mother!"

"Then I can't see why you played around with someone else. Why did you?"

"I don't know," he replied helplessly. "Why does anybody do anything? I suppose you can say I lost my head. But I never stopped loving your mother for a minute. And that's one of the things, my sweet," he said dryly, "that you are still too young to understand."

"You ruined mother's life with all that stupid business—and now you've spoiled mine. Do you realize what you've done to me?"

"Yes, I know all about it," replied Roger. "But you mustn't marry that boy."

"Why not?" she demanded angrily.

"I won't let you marry him."

"I don't think you have any right to tell me what to do. You dumped me years ago."

While he was thinking of a suitable retort, she began to cry. She leaned her head against the mast and tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Jasmin," he faltered, "please don't!"

"I've said all the wrong things. I wanted to get you on my side, and now I've ruined my chances. I guess I'll have to fight this battle alone."

"I don't want you to be unhappy, but you can't marry Tony."

"You're afraid I'll spoil your little plans," she said quietly, although she was almost beside herself. "I know why you came to Winnebago, and so does everybody else. How could you do it, when you knew mother was here?" she said scornfully. "Couldn't you have found some other place besides Winnebago to meet each other?"

"What do you mean?" said Roger slowly. "What are you talking about?"

"You and Mrs. Carteret."

Roger stared at her for a moment, and then drew in his breath. He should have expected this, but it came as a total surprise.

"Jasmin," he said firmly, "Mrs. Carteret and I had a flirtation years ago, but we haven't seen each other since. I had no idea she was in Winnebago or I wouldn't have come."

"Then why did you come?"

"Jasmin, I came for a variety of reasons. Some of them you might not understand, but there's one you'll appreciate."

"Why?"

"Because you're going through the same thing yourself. I came up to Winnebago because I wanted to see your mother. I'm still in love with her."

THE air was growing warmer as June progressed, and trees outside the porch were in full leaf. Laura opened the door and looked out at the curtain of new green between the house and the lake. The excitement of spring was over. There was no sense in brooding over trouble when the sunlight was falling through the birches on the rose-red turf and the trilliums were blooming beside the front steps. She walked idly down the front steps and took the path that led to the old logging road along the river. Roddy, the dog, joined her.

The air in the woods was fresh with the scent of resin and new green leaves. She dawdled along the path, stooping from time to time to hunt for checkerberry vines in the thick moss under the trees. She was thinking how peaceful the woods were that afternoon, and how pleasant it was to be alone in them, when suddenly she rounded a bend in the road and came upon Roger, who was sitting on a fallen log with a gun across his knees.

He did not see her at first, and it was only when Roddy ran toward him with a low growl that he suddenly looked up.

"Hello," said Laura, at a loss.

"Good afternoon!" he smiled. "How are you?"

Laura pointed to the gun in his lap. "What are you doing with that? The partridge season won't be open for three months."

"I was trying to get up enough courage to go down to the camp and ask you to let me shoot clay pigeons."

"We're out of them," said Laura shortly. "Why don't you shoot a crow?"

He patted the log beside him. "Sit down and talk to me, Laura."

"No, I'm going for a walk."

"Then may I come with you?"

She knew she ought to tell him to go away and leave her in peace, but it sounded rude. There was a look of pleading in his eyes, and her heart gave a sudden twitch. Roger rose to his feet.

"Very well," she replied weakly. "Where do you want to go?"

"Let's walk to the old logging camp. I'm thirsty, and I'd like a drink out of the spring."

He tucked the shotgun under his arm and led the way down the familiar path. It seemed hardly possible that she was alone with him now, after all the bitterness and heartache of the past twenty years.

"You see," murmured Laura, "it isn't any different. It looks just the same."

"I am appalled by the way everything looks just the same," said Roger, leading the way down the hill.

The clearing was warm and sunny. A lone veery was singing above the rustle of the wind in the birch trees, and a woodpecker was at work on a rotting pine. Laura looked into the spring. The unbelievably clear water was bubbling softly and monotonously out of a bed of white sand. She could see her face framed in watercress and it was distressingly pale.

Laura laid the checkerberry vines on the ground and twined her hands together in her lap. Roger moved across the clearing and sat down beside her. His physical nearness was almost more than she could bear. It must feel like this, she thought with a dim feeling of panic, when you're drowning. They say there's a moment when you don't care. . . . Why can't I feel more bitter toward him?

The veery's throbbing notes poured through the quiet afternoon, and when the bird's lovely phrasing came to an end, Laura could hear more veeries singing far away and a deer moving on the other side of the ridge.

"Laura . . ."

"Yes, Roger?"

"Please talk to me! These silences of yours are making it so difficult . . . Laura, are you still angry and hurt?"

"Not any more. It's difficult to keep hate alive for twenty years."

"Do you think you could forgive me?" he persisted.

"I have forgiven you—long ago."

"Laura, what about Sandy?"

"Well—what about him?"

"Are you going to marry him?"

"I may—but do you think you have any right to ask me that question?"

"Are you in love with him?" he asked bluntly.

"Yes," she replied, but Roger knew she wasn't telling the truth. She turned her eyes away.

"I want another chance," he said.

Her heart was fluttering like the poplar trees on the other side of the clearing, and terror struck her. She had not meant to give in so easily, but every time she looked at him—at the face she had once loved better than anything else in the world—the blood left her veins.

"I'm weak," she said at last in a low voice. "I'm weak, and so are you. We're both spineless and we always were."

"We're not weak at all. We're simply admitting that we made a mistake."

"I'm not so sure it was a mistake!" she exclaimed. "We wouldn't have been happy together!"

"We would."

He pulled her into his arms and she stiffened automatically.

"No, Roger, no!" she begged. "Let me go!"

"Laura," he murmured, brushing her cheek with his lips. "Laura, dearest! . . ."

His voice was just audible above the rustle of the wind in the trees, but that made it even worse because it brought back so many nights when she had lain in his arms. That was the way he used to speak when he wanted her.

"Roger," she said brokenly, "please don't!"

She felt his lips on her cheek and closed her eyes. The touch of his lips and the way his arms went around her affected her as they had always done. This was part of her, and no man had ever been part of her except Roger.

THE sunlight crept into the room, touching up the silver on the bureau and a photograph of Jasmin in her coming-out dress. Laura turned restlessly on her side and watched the light pause for an instant on a bowl of forget-me-nots on the table between the windows and then glow warmly on the pine ceiling overhead. She had had very little sleep and every nerve in her body was awake.

As the sunlight touched the bed, she flung her arm across her eyes and tried to relax, but she could still feel Roger's mouth on hers. Her mind had been in a turmoil ever since they left the clearing. Roger was the cause of all the unhappiness she had ever had—what made her think he would be able to make her happy now?

Men don't change, she reminded herself. But intuition told her that women don't change either.

She put on a brown tweed skirt and a Shetland pull-

over. Then she applied some lipstick, rubbed off most of it, and went downstairs.

Sandy was standing by the window. As he turned, a feeling of helplessness swept over her. She wanted to put her arms around him and say, "Darling, I don't want to hurt you—ever! I don't want you to hate me or feel bitter toward me, and I'm afraid you will—it would be surprising if you didn't." But instead, she smiled at him as she would have any other day and said, "Let's have some breakfast." She moved toward the kitchen, thinking, I've let him stay in love with me for years. In some ways I'm worse than Margot ever was.

He watched her while she moved around the kitchen, and after a while he said, "You're extraordinarily pretty this morning. What have you done to yourself?"

"Nothing," said Laura. "Just the same old lipstick and hairbrushing. The skirt's new, that's all."

"I wasn't referring to your clothes or your make-up. You look . . . radiant. That's a cliché, I suppose, but that's the way you look."

"Do I?" said Laura uneasily.

Sandy rose and opened the door and let in the morning. The sunlight spilled over the worn boards of the kitchen floor, and the air in the room was sweetened with the fragrance of pine and hemlock and wood smoke. Birds were singing everywhere, and above a counterpoint of wrens and chickadees rose the voice of a lone song sparrow.

"Summer's here, all right," said Sandy. "Will you go up the river with me this morning, Laura?"

"No," she replied. "I have to go to the village to do the weekly marketing. We have almost nothing in the house."

"Very well," said Sandy, not hiding the disappointment in his voice. "I'll go fishing alone."

He went out into the sunlight, and the kitchen door closed after him. Laura drank the rest of her coffee with an oppressive feeling of loss. The sound of the door closing was the end of an era.

MRS. EMERY and Jasmin were arguing pros and cons of a new motor when they heard Laura coming up the lake. With a feeling of relief, Sandy left the house and went down to the wharf. The outboard was loaded to the gunwales with the weekly market order, and Laura was sitting upright in the stern with her hair blowing in the wind.

"Hello, Sandy," she said as she turned off the motor. "I thought you were going fishing."

"I waited for you," he replied, "in the hope that you'd go with me. Will you, Laura?"

"Yes, Sandy," she answered. He helped her out of the boat and tied it to a cleat.

"Let's go now," she said unexpectedly. "You can get my rod for me, can't you? I'll wait down here."

"But you must be hungry!" he demurred.

"No," she lied. "I had something to eat in the village."

Sandy came back to the wharf and they embarked in a rowboat. The afternoon wind was brisk and cooling, and she tilted her face so that the breeze flowed over her hot cheeks. They entered the mouth of the stream and a curtain of silence fell around them.

"Are you all right?" murmured Sandy after a long pause.

"I'm tired, that's all," she said. "I had so many errands to do and the village was full of people. I wanted to get away from the house. I'm so tired of problems."

Physical and mental lassitude spread through her body until she had neither the strength nor the desire to fish. Sandy anchored the boat and cast a dry fly into the center of a deep pool under some alders. The current carried it safely past the overhanging bushes and the peeled logs where the beavers had been at work. She wondered why she had ever wanted anything more; why anything else had seemed as satisfying or desirable. The big moments in life came as quietly and simply as this, like morning coming unobtrusively into a darkened room. She would tell Sandy the truth, and he would think of some way out. Why had she thought she could marry Roger again? Here in the quiet woods, it seemed not only impossible but indecent. For twenty-four hours she'd thought she was going to be happy again—and she had let her hope and her imagination run away with her.

ROGER was no more capable of making her happy than he had ever been. The day after he had held her in his arms and told her he loved her, he had had lunch with Margot. She had forgotten how really inhuman he could be until she had seen him laughing at Margot across the table, in Tinker's dining room. She could see that the hours they had spent in the clearing meant nothing to him. He was the same man she had divorced; he would never change. . . .

"There are no fish in this pool," announced Sandy. "What'll we do now?"

"Let's stay here," she answered; "let's stay here and talk to each other. The fishing will be better toward evening anyway."

"What do you want to talk about?" asked Sandy as he reeled in his line.

"Us," replied Laura briefly.

He smiled. "What is it, Laura? What do you want to say about us?"

"Quite a lot, and I don't know how to begin. . . . You've waited so long, Sandy. Perhaps you've waited too long. How do I know that you won't think this is an anti-climax?"

"I wish I knew what you're driving at," he said. "I'm a little confused."

"Don't you know what I'm going to say? I know I can't live without you, Sandy—you're the only real person I've ever known. You've never hurt me, and you've always been there when I needed you. That's so important—so necessary—"

She could hear her heart beating over the murmur of the river. She waited for him to speak, a little perplexed because his face was so withdrawn.

"I was a fool," she said—"a fool to have waited all this time."

"No, Laura," he replied; "you were extremely sensible. And, as it turns out, I was right not to force you. It would have been disastrous if we'd married sooner."

"Don't let's waste any time now," she said. "We've waited long enough."

"Laura," he said at last, "we can't get married. You know that as well as I do."

When she saw that he was serious, her face grew pale. There was a dreadful cold feeling in her spine. "I was afraid of that," she answered quietly. "I've waited too long. You're not in love any more, and I don't blame you."

"I am in love with you," he replied, "more, perhaps, than I've ever been. But that's beside the point. I'm not quite sure why you decided this afternoon that you wanted to marry me, but I think I can guess. Something happened to you this morning."

She was about to deny it, but realized that denial was useless.

"From the beginning," he went on, "I knew something would hurt you. It was inevitable. But you can't stop now."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not the answer to it, Laura," he replied heavily. "You're in love with Roger, and you always have been, and that's why you've never married me."

"Roger doesn't want me," she heard herself saying, although she tried to hold the words back. "And I don't want him."

"You can't say that with much conviction. I think I know what happened this morning, and it was Margot again. . . . Are you going to let her get away with it a second time?"

"I don't want to fight her," retorted Laura scornfully. "She can have him if she wants him. This time I'm through forever."

Sandy shook his head. "No, Laura, don't say that. You'll never be finished with Roger."

"I was a fool—I should have married you years ago!"

"You wouldn't have married me," said Sandy. "Something would have stopped you at the last minute. Either your heart or your common sense would have done the trick."

"No," she said, "that's not true. I still want to marry you. I love you, Sandy."

"I know," he said, slowly pulling in the anchor rope, "but the word love has a great many meanings."

"IT HAS seemed so long, my darling, but it's really only a week since you left. Please write me as often as you can, because I miss you so."

Jasmin paused and read the last two lines over again. Not a very good letter, but perhaps Tony would be able to read between the lines. She sealed and stamped it and then went to find Sandy. He was mending a net in the tool house, and she sat down and watched him for a moment while he fixed it with a piece of twine.

"Did you want something in the village, Sandy?" she said finally.

"Yes," he replied, looking up. "I want you to see if you can get me a berth on the State of Maine Express tomorrow night. If you can't, I'll take a train to Boston."

"Do you have to go, Sandy?" she asked hesitantly.

"Yes."

He was standing by the workbench, fumbling with the broken net, and there were shadows under his eyes. She knew he hadn't slept very well the night before because she had heard him moving in the next room, and once he had gone downstairs. She had a troubled feeling that she knew what had happened, and her heart went out to him silently with a dull ache. Her mother knew best, she supposed, but Sandy would have been the answer to so many things. . . .

The village was drowsing in the summer afternoon. From the blacksmith shop beyond the stream came the clink of the anvil and the stamp of heavy hoofs, and the water made a cool, rushing sound as it spilled over the dam. Verne Beecher came along the road in the mail truck.

"Jasmin," he called, "there's a registered parcel for you down at the Outlet. Did Willie give it to you?"

"Willie wasn't there. Where was it from, Verne?" she asked, trying to remember whether she had ordered anything.

"As I remember, it was from Boston."

The drowsing afternoon suddenly sprang to life. As she drove back to the Outlet along the narrow road, a glow of happiness pervaded her, and the things which had been worrying her faded.

She smiled to herself as she opened the door of Willie's main camp. The hall was dark after the brilliant sunlight outside, and it was a moment or two before she noticed Tatine, Mrs. Carteret's maid, who was waiting for something, or someone, with an expression of grim patience on her face.

Jasmin spoke to her, and Tatine looked at her curiously without saying anything in reply. It was a direct snub, but Jasmin curbed her anger for Tony's sake and crossed the hall in silence toward Willie's office.

"Hello, Jasmin!" he exclaimed. "I've got a registered parcel for you from Boston."

"Yes, I know," she replied. "I met Verne in the village, and he told me to come for it."

"I'll get it for you—you'll have to sign for it."

Jasmin hastily signed the receipt. Tatine watched her in silence, her sloe-black eyes smoldering with unspoken contempt.

Jasmin broke the sealing wax at either end of the parcel and untied the cord with clumsy fingers; she knew what he had sent her.

Oh, Tony! she thought, why did you spend all that money! It's so big! A little one would have done just as well.

The baguette diamond glimmered in the dark hall. There was a letter too, and she opened it and moved toward the window. A smile wavered on her lips as the sunlight fell on his handwriting, and she forgot that Tatine was watching her. Willie was watching her too, with a pensive look.

"Dear Jasmin," she read: "I wish I could bring this to you instead of mailing it. I want you to put it on right away and announce the engagement. There's no sense in waiting any longer, and I think we ought to get married as soon as we can. I don't know where I'm going to be sent after I leave here, but I want to take you with me if I can. Love, TONY."

She took the ring out of the box again and slipped it on her finger. It was a trifle large, but her wedding ring would keep it in place.

"Good luck, Jasmin!" said Willie. "I wish you and Tony all kinds of happiness."

She thanked him and went out. Halfway down the path she heard the door of the main camp open again, and someone ran down the steps and hurried along after her.

*"Un moment, mademoiselle!"*

Jasmin halted. Tatine's voice was bitter and her face had an ugly look on it.

"I wish to talk to you, mademoiselle. You must not show your father that ring. Do you understand? You must not go another step."

"I think that's my business, Tatine," replied Jasmin. She started to walk on, but Tatine blocked the path.

Jasmin's eyes grew bright with anger. "Let me go, will you? You can't stop me like this!"

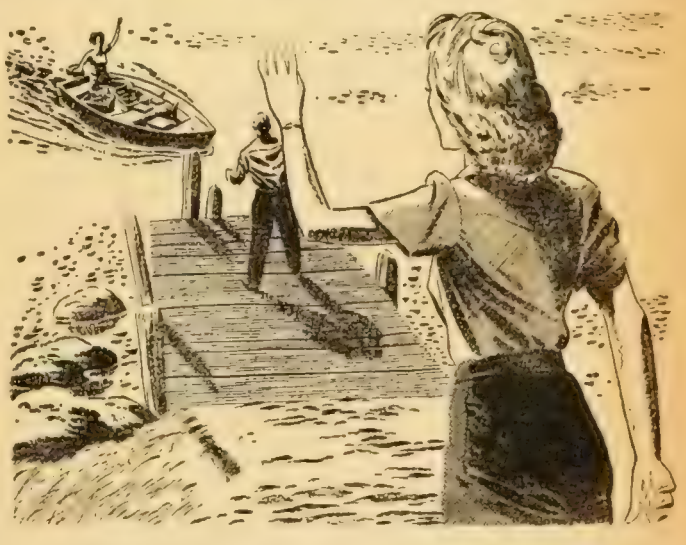
"I can, and I will," retorted the old woman with vehemence. "Madame is ill, and it is all because of you—you and that cruel inhuman father of yours! Madame's heart is affected, and you are to blame."

"I'm sorry she's ill," replied Jasmin truthfully, "but I don't believe it will be very much of a shock to her. She has known for a long while that Tony and I are going to be married."

Tatine's fingers dug into her arm. "Listen, you little fool! Your father will tell you the same thing. He will order you to take off that ring. He will not hear of this engagement!"

Jasmin was furious because Tatine was implying that her father would stop the engagement for Margot's sake. She tried to walk on, but Tatine shook her. "You are stubborn! Very well, mademoiselle, you brought this on yourself. If you persist in going to your father, I will tell you why you cannot marry Tony. There is a reason which they are all afraid to give you. They are fools—you should know the truth. Tony is your half brother."

Jasmin stared into her eyes, and the wicked look of triumph in them rose up and engulfed her. She could hear the lake water lapping behind them, and a woman singing as she hung some dishcloths on a tree beside a



kitchen door. The scent of wood smoke drifted over them and the mountain air was cool and fresh and clean. These were the things which belonged here in the quiet woods; not this vile woman with black eyes.

"You don't believe me," said Tatine, "but it's true. I took care of madame when the child was born—I know. Look at his eyes! They are just like yours."

Eyes . . . Tony's eyes, gray and calm and loving. Tony's face, bending over her as she lay beside him under the pines. Tony's body, part of her own flesh. . . . A wave of terrible nausea swept over her, but Tatine held her upright.

"They should have told you," said the old woman with

more feeling in her voice. "They should have told him also, and then this would not have happened."

Jasmin found her voice. "Let me go, Tatine," she said wearily. "You have nothing to worry about. I'm going home."

*"Nous sommes en rapport,"* Tony had said once, lapsing into French because he couldn't think of a phrase in English which expressed their deep sense of companionship.

Yes, they were *en rapport;* and the thing which had once seemed more amazing and more satisfying than anything in the world now had the terrible destroying beauty of a two-edged sword.

In her room she lay down on the bed and covered her eyes. She could hear the birds chanting in the balsam trees and Roddy yapping at a rabbit or a porcupine. The room began to fill with shadows and the cool fragrance of evening, and after she had lain there for an hour she got up and found a pen and some paper.

"Dear Tony," she wrote: "I am going away from here tomorrow because I need a little trip. You mustn't try to follow me, or write to me. When I saw the ring today, it brought me to my senses—you and I never could be happy. Our families hate each other so, that our life together would be miserable. I just can't face it. I'm afraid I don't love you enough to take a chance on being terribly unhappy. I know what divorce is like. JASMIN."

The ring was still on her finger. She left it there for a moment longer, because it was the symbol of something which had once been very beautiful, and then she took it off and lay down again on the bed.

LAURA heard her mother's voice and rose to her feet. The boat was almost at the wharf. She had been waiting for her for over an hour. Another five minutes and she would have gone after her, but at last her mother had come home from her fishing.

Laura opened the door, and as Mrs. Emery came up the path she exclaimed, "What kept you so long? I thought you'd never come home!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Mrs. Emery.

"Jasmin—" she began helplessly, and then words failed her.

"What's happened? Has she got another pain? I said last night it might be appendicitis."

"No, it's not appendicitis," replied Laura. "Don't stand there on the porch, mother. Come inside!"

Mrs. Emery followed her into the living room. "Where is she—upstairs?"

"No—she's gone. She left this afternoon while I was taking a nap. When I woke up I found a note under the door."

Mrs. Emery sat down slowly in the nearest chair. "She's probably gone to Boston. I was afraid she'd do that. Tony must have sent for her. They'll be married before we can stop them—but it was inevitable."

Laura's face was gray and her body was taut with emotion. "No, mother," she said desperately, "that's not it. . . . I still haven't told you everything. She ended by saying that she had changed her mind about Tony. She's not going to see him again."

After a pause Mrs. Emery said, "That doesn't make sense."

"No," agreed Laura, "it doesn't. That's why we've got to find her right away."

"The first thing we're going to do is send for Roger."

"Oh, no!" cried Laura in protest. "I don't want him here!"

"That's not the point," said Mrs. Emery. "She's his child, too—he ought to know about this."

Laura had to admit her mother was right, but she maintained a stubborn silence.

"Listen, Laura," said Mrs. Emery patiently. "I have something to say to you. As long as we seem to be in the middle of another crisis, we might as well be frank. You've seen Roger several times since he's been here, and you wouldn't have seen him unless you wanted to."

"How do you know I've seen him?" interrupted Laura.

"Mothers' intuition," said Mrs. Emery dryly. "My suspicions were confirmed when Sandy left."

LAURA heard the outboard splutter and die, then Roger's footsteps on the wharf. She felt she had been sitting there for hours, but in reality it was less than sixty minutes. Bert had taken her note down to the Outlet at six thirty, and it was now only seven twenty-five.

"Mother," she said in a strained voice, "I'd like to see him alone for a moment. Do you mind?"

When her mother had gone, she opened the door. Roger was halfway up the path, and when he saw her

his footsteps quickened. "What's wrong, Laura?" he asked. "I couldn't make any sense at all out of your note."

"I had to see you," she replied. "Jasmin has run away."

"Why?"

"Don't you know? Roger, this is up to you, now. For God's sake, tell me the truth! Is that boy your son, or isn't he?"

Roger looked at her without speaking and a look of incredulity spread over his face.

"I'm sure someone has told her he is," she went on desperately, "and that's why she's run away."

As he looked at her, his surprise changed to disgust. "Laura!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that you think—yourself—that—"

"I've never known," she replied.

"But for God's sake, why? How could you have possibly thought that Tony—"

"He has dark eyebrows and gray eyes like yours—"

"Do you mean to say you've built this thing up out of a chance resemblance?"

"—and he has little tricks and gestures," continued Laura inexorably, "that are exactly like yours."

"Laura!" exclaimed Roger hopelessly. "He's the image of Barclay Dwight. If you want to find a resemblance, it's there all right!"

She turned away, and Roger added, "I'm appalled at you! I can see what's happened. You've built up this thing in your imagination until now you actually believe it."

"How can you prove it?"

"Do I have to prove it, Laura? Don't you believe me?"

"Roger," said Laura slowly, "I didn't want to see you again. But I had to see you because of Jasmin. She's your responsibility—you got her into this mess twenty years ago when you began to play with fire. You're the only one, now, who can stop her from marrying Tony."

"I don't want to stop her," said Roger. "There's no reason why I should. I tried to at first, because I didn't think he'd make her happy, but she's in love with him, and I think she ought to have him."

Laura sank down upon the fire bench. She realized he was telling the truth.

"Laura," he continued gently, "you know you're in love with me. Why are you trying to put me off?" He sat down and put his arm around her. She felt suddenly very tired—tired from years of longing—and she turned

to him and closed her eyes. He held her in silence.

"I hear someone down on the wharf," she said.

He rose swiftly, but before he reached the door it opened suddenly and Tony stood on the threshold.

"Hello," he said. "Is Jasmin here?"

Their silence was disconcerting, and the hope in his eyes died out.

"I came here first," he said. He was in uniform, and Laura wondered how he had managed to get leave. Roger asked him to come in. He sat down and buried his head in his hands.

"I wish to God I knew what was wrong," he said. "I got a note from her saying she was never going to see me again—and I swear I don't know what I've done! I can't understand it! Her last letter was sweet and affectionate—and then I get this thing!"

"Did she give any reasons for not seeing you again?" asked Roger.

"Yes, plenty of them," replied Tony, "but none of her reasons made any sense."

MARGOT was sitting in the living room with her small prettily clad feet on the fender, a novel on her lap. Tatine was clearing away the supper dishes, and as the door opened she was humming softly and tonelessly under her breath.

Tony walked into the room and tossed his cap on the sofa.

"Good evening, mother!" he said briefly.

Margot gave a stifled gasp and took her feet off the fender. "What are you doing here, darling?" she said in astonishment.

"I'll tell you why I came," he said in a voice she had never heard him use before.

Tatine moved slowly into the room and sat down on the sofa. Her face was devoid of expression.

"I know why you came!" exclaimed Margot. "You don't have to tell me! I suppose we're not to have the pleasure of your company very long—you'll be running back to Dirigo Point!"

"No," he said coldly, "I'm not going back to Dirigo Point tonight. I'll have to go much farther if I want to see Jasmin. I don't know how much you had to do with this, mother, but yesterday I got a letter from her saying she was finished with me."

"Is she?" said Margot.

"She's gone somewhere, and she asked me not to follow her. What did you say to her?"

Margot's eyebrows rose, and she replied coolly, "I haven't seen Jasmin! I'm sure I'm delighted that she's finished with you, but I had nothing to do with it."

"I don't believe you," said Tony.

Margot gave a little shrug.

"Very well," he said at last, "if you won't tell me what you said to her, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to marry her as soon as I've found her."

"You haven't found her yet," Margot replied.

He turned toward the sofa where he had thrown his cap, and met Tatine's eyes. The old woman finally spoke.

"Your mother said nothing!" she exclaimed in French; "she is telling the truth! Madame has been ill. You are a fool to go in search of that girl. I am old and I am wise. I know what sort she is. That girl is through with you."

"I think, if you don't mind," said Tony, "I'll go and find that out for myself!"

THE outline of hills was beginning to show against the paling sky and the stars were fading as Tony crossed the bridge at Lewiston. The sleeping town was fragrant with the scent of lilacs, and the vegetable gardens beside the houses were green with spring.

He drove on. The white road ran interminably southward beside rolling fields filled with new corn. Here and there a brook meandered under the road, and every mile or so there was a white farmhouse sleeping under the shadow of a large red barn and a near-by clump of elms.

By the time he reached Portland, morning had dawned in earnest. He left the car in a garage, to be taken back to Winnebago, and walked to the station.

The old porter was piling baggage on the Farmington train. Tony waited until he was through, and then he said, "Do you know anybody in Winnebago?"

"Yes, suh," was the reply.

"Do you know Miss Hawthorne?"

"Miss Jasmin?"

"Have you seen her lately?"

"Yes, suh, I seen her."

Tony took a deep breath and relaxed against a baggage truck. The Farmington train was about to leave; a conductor swung past them, calling "All aboard!" There was a jangle of bells, and the cars started to move. Above the snorting engine Tony exclaimed, "When did you see her?"

"I seen her—I guess it was yesterday—no, day before yesterday."

"Where was she going? Can you remember that?"

"Yes, suh! I put her on the State of Maine Express. She had section eight, car fifty-two."

The old man pocketed the large tip that Tony handed him. "Yes, suh!" he said with a grin, "yes, suh. She's a mighty fine girl, Miss Jasmin! I wish you all kinds of luck."

IT was early afternoon when he reached New York. He was afraid all the way from the airport that she'd be lunching somewhere, that he'd have to wait until evening. He didn't want an additional hour of suspense and worry.

The taxi stopped in front of the door. The doorman appeared; and Tony said without much hope, "Is Miss Hawthorne here?"

"Yes, sir," replied the doorman.

He rang the bell peremptorily. After what seemed a long while he heard Jasmin's footsteps. She opened the door, and a strange look he couldn't fathom went over her face.

"How did you know I was here?" she said in an odd voice.

"Your father told me to look here first."

"Oh!"

Her voice was baffling—she could have meant anything by that exclamation. She was struggling with herself—something was going on in her mind which was beyond him.

"Aren't you going to let me come in?" he smiled.

"You say father told you I was here?" she echoed, still barring his way. "When did you see father?"

"Last night. I've been to Winnebago."

"So father told you where I was, and asked you to come after me?"

"Yes, he was worried and he wanted me to follow you."

She had not moved, but he was tired of waiting, so he stepped over the threshold and closed the door.

Jasmin leaned back against the wall. "What did he say about us—about our getting married?"

"Plenty. I had a long talk with him on the wharf. He was upset for some reason and said, 'If she won't marry you, for God's sake, don't listen to her.' Your mother was a bit cool toward me, but as far as I could see he was handling her beautifully."

Jasmin wasn't listening to him. The hall had grown suddenly dim and the blood was draining out of her hands and feet. . . . Her father wanted them to marry . . . Then what Tatine had said wasn't true at all. . . . Why had she ever believed her? Tony had warned her that Tatine was a crazy old woman with a mother complex; that she had been angry with Roger because he had told Margot definitely, once and for all, that he wasn't in love with her and never had been. . . .

She swayed a little and Tony put his arm around her. He took her into the living room and sat down beside her. She had been deathly pale, but the color was gradually coming back into her cheeks. She gave him a feeble smile.

"Tony, when are we getting married?" she asked.

"The day after tomorrow," he said, and drew her gently into his arms. They sat there for a long time in silence while the afternoon sunlight moved across the floor.

THE END.

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By JOSEPH ANTHONY

AVIATION is rapidly opening up a new literary frontier. Two of the most forceful of the autumn crop of novels are stories of airmen, written by airmen.

**Ernest K. Gann,** a professional transport pilot who is now a member of the Army Air Transport Command, takes as the theme for his novel, **Island in the Sky,** the search for a plane that has been forced down in wild country in northern Canada. In a style as gruff and as matter-of-fact as the men about whom he is writing, he makes every phase of the operation as real as a trip in the subway. His story, without exaggerations or self-conscious dramatic effects, builds up effortlessly to a steady crescendo of suspense. You are made to feel that for a few tense hours nothing in the world has any meaning except the problems of compass, map, weather, and star bearings that have to do with the problem of plucking Dooley, the lost pilot, and his crew out of the tangle of frozen lakes and forests from which they sent a faint signal for help.

*Ernest K. Gann*

Mr. Gann has a flair for translating technical problems of aviation into terms of human values. Describing the discovery by Willie Moon, one of the search pilots, that a compass gets untrustworthy near the Magnetic Pole, he writes:

"It would point to the north for a while, as it should, for they had been flying in that direction ever since the departure from Victoria. But now, without the slightest touch to the controls of the Boomerang, it would swing slowly and dreamily to the west, then start back again past the north and point to the east. . . . It confused him, and he was not accustomed to confusion. . . . His mind swung with the compass, and he was helpless to stop either of them. . . . Willie Moon would have as soon believed treachery in his own wife as to distrust a compass. Yet now the spectacle was one of betrayal, and so it shook the foundations of his knowledge."

The journey to Mr. Gann's Island in the Sky is rich in discoveries.

Published by the Viking Press, N. Y. Price $2.50.

THERE is an unfortunate similarity of titles between Mr. Gann's book and **Hobert Douglas Skidmore's Valley of the Sky,** another aviation novel that deserves a wide public.

*Homer Douglas Skidmore*

Sergeant Skidmore, who is serving with the Army Air Forces in the Central Pacific area, uses the slice-of-life technique to tell the story of a bombing plane and the interwoven lives of the members of its crew.

There are vivid combat scenes in this novel, and a variety of the casual meetings with danger that are all in the day's work in a fighting zone. But Sergeant Skidmore's distinctive contribution is in his convincing pictures of the things that happen in the minds and hearts of the crew of the Harpie. Describing their reactions as the plane circles an island overgrown with orchids, he says:

"Walt thought of Ginnie speaking softly in the growing dusk, Jerry heard again Betts saying 'Beloved,' and Johnny thought it would be swell to grab up a handful of them and leave them on the altar for Lelani when he came to pray. . . . And Norry wondered idly what the whole bunch would bring on the market back home."

Published by the Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. Price $2.

# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

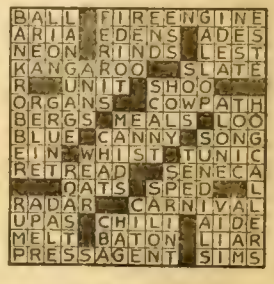
## BY TED SHANE

**HORIZONTAL**

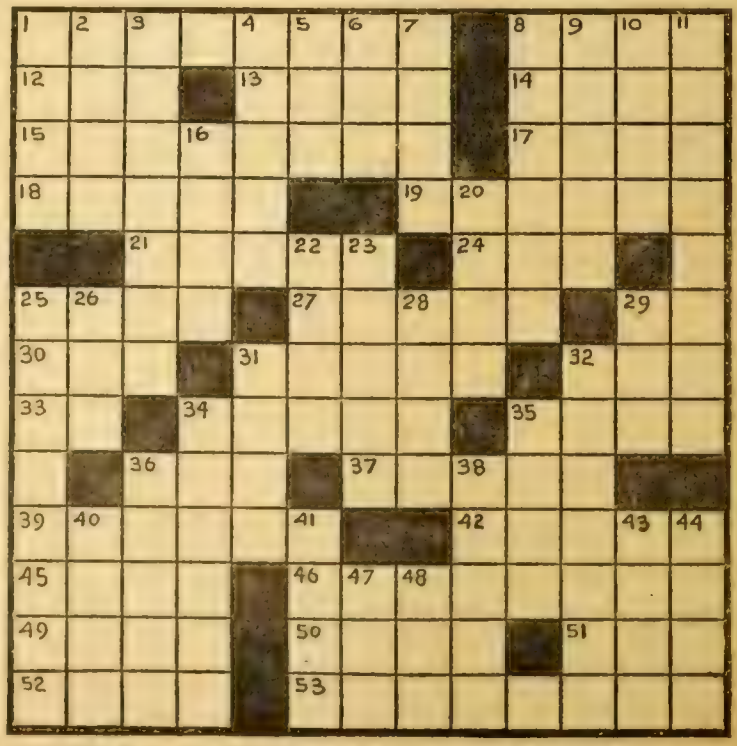
1 Name an ancient Carthaginian Eisenhower
8 Here and there a honk honk was heard on MacDonald's what?
12 Water is known as Adam's what?
13 Caesar called Italy's capital what?
14 Name one of the so-called Canadian-American Big Five
15 What kind of mucky-mucks were the Nibelungs?
17 Complete: The Island of —— Souls
18 Quite a bird!
19 Whom did we fail to hang to a sour-apple tree last war?
21 Complete: —— Gabrilovitch, musician
24 Name a little French feminine article
25 What's Eddie Cantor's greatest want?
27 Chili is usually served with beans and what?
29 Frank Baum's Wizard came from where?
30 Pts. doubled equal what?
31 Complete: Claude ——, French painter
32 What's to's opposite?
33 A cockney dwelling place is what?
34 Hitler's possessed by a violent what?
35 Name a big city on the Oka, U.S.S.R.
36 "You've buttered your bed, now lie in it" is a what?
37 Suzette's associated with what French pancake?
39 Causes to pass happily
42 A goldminer's jigger's a what?
45 What's borecole?
46 What Biblical name means stone of help; has become comic, rustically?
49 Ares and rase anagram what times?
50 What grew successful overnight recently in Brooklyn?
51 Print widgets
52 The OPA's prevented what from being pushed through the ceiling?
53 What's said to be the hardest language in the world to learn?

**VERTICAL**

1 What's the third person singular, present indicative of "have," old-fashioned style?
2 Helm position
3 What're nerve cells, processes, extensions, and all called?
4 Gene Sarazen's said to be a genius with the whats?
5 The Main Street Macy's usually called the what Ton?
6 Complete: Au clair de lune, mon——, Pierrot!
7 A great need
8 Give a synonym for catty
9 Complete from Gertrude Stein: —— —— is —— —— is —— ——
10 Complete: —— Stevens, chanteuse
11 The new shock treatment for insanity is called the what shock?
16 Any quick jerk's called a what?
20 Charley was followed by a famed what, dramatically?
22 Coin becomes an idol (anagram)
23 A terrible what took place Black Friday, September 19, 1873?
25 During rationing who has produced the most beef?
26 Who manages the New York Giants?
28 The Germans have done their best advancing recently toward the what?
29 Golden roe is what, anagramishly?
31 With what word is a chess game usually ended?
32 It's possible to store meat raised by yourself in a public what?
34 Get in the hair of, hairrass
35 Complete: —— Read founded the Arkansaw Traveller
36 What's Italy's great music center?
38 Who constituted the labor problems of Anglo-Saxon days?
40 What speed demon was defeated in a race by a slowpoke?
41 Tess gets hair whats? (anag.)
43 Complete: ——, vidi, etc.
44 What's long ago for a poet?
47 What's slang for something that's close to a woman's heart?
48 A jammed-up evening




**Last week's answer**



**The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.**

# "Opening Day"— 2 words that mean great expectations

## 2 words that mean smooth whiskey —"Walker's DeLuxe"

**Never in the world** could a whiskey have the sunny good nature of this grand straight bourbon but for a Hiram Walker distilling refinement which makes Walker's DeLuxe smooth from the start. Further mellowed by four long years in the wood, Walker's DeLuxe sums up in two words everything you'd hope to find in whiskey smoothness. Try it—discover why Walker's DeLuxe is one of America's most highly regarded whiskies.

*Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.*

# What's YOUR Hobby?

Mixing socially?

House warming?

Drying hair in a hurry?

Trading old air for new?

*REMEMBER*... for electrical appliances A.C. is the *CURRENT* favorite

**A.C. GILBERT**

will be the *POST WAR* favorite

The A.C. Gilbert Company, New Haven, Connecticut, is also famous for "Erector," American Flyer trains and other Gilbert educational toys.


## OUR ITALIAN PRISONERS OF WAR

Continued from Page 17

for help to fight a forest fire was received by an American commander of an I. S. U. Promptly fifty Italians and one officer from a near-by depot were dispatched to the scene. After eight hours of hazardous work they were relieved by a second shift of I. S. U. youths, and later a third shift was needed to conquer the blaze.

An Ordnance depot in the Midwest reports: "This depot could not have accomplished its mission without the Italians, and we will not be able to supply what our armed forces continuously need unless we have these men to help us." The commanding general at a large port of embarkation says that I. S. U. men worked many hours overtime loading supplies onto ships that were rushed to the Normandy landings, helping to make D Day a success. At a New England Quartermaster depot, the I. S. U. helped clean up a backlog of critical work.

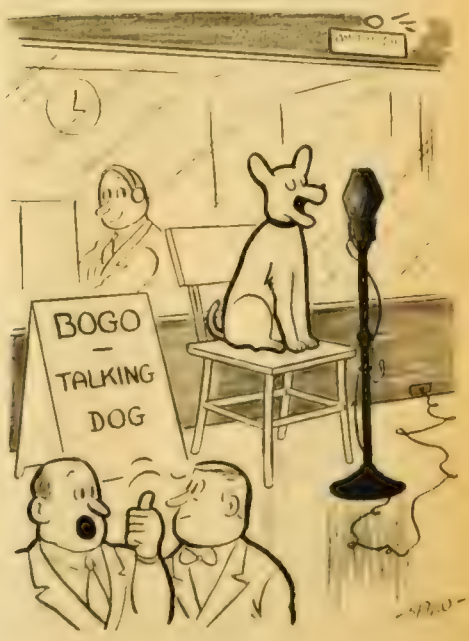
Last June the I. S. U. furnished a total of 1,038,648 productive man-hours for the American war effort. Absenteeism was only 2.42 per cent—and that because of illness. Needless to relate, there were no strikes. Before the I. S. U.s were formed, 3,944 American personnel were needed to guard the Italian P. W. compounds; now only 1,104 are required to command and administer the 36,078 men in the I. S. U.

Their work, according to General Eager, is superior to that of the German prisoners of war and better than their own performance when they were unparoled P. W.s. "There is not a single instance of unsatisfactory work performance," he declares.

And what do the Italians get in return for this labor?

*Soldato* Giuseppe, the Italian counterpart of G. I. Joe, loses a little money but gains a little freedom when he volunteers for the I. S. U. He is paid, on the average, $3 less a month than when he was a P. W. As a minor gain, however, he gets one third of his monthly stipend in ready cash, while as a P. W. this was all paid in scrip for use in post exchanges or to be held in trust by the government. He works much harder, often at night and on long shifts with overtime. His week is sixty-eight

(*Continued on page 58*)




"Say, he's pretty good, isn't he? Who writes his stuff?"

# DAD, WHERE DO THE TRACKS GO?

"SON, if you walked those tracks west, you'd walk into a country so big you'd feel about knee high to a grasshopper.

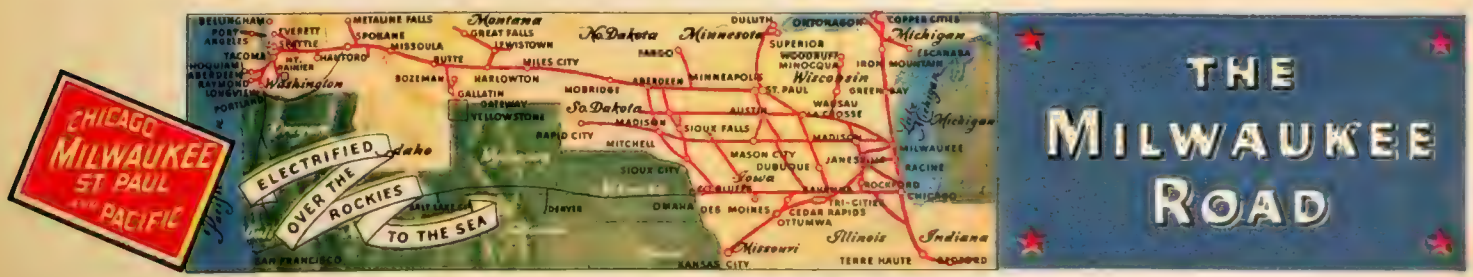
"You'd see Indians sure—and cowboys, too—but you'd see lots of other things. Miles and miles of grain, more sheep than you ever counted—cattle galore; sky-scrapin' mountains that look like they had a hunk of ice cream on top of 'em.

"You'd see rushin' water turnin' factory wheels and changin' yellow waste country to land as green as our pasture; apples half as big as your head and trees as tall as Jack's bean stalk. You'd meet friendly people, livin' on farms and ranches and in up-and-comin' towns and cities that ain't much older than you, as towns go.

"Finally, you'd wind up lookin' out over the Pacific Ocean—lookin' west to where your brother Jim is with his Marine outfit. Yes sir, if you'd walk those tracks west, you'd see a powerful lot of what Jim's fightin' for."

* * *

The Milwaukee Road tracks lead to new opportunities. You can choose your climate and scenery—the type of endeavor you're fitted for. Live in old established communities or pioneer in "young" country. If you're thinking of making a move in the post-war days look to the west and northwest!




11,000-MILE SUPPLY LINE FOR WAR AND HOME FRONTS

# In war and peace
## *the world's safest transportation*

THROUGHOUT the years, the safety record of the American railroads has been so outstanding that people have rightly felt safer on a train than traveling in any other way.

*In view of this, it is worth while to know the safety record of the railroads at war.*

***Railroad passengers are three times safer in this war than in the last one.***

***With passenger traffic at a new high in 1943, the average passenger rode in greater safety than in such typical peacetime years as 1938 or 1940.***

***There have been less than three passenger fatalities for each* billion *passenger miles traveled.***

This record has been made despite the necessity of getting the fullest use out of equipment—and despite the strain under which railroad folks must work.

This is a good record. To make it perfect is our constant goal. And it is fitting to pay tribute to the vigilant spirit and devotion today of the men and women who have made this record in the course of doing the greatest transportation job in history.

ASSOCIATION OF
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

**AMERICAN RAILROADS**

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

**"It's a new type lie detector. Now let's hear that alibi!"**

(*Continued from page 56*)

hours, the last eighteen being used in drilling and studying, orientation to make him better understand America and his own status here.

Under the Geneva Convention as interpreted by our Army, Italian, Japanese, and German P. W.s receive $3 a month basic allowance, plus 80 cents for an eight-hour day of work; so their monthly pay sometimes totals as much as $27. A *soldato* of the I. S. U., however, gets a flat $24 a month, overtime or no overtime. Officers get up to $40 a month. The *soldati* are issued uniforms made of Grade B or Grade X material, obsolete or salvaged from our own troops. The U. S. buttons are removed and a green brassard with the word "Italy" in white block letters is sewn on the left sleeve. I. S. U. food rates with the field rations received by our G. I.s.

Actually the freedom granted I. S. U. members is slight—newspaper reports to the contrary notwithstanding. They can talk to visitors at certain hours in a public reception room or through a barred gate. In some areas, zealous—sometimes overzealous—Italo-Americans have taken small groups on tours to zoos, museums, churches, or historical spots, even to picnics. Passes to leave camp are granted to groups, not individuals, and trips are under the supervision of American military personnel. These trips are paid for by the men themselves or by sponsoring organizations.

Since the I. S. U. men are doing vital war work, their morale is a concern of the War Department. A number of them work at installations where facilities for recreation are extremely limited. Some have been in prison camps here and abroad for two to four years. A great number with families in German-occupied Italy risked Nazi retaliation by volunteering for service in the American war effort.

Freedom of choice regarding their own status was granted to the Italians not long after their arrival in America. Until October 11, 1943, 50,000 P. W.s lived in a wire-enclosed and tower-guarded compound, doing work "not onerous" and "not directly connected with the war," under the terms of the Geneva Convention. On that date, a month after the Italian armistice, Marshal Badoglio directed them to volunteer for the Italian Service Units, and about 36,000 did so and were accepted. They are organized into groups and are

(*Continued on page 60*)

***THE PITT OR REGENT DIAMOND*** takes its names from Thomas Pitt (grandfather of the great William Pitt) who later sold it to the Regent of France for $675,000. William Penn Whiskey is called "the gem of the blends" because it is a shining example of mellowness and richness of flavor. Millions say "When" with William Penn.

## Reward for finding a fortune . . .

"HELP me escape, Captain, and I will make you rich." Quickly the fugitive slave from the diamond mine unwrapped the bandage on his leg. From an open cut, he produced a huge 410-carat diamond. The English shipmaster's eyes glittered with greed and he concealed the slave in his ship. But once outside the harbor, he ordered his men to toss the unfortunate Hindu to the sharks. "No one will catch you now," he jeered. ☆ Like this Pitt or Regent diamond, William Penn Blended Whiskey has a long and interesting history. Introduced in 1898, it quickly won fame among judges of fine whiskey everywhere. Today William Penn is the preferred blend of all men who recognize premium quality—at a non-premium price.

# William Penn

**THE GEM OF THE BLENDS**

*Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits*

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

# HELPS REGULATE
## The Human Machine

If you have to take something for constipation, avoid harsh irritating laxatives. Many physicians recommend SARAKA. It relieves constipation gently and easily — without griping, diarrhea, or embarrassing urgency. *See free introductory offer below.*

## Are you REDUCING?

If you are on a reducing diet, you may not be eating all the "bulk" you need to avoid constipation. Try taking SARAKA. It is a scientific supplement to diets lacking in "bulk."

## ONE TEASPOONFUL OF SARAKA

**Equals 20 teaspoonfuls of Bran in bulk-producing ability**

SARAKA produces the desired extra bulk — yet it is not bulky to take. Nor is it bulk alone. SARAKA is fortified with a gentle laxative ingredient for thorough bowel hygiene. *Accept no substitute for SARAKA.* Three economical sizes at all drug stores. Caution, use only as directed. *Try it tonight!*

**FREE:** Write for generous trial package and *"The Inside Story."* Saraka, Dept. LB-36, Bloomfield, N. J.

# SARAKA

BUY WAR BONDS—THE FINEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD

*(Continued from page 58)*

helping in critical areas in sixty camps all over the nation.

A year ago, when Italy dropped out of the war, the 130,000-odd Italian P. W.s held by the United States formed something of a problem. They had been glad to surrender; few were poked out of foxholes. Overnight they became nationals of a co-belligerent country. Many claimed to be American citizens by birth. Under the Nationality Act of 1940 an American national loses his nationality by entering or serving in the armed forces of a foreign state, if he has the nationality of that state.

Those who volunteered for the I. S. U. were carefully screened by Military Intelligence for Fascist leanings. Members of the Fascist militia, for example, were closely examined, according to General Eager. Men with Fascist citations, and soldiers who had volunteered for service in Spain, were also suspect. Most of the above were officers; the private is generally a peasant or laborer with no political consciousness. Under Fascism he just did as he was told.

The *soldato's* limited knowledge of liberty as we know it is understandable, for in Italy that precious commodity was killed after the last free election in 1921. As a youth he was pushed into the army, yet had no voice in choosing the government which ordered him to fight. Today he is amazed at America's present preparations for a Presidential election, because *libertà*—political freedom—is a concept foreign to his entire generation at home. Yet *libertà uscita*—time off—he understands, and a little of that is the only tangible reward he receives for his labor.

When the P. W.s here volunteered for the I. S. U., many objected to the phrase in the agreement, "for any duty except combat," as prescribed by the Geneva Convention. They were afraid word of this might reach friends at home, so some were permitted to scratch out what they considered the insulting words. Yet they will not be allowed to fight for America, nor can they buy war bonds or donate blood —which many desire fervently to do. They all have the status of a volunteer in the Allied war effort, bear identification cards so stating, and will be sent back to Italy eventually.

America's close ties with Italy make the problem of our treatment of the P. W.s an unusual one. Some four million Italians

*(Continued on page 62)*

"C'm'on! I haven't got all day."

# Inside Story of the Mustang

Here are nine reasons why the P-51 Mustang is the most efficient, most deadly, most feared American fighter-plane in enemy skies:

1. **REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN**—laminar-flow super-speed wing.
2. **NO BLIND SPOTS**—full vision cockpit enclosure.
3. **ARMOR PLATE**—this bullet-proof seat back protects Mustang pilots.
4. **FIGHTS EIGHT MILES UPSTAIRS**—these tanks provide oxygen for pilot.
5. **TWO-WAY RADIO**—provides close coordination during missions.
6. **SELF-SEALING GAS TANKS**—an important safety factor in combat.
7. **BOMB LOAD**—1000 pounds under each wing.
8. **DEADLY FIREPOWER**—six .50 cal. machine guns, three in each wing.
9. **SPEED—OVER 425 MPH**—1520 HP supercharged engine and automatic, variable pitch propeller.

**BONDS bought these planes.**
**WASTE FATS helped arm them.**
**WASTE PAPER helped ship them.**
**GASOLINE flies them.**
**WILL YOU help deliver the next squadron?**

North American P-51 Mustang Fighter

**Unmatched in speed, ceiling and combat radius, Mustangs fight from Burma to Berlin**

# North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

**PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES**... *P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer, and the B-24 Liberator bomber. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

# The man Success is passing by

You may be this man—*and not know why*—because your eyes can fail so slowly that you may not realize how much they isolate you from a real chance at success. Yes, "visual isolation" is a burden that robs so many people of vitality. Through the strain of trying to *see*, they suffer with "nerves", fatigue, headaches and turn sour on the world. To learn if your eyes need help, seek that help from the professional man who specializes in eye-care. His office is near your home. See him soon. *Better Vision Means Better Living.*

Smartest Thing in Eyewear
Pictured here is a Shurset Ful-Vue mounting, an ultra modern design styled by Shuron. As strong as it is smart, this mounting holds professionally prescribed lenses in positive alignment with maximum security, a feature that has won favor with millions. When glasses are prescribed, ask for Shurset by name.

Shuron

SMART EYEWEAR


(*Continued from page 60*)

came to the United States in the last seventy-five years, and half a million of their descendants are in the American armed forces; so it is no wonder that hundreds, if not thousands, of the I. S. U. men have relatives or friends in this country.

For example, Antonio L., born in Brooklyn, had two sons. One is now with the American Army overseas. The other was caught in the draft while visiting Italy, was captured, and is now in an I. S. U. at Camp Shanks, New York. Antonio's wife is in northern Italy.

Here is a letter from an Italian living in Pennsylvania, received at I. S. U. headquarters at Fort Wadsworth: "I have made application to His Honorable President Roosevelt if we could be given my brother parolled or transferred into our charge and I will be able to get him employed on the railroad. We would like him to stay with us during his permanence here and will turn him over when asked of us. I have two nephews fighting for the United States, one in the Army and one in the Navy.

"His mother's sister is sixty-eight years old and bed-ridden and cannot visit him. I have not seen him since 1905."

Another letter, from a shoe-shop proprietor in Manhattan, tells of his two sons, one fighting for us in the Pacific, the other impressed into the Italian Army, captured, and now with an I. S. U. in the West. It pleads for the parole of the P. W. for use as "a helper in the business." But P. W.s cannot be paroled to any individual.

Onofrio B. was born in Brooklyn, December 4, 1917. His father became an American citizen in 1923 and took Onofrio to Italy with him in 1928. In 1937 the son applied for a passport to the United States, in order to try to establish American citizenship. In spite of protests to the American consulate in Palermo, his application was turned down, and he had to take his military training. He was drafted, captured, and is now with an I. S. U.

There are hundreds of cases of this type.

UNIT members are reluctant to express their feelings about their service and their situation. Lieutenant Giovanni B. (his family is at this writing, in Nazi hands, so he cannot be identified), in charge of a Unit at an Eastern port, explains this as follows: "We were silent with the Germans because we hated them. We are silent with the Americans because we are your friends but feel this is hardly the time to talk about it—being your prisoners. We would rather keep quiet than risk being judged opportunists just joining the winning side."

This officer, a serious, handsome youth of twenty-nine, finds various reasons for the enthusiasm of his *compagni*, or buddies, in joining the Service Units. His experience shows how fate has woven strange patterns to put some Italians in their present predicament.

His father fought for the Allies in World War I, with the Italians. Giovanni joined the Italian Navy. Stationed at Leghorn until early spring, 1943, he replaced, voluntarily, a sailor friend ordered to North Africa who had family troubles. In Tunisia he underwent some "terrific bombings" and was captured in May, 1943. He was promptly shipped to America.

The Italian Service Unit at Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn is probably typical of most of the outfits. Men located there do maintenance jobs at the post, and are sent in groups for special work at near-by centers, such as the New York Port of Embarkation.

After work the P. W.s attend to their hours of drill and instruction. Orientation

(*Continued on page 64*)

# The Magic Touch

Just as the kiss of early frost magically brings out the autumn colorings, so the kiss of the hops in Schlitz imparts only the piquant hop flavor with none of the bitterness. All over the world Schlitz is famous as America's most distinguished beer

Copr. 1944, Jos Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

**JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS**

*..none of the bitterness*

Schlitz

**THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**

(Continued from page 62)

courses are directed by Lieutenant Giovanni. In a recent week, he says, he has concentrated on the President's speech of June 5 on the American way of life, on how America feels toward the war, and the rules of the military post. "I try to get the men to take an interest in political life, to think out their problems, and to respect the opinions of others," he says. "If they really see American democracy at work, it will affect them more than any amount of propaganda over the air."

At Fort Hamilton, the commanding officer, Colonel Harry W. Maas, has grouped the I. S. U. buildings into what he calls the Italian Village. Here is a post exchange, with prices the same as in American PXs, juke boxes playing tunes in three languages—Fior di Madonna, Quero Mucho, and Boogie Woogie. Here also are pin-ball machines and soft drinks. At the PX the *soldati* receive 200 to 300 visitors on Sundays.

In the barracks are double-decker iron cots, with lockers at the foot of each. A touch of Italy is a radio—gift from a relative—wailing Santa Lucia. There is a recreation hall and a post office. The I. S. U. men can write one letter or one post card abroad a week, but mail in the United States is unlimited.

Outside are half a dozen courts for boccie, popular bowling game. Colonel Maas recently had the Italians build a fine field for soccer, their favorite pastime. Near by are a barbershop, officers' quarters, schoolrooms, and other structures. An altar is under construction.

In the regulation mess hall the food is G. I. except for additions such as garlic, spicy sauces, and spaghetti. The *soldati* eat quickly and the men on K. P. sing arias from Verdi's operas. The mess is kept exceptionally clean and neat.

COLONEL MAAS is enthusiastic about all the I. S. U. work. To the visitor he displays a letter from his major, a mess officer with thirty-seven years' experience:

"Never in my experience have I noted such energetic devotion to the job in hand as has been displayed by the I. S. U. volunteers who are assigned to the Fort Hamilton mess. I recommend highly these men. Their work indicates that a splendid job has been done."

Maybe Colonel Maas himself, or the major, has something to do with this efficiency, for *Soldato* Giuseppe, emotional as most Italians are, goes all out for someone he likes. He gladly works his hardest for his commander, rather than for the impersonal government or military headquarters.

Such treatment makes an impression on Giuseppe. His future does not look too bright. That's one reason why he eagerly grasps just a little of that which Americans accept as a birthright and cherish and fight for—freedom. A few minutes of freedom today may become so precious to Giuseppe that no Mussolini of tomorrow will ever again wrest it from his hands.

THE END

## Suppose Your Son Were a Prisoner of War

### By Gretta Palmer

HE'D be a pretty miserable young man, with bleak months behind the barbed wire facing him . . . maybe *years* of lonely idleness. Imagine what a package of books and games would mean to him and his fellow prisoners. Imagine the lift of opening a box and finding a fielder's mitt and a baseball bat inside. . . . Just such surprise packages of musical instruments, songbooks, checkerboards, etc., are provided by the War Prisoners' Aid, which sent 448,170 pounds of such heart-warming gifts to captured American boys last year. In one German prison camp the Americans kept their sanity by organizing thirty classes to study academic subjects, from accounting to Greek, using textbooks sent from the United States. And War Prisoners' Aid is only one of the nineteen member agencies which your dollars help when you contribute to the National War Fund: the federation of all major war-related charities except the American Red Cross. The National War Fund drive is your chance this year to give to the USO, the United China Relief, Russian War Relief, the British War Relief Society, and the other organizations judged worthy of acceptance in this joint drive for funds.

Remember that boy in a torn uniform who is looking hungrily out from the prisoners' camp in Japan or Germany or China or Bataan. He's sick at heart with loneliness and homesickness and boredom. He's waiting for the detective story, the textbook, the football, the playing cards that your money will send to him.

Don't let the American war prisoner down!

From the city, long famed as the home of the bon vivant, comes Herbsaint, the famous drink of the connoisseur. Made from a secret age-old formula, Herbsaint is delightful as a frappé and so easy to prepare. So sip your Herbsaint Frappé slowly to fully enjoy its delectable smoothness and subtle bouquet.

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

*(Unabashed)*

MRS.: A woman who fails to hit the target.

ALLAH CARTE: A Mohammedan menu. (This Is-lamb!)

NOCEAN: An idea you'd like to go to sea.

WHALE-ERON: The big spouter's fin.

TWOTOR: A guy who teaches twins.

INTRODEUCE: Presenting a two-spot.

PROGRASS: Keeping the lawn mower ahead of the lawn.

FURCHIN: An Eskimo child.

THERMAMMATER: For taking mother's temperature.

SOBMARINE: She can't find the mother ship.

# MURDER FOR PROFIT

Continued from Page 21

bulk of the 800 prisoners who had left the camp perished, it is thought that there may still be some Frenchmen and others of different nationality in various parts of Lublin Province. I found a half-demented Dutchman in one Polish home.

In a handsome paneled room in Lublin we waited with intense expectation for Hans Stalp. Andrzej Witos, chairman of the Soviet-Polish committee investigating Maidanek, had called him to give evidence before British, American, French, Czechoslovak, and Chinese journalists.

Sternly, slowly, without undue emphasis, the committee laid before us its findings. Once someone laughed. It was when forty-one-year-old Theodore Schoelen, from the Rhineland, said he had given bread and cigarettes to the prisoners. Schoelen started at the sound, permitted a faint smile to come to his own face, and then shivered as he realized the laugh came from a survivor of Maidanek standing at the back of the hall and staring at the German with terrible eyes.

Stalp was a tall fellow with a long, narrow head and a face so expressionless that it looked as though it were painted on paper.

"I was arrested in 1937 for slaughtering for the black market," he began.

"Slaughtering?" I echoed, for I was acting as interpreter.

"I'm a butcher," Stalp said.

"You saw someone burned alive in the crematorium, according to the commission's findings. Is that true? If so, would you tell us something about it?"

"It's true," said Stalp. "It was a woman. I was working in the fields in charge of a group of laborers. I was told to count them and to report to the SS. man at the crematorium. When I got there, a Russian prisoner working there said, 'You must not go in.' I went in just the same, and I saw a truck drive up full of people who had just been arrested. There were ten men and one woman. There were SS. men with them, and everybody got out."

Stalp paused, gulped, licked his lips and continued: "I left then, but—well—there was a hole in the wall and I peered through. The prisoners were ordered to undress. That was done before shooting because it's hard to undress a dead body.

"The woman refused to undress. Mussfeld said, 'If you don't undress I'll burn you as you are.' Slowly she took off her coat. She was a Polish woman about twenty-eight or -nine. She had long fair hair. Mussfeld got very excited when he saw her beginning to undress. 'I'm going to burn you alive!' he shouted.

"They bound her hand and foot. They lifted her onto one of the iron stretchers they used for the stoves. They opened a little iron door of the stove and pushed her in. I heard her scream, saw her hair catch fire. That was all."

I looked along the table where the commission sat. Dr. Emil Sommerstein sat with his head bent low. Was he thinking of the daughter he'd lost all track of? Beside him sat a prelate of the Lublin bishopric, Josef Kruszinczki. I decided to ask the prelate afterward what fate the Church believed perpetrators of such crimes deserved. There sat Kudratzev, Russian international lawyer who had probably probed deeper into German infamy than anyone in the Soviet Union. General Leonid Yachenin, who had prosecuted at Krasodar last year, sat with clenched fists.

That was when Schoelen was brought in. He wore an SS. uniform. He had a clouded, obstinate face, and was obviously the fanatic type. I began to question him.

Yes, he was a Nazi Party member and had been in the SS. since 1937. Since June, 1942, he had worked in the industrial supply department at Maidanek. He had a team of SS. men under him.

What did he know of the gas chambers?

"From my assistants I heard that several people were killed there."

"Many?"

"Oh, several hundred," he said in an offhand manner. He used the word *Stuck*—object—to describe victims. He said that on November 3, last year, between 18,000 and 20,000 were killed, mostly French, but some Jews, too.

"How were they killed?" I asked.

"They must have been shot."

"Did you hear it?"

"We were ordered to stay in the barracks, a long way from the camp center. Then the radio was playing loud that day."

"By the way, have you any children?" I asked.

THE question had the effect of a whiplash. Schoelen drew himself up, threw his head back, and a gleam came into his eye as he said, "Five. I had six, but one died."

A Polish woman who sat behind me couldn't restrain herself. "Died?" she cried. "At Maidanek?"

The German shook his head. "No, at home."

"Who was really responsible for the camp?" I asked.

"I suppose the orders came from Berlin," he replied.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**The following sign is posted in the General Motors plant:**

**"According to the theory of aerodynamics and as may be readily demonstrated through wind-tunnel experiments, the bumblebee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight, and shape of his body in relation to the total wingspread make flying impossible.**

**"BUT THE BUMBLEBEE, BEING IGNORANT OF THESE SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS, GOES AHEAD AND FLIES ANYWAY—AND MAKES A LITTLE HONEY EVERY DAY."**

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**"Oh, come on! You can struggle harder than that!"**

*Advertisement*

*"Well, here I am again, Mr. Crawford!"*

Glad to see you Susy. And glad to know you're getting lots of Wheaties concentrated whole grain nourishment. Those big, crisp-toasted flakes are mighty good for you. They're deliciously good, too. Have lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"—every day.

COOL shaves

. . . at

no extra cost!

An electric fan in every tube! That's the effect you get when you use Mennen Menthol-iced Lather Shave. Costs more to make, but costs you no more than ordinary shave cream. You get *refreshing* COOLNESS *at no extra cost!* This *plus feature* has made Mennen Menthol-iced Lather the largest-selling shave cream of its kind.

"Look—a Van Dyke!"

"And what about this Thuman?" I asked, referring to the camp's chief of security, named as one of the most brutal men there. "What kind of man is he?"

"Oh, a young fellow about thirty-five. He drank a lot. Worked with a dog most of the time," the prisoner replied casually.

"How much did you send home from the camp to these five children of yours?"

"Absolutely nothing. Why, I even gave bread and cigarettes to prisoners." This was the remark that provoked the only laugh of the evening. "I did nothing wrong. I am absolutely blameless," he finished.

Andrew Stanislawski, the twenty-one-year-old Pole who before the war was a high-school student in Poznan, was arrested August 26, 1942. He had been in Maidanek from January 16, 1943, to July 23, 1944, and said he had been used as a messenger there because he spoke some German. Appearing in a shabby suit, with hair just beginning to grow on his shaven head, he told how he had seen hundreds beaten, drowned in excrement, and hanged, usually in the presence of two or three thousand people forming a square.

The victims were usually persons who had tried to escape. If they were hanged, the bodies were left hanging an hour, then burned. He said he had seen bodies soaked in a methyl preparation before burning, then placed on an iron stretcher and shoved into a stove. The corpses were then knocked off the stretcher with a long poker onto red-hot brick.

AFTER the last witness had gone and the proceedings were over, I asked the priest the question that had been in my mind earlier in the evening.

"I have reason to feel deeply about this," he said; "personal reasons in addition to what I feel as a Catholic priest, for scores of priests in our diocese have been taken away to camps perhaps more terrible than Maidanek. Let me put it this way: Fighting men of England and America will soon be in Germany. Let them remember that the German they meet may be one of those brutes who murdered people from every European land here at Lublin, that the German women and children they see may be wearing the clothes of those who were killed at Maidanek. For Maidanek is Germany and Germany is Maidanek. Let your people remember that, and then Germany will be truly punished, I am sure."

THE END

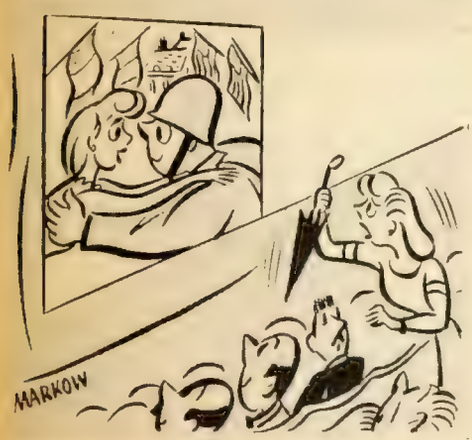
# THIS MAN'S WAR

## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

"SURPLUS" soldiers—more than 1,000,000 of them, and possibly as many as 2,000,000—will be in line for discharge and return to civilian life with the end of firing on the European front and before the end of the war with Japan.

The estimate as to number of men is unofficial, but the War Department has formally announced the news which G. I. Joe and millions of his relatives and friends have been eagerly awaiting—the system by which it will select men for discharge.

It's highly to the credit of the W. D.




G. I. Husband?

that it didn't just leave formulation of this plan to a committee of high officers. Instead, interviewers talked with thousands of G. I.s here and overseas. The plan evolved, allowing priority to soldiers with long-service and combat records, and to men with dependent children, represents the wishes of 90 per cent of those interviewed.

Here's how it will work:

An adjusted service rating card will be issued to all enlisted personnel following defeat of the Nazis. On this card will be scored the four factors which will determine priority:

1. Service credit, based upon the total number of months served since September 16, 1940 (so many points for each month).

2. Overseas credit, based upon number of months served abroad.

3. Combat credit, based upon the first and each additional award to the individual of the Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldier's Medal, Bronze Star Medal, Air Medal, Purple Heart, and Bronze Service Stars (denoting battle participation).

4. Parenthood credit, which gives credit for each dependent child under eighteen, up to a limit of three children.

Point values to be assigned each of the above factors will be announced after the war ends, and soldiers with the highest number of points will head the lists for discharge, provided they are not classed among certain types of personnel which the Army cannot yet spare.

"In all cases," the W. D. warns, "the demands of military necessity and the needs of the war against Japan must first be met."

The largest releases at first are expected from Army Ground Forces. Initially, little reduction is indicated for Army Service Forces and Army Air Forces, as they will be heavily employed at that time, it's announced, because of immediate diversion to the Pacific theater of "millions of fighting men" and massive quantities of food and armaments.

Because of the vast amount of shipping to be switched to the Orient, only a trickle of surplus G. I.s can be sent back from Europe the first few months after victory, we're warned.

There can be no demobilization of the Navy until Japan is defeated, Navy Secretary Forrestal has announced.

The Army system of individual credit rating—which the Navy may follow later, with modifications—has the advantage of offering opportunity of discharge to high-priority servicemen in the active Pacific theater as well as to those in Europe.

While many units will be shipped forthwith from Europe to the Pacific and others will be retained for occupation duty, a sizable percentage of personnel will be declared surplus to the needs of the European theater. In so far as time permits, reorganization will be carried out with a view to assembling high-priority men in whole divisions for return as surplus. Where time does not allow the selection

Write home!

and exchange of high-priority men from units ordered to the Pacific, such troops will have to sail East with their outfits, but will receive consideration after arrival in the new theater.

There'll be no surplus units in the Pacific, naturally, until the Nips yip for peace. However, commanders there will be advised that certain numbers and types of men can be replaced. These high-priority men will be returned to this country as rapidly as replacements become available and the military situation permits.

Further details will be explained here next week.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Sarge, millions of Americans got a kick out of those pictures of hijinks in Paris when our troops first marched in. So did I, until I came upon one of a blonde be-

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$10
An ancient Greek philosopher claimed that "pleasure was the only good." True or no, a ration of pleasure is every man's due. Among life's greatest felicities is the pleasure of smoking a VanRoy — the pipe with a noble heritage of distinguished quality—always preferred by the discriminating pipe smoker. VanRoy Company, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y.
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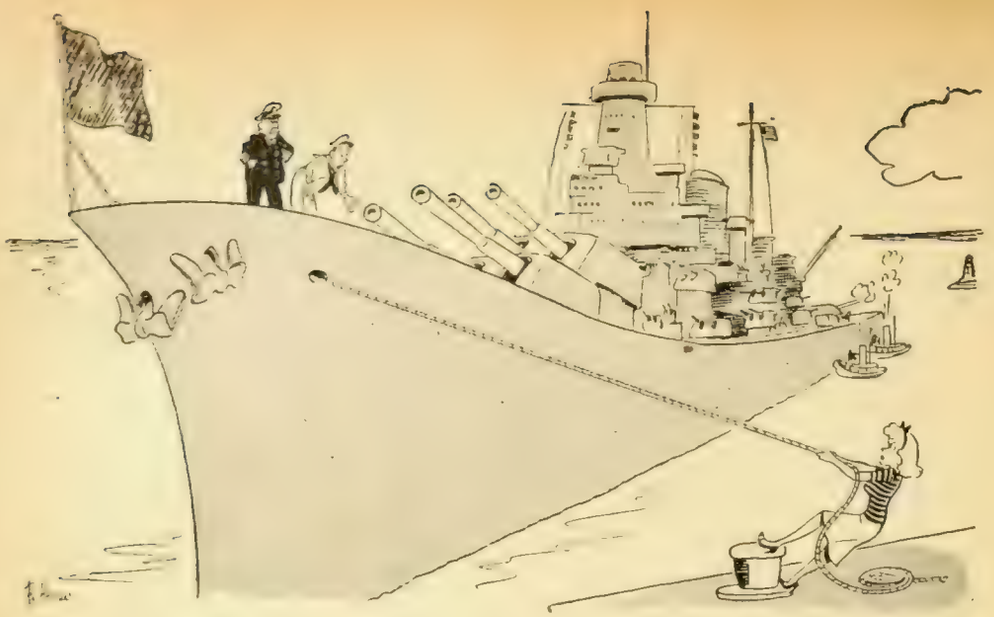

"For the last time, dear, please let go!"

stowing a lingering kiss on an American soldier. The camera angle showed mostly the mademoiselle, but the back of that soldier's head looked mighty like my G. I. husband's. If that boy can't show a note from his C. O. as proof he wasn't in Paris then, he's going to do some explaining to mama when he comes home. I didn't let him go overseas for that kind of action.

*Suspicious Sara, Cincinnati, O.*

**Why, Sara! Haven't you heard of the *accolade*, the ceremonial kiss on both cheeks which the French bestow as a mark of esteem? Besides, maybe the poor fellow was hijacked. You wouldn't want him to be discourteous to an ally, would you?**

* * *

My brother is a paratrooper, and we feel sure he has been in the fighting in France. But we haven't had a word from him in four months and are terribly worried. Isn't there a special Army department to which we could write for news of him? He never wrote more than once a month, anyway. Can't you drop a strong hint to those boys, Sarge, to make them realize how much mail from them means to us?

*Mrs. C. W. D., Shreveport, La.*

**Members of a serviceman's family may direct such an inquiry to the Adjutant General's Office, War Department, Washington, D. C. Be sure to give the soldier's full name, rank, and serial number. Your suggestion of a hint to the boys is a good one. Whenever there's a chance to write, a line home, however brief, can save an awful lot of heartache for the folks at home. It works both ways, remember. I mean, keep the V-mail moving to the boys, too.**

* * *

When I applied for appointment as an aviation cadet, the form I filled out stated that upon successful completion of training I would be commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Air Force Reserve. Instead, when I finished, they gave me a commission in the Army of the United States. Can you tell me what War Department circular caused this change to be made?

*2d Lt. G. D., Waycross, Ga.*

**The Army of the United States is our whole wartime Army. It's composed of the Regular Army, National Guard, and Reserve components. Upon being called to active duty, a Reserve officer becomes an officer in the A. U. S. That's you now. When you revert to inactive status, you will then be in the Air Force Reserve. The authority is the National Defense Act of 1920.**

* * *

Sarge, I turn to your page in Liberty first—no kidding. Recently you listed the various military decorations in the order of importance as ranked by the War Department. Now I'd like to see the Navy Department's list of awards.

*Mrs. A. B., Shreveport, La.*

**Lady, I was going to print that next week, but for you here it is right now: (1) Medal of Honor, (2) Marine Corps Brevet Medal, (3) Navy**


## LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

*"Remember, Murdock, the cap is always worn straight on the head!"*

CRITICAL is the military word for "Eveready" flashlight batteries. The great majority of our production has to be rushed to our Armed Forces all over the globe or to war industries at home. That explains why your dealer may be out of these dependable flashlight batteries.

*Bet your bottom dollar on America—buy War Bonds!*

**FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →**

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EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

Cross, (4) Distinguished Service Medal, (5) Silver Star Medal, (6) Distinguished Flying Cross, (7) Navy and Marine Corps Medal, (8) Bronze Star Medal, (9) Air Medal, (10) Commendation Ribbon, (11) Purple Heart, (12) Presidential Unit Citation, (13) Legion of Merit.

* * *

Does a submarine have an anchor? Most people I've asked about this just laughed and said no, but I think it does have one.

*E. C., Elkin, N. C.*

A sub has two anchors. One is the deck anchor, commonly used in a peaceful port or base. The other is the submerge anchor, which is suspended from the bottom of the sub and attached to a cable. This can be cut in a hurry to permit crash dive if danger threatens.

* * *

What is the largest flag used on a military post?

*G. L. V., Veterans' Hospital, Oteen, N. C.*

The garrison flag, measuring 20 feet hoist by 38 feet fly, is the largest. This is used on holidays and ceremonial occasions. For general use, the post flag is flown. It measures 10 feet hoist by 19 feet fly. Inclement weather calls for a storm flag, 5 feet hoist by 9 feet 6 inches fly.

* * *

My father, a wounded soldier of the last war, died recently. He never knew where to ask for the Purple Heart medal, to which he was entitled. My brother is in service now, and it would make us all very proud if we could receive the decoration that was due father. Can it be gotten for his children?

*M. R., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Next of kin may apply for any medal or decoration which was never delivered to a soldier entitled to it. Write the Bureau of Awards and Decorations, Office of the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, for the necessary papers.

---

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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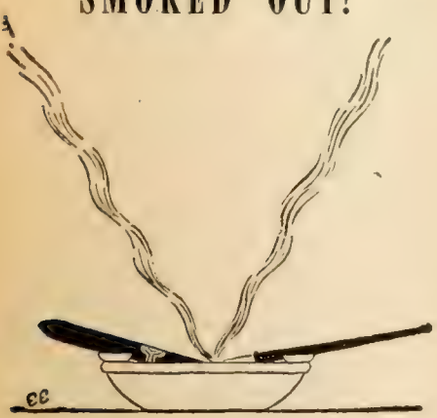
## SMOKED OUT!



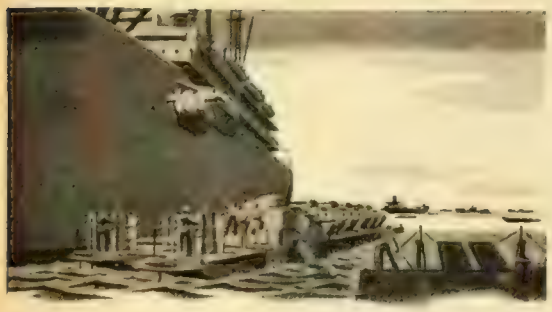
When Winnie meets with F. D. R.
To plan another smart surprise,
Tobacco smoke, which Hitler hates,
Gets into Adolf's tired eyes!

—ERIC ERICSON.

Distilled and Bottled by JOSE ARECHABALA, S. A., Cardenas, Cuba
Sole Agents for U. S. A.
CONTINENTAL IMPORT DIVISION of R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC., New York

# Here's your ammunition, Joe...

**It takes 10 tons of initial equipment to supply each "Invasion" soldier—and it's the merchant seamen who take it "over there"!**



**STRAIGHT TO INVASION BEACHES** go the ships of the American Merchant Marine, to deliver food, medical supplies, guns, ammunition—all the 700,000 different articles needed to power the drive of the Liberation Armies!

**VETERANS** of 6 great battles of supply are the mariners of our merchant fleets. They've weathered the battle of the Atlantic, the heroic run to Murmansk, the South Pacific campaigns, the landings in Africa, Italy and France, sharing all the dangers of the war at sea.

**5,000,000 TONS** of war cargo were handled last year by the United Fruit Company, under the direction of the War Shipping Administration. Besides 35 of their own ships of the Great White Fleet, the Company operated 45 additional government-owned vessels.

**THE NEXT BIG JOB...** when the Great White Fleet sails back from war to the Caribbean, it will face a great opportunity. Global war has proved that the American tropics can supply many strategic commodities formerly brought from the Far East—quinine, abaca fibre (manila rope), balsa, tung oil, and many more. Shipped northward, these "new products"—*added to the nutritious foods for which Middle America is famous*—will increase Inter-American trade.

## Great White Fleet

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA ★ COSTA RICA
PANAMA ★ COLUMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.

*Back the attack . . . buy more War Bonds!*


## GOING SOME PLACE?

Continued from Page 13

enough, or if you are leading seven babies by the hand, someone will take up your case.

After that, you will call your new friend half a dozen times, and at last you will be invited down to pick up your reservations.

It will develop that there are queer angles and gaps in these reservations. You have something called a tourist upper—a very low form of upper. There is a three-day layover in Omaha. There is a slight blank between Denver and Ogden, Utah. But you are breathlessly grateful to your new friend.

So you're ready to go aboard the train. If you have been unwise enough to take a heavy bag, or more than one, you'll soon find you are back on the muscle standard.

There are very few porters, and the remaining ones are very busy and do not wish to be bothered. The checkroom is closed.

But for a moment, when the train porter takes you gravely and courteously in hand, you'll have a feeling that things are pretty much as they always were. By and large, Pullman porters, especially the veterans, are the gentlest and most fatherly of God's creatures. Your pleasant glow of departure may last right up to the dinner hour.

Then a waiter will come through the train (as one waiter did on a Western railroad), calling: "Dinner is now being served for the milintary of our armed forces." You settle back. Quite right. Sol-

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**Fishing is a delusion entirely surrounded by liars in old clothes.**
*—Don Marquis.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

diers should eat first. Three quarters of an hour or so later, you think it proper to stroll toward the dining car. *Stroll* is the word. You have plenty of time. There is a queue of people ahead of you stretching out to the vestibule.

Compose yourself. In another hour you will reach a table. As you pick up the menu, a tactful waiter intones in your ear: "The roast lamb is now pot roast and spaghetti. The fried chicken is now fried fish. Delicious, too." He pauses for your groans. "The rolls ain't. They're bread. And the chocolate sherbet is now rice pudding."

But perhaps a set of rules for unregenerate travelers would be more helpful. Here is the best advice this saddle-sore and beat-to-the-socks peripatetic can give you. 1. Carry self-washing shirts. 2. Take a doctor along to treat you for acute fatigue, hunger and faintness, and frustration psychosis. 3. Learn to mind babies in large numbers. 4. Get over your aversion for unmade hotel beds and other people's towels in the bathroom. 5. Test your nerve. Try sleeping, as I did, directly over a threatening hotbox in an express doing eighty or better across Kansas. After all, things are much hotter in Germany. 6. Don't be a stiffy. Learn to sing My Wild Irish Rose with the other folks in buses. 7. If you notice that one motor of the plane is idling in the air, ignore it. Replacements are hard to get. 8. Don't demand things. You won't get them anyhow. 9. Watch your blood pressure. 10. Or why not just stay home?

THE END

The New Theatre in Chestnut St. . . . from a print dated 1800*

# PHILADELPHIA
## *Background of Tradition*

*"NEW THEATRE... Saturday evening, March 23d, 1805, will be presented a celebrated play in 3 acts, called Point of Honor or A School for Soldiers. End of the play, Mr. Jefferson will sing a comic song."...from original handbill in archives of old Philadelphia.*

Like an irresistible magnet, the social life of old Philadelphia attracted the gayer spirits of the growing Colonies. Theatre handbills bore names that added lustre to the fame of Philadelphia as the center of Colonial culture and the arts of pleasant living. Such is the background of Philadelphia . . . a heritage of hospitality that persists today in Philadelphia Blend. Here is a whisky you might rightly reserve for special occasions . . . yet one you can enjoy, regularly and often.

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*CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA*

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

# Rising in Popularity!

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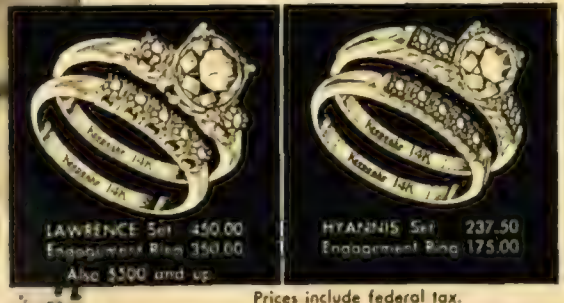


Prices include federal tax.

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

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City _____

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## SPONSOR'S WIFE

Continued from Page 19

to have actors. Well, skipping that, where have you been for three days? Pix and I no see."

Chlo, in truth, had put herself in as much seclusion as possible since the interview with Ada Riverton. In addition to a touch of wound-licking, she had done considerable thinking. She was dying hard on the problem of Midge Carr.

She sighed now and rested a hand on Chuck's. "Did muvver neglect her darlings?"

"Please!" Pixsley covered his eyes. "Public displays nauseate me. Now then! Since we're here, I may as well point out a few celebrities. See that portly gentleman with the lush blonde! That is Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. The blonde is Sarah Bernhardt. And, before I forget it, I'm Ellen Terry."

Chlo's dark eyes followed his discreetly-pointed finger. All at once tiny yellow lights crept into them.

"Oh, Mr. Pixsley," she said, "you're such an interesting man. Why, you must even know who the lonely lad at the end of the bar is!"

"The character with the Nordic cast of countenance brooding into his highball? Certainly. That is Hamlet, by Brooks Brothers. Any moment now he'll burst into Melancholy Baby. He— Hey, where are you going?"

"Sssh," said Eiler. "You don't ask a lady such questions."

Chlo had risen. She laughed down at Pixsley. "If you must know, over to talk to Hamlet."

"O. K., Ophelia," Pix said. But he stared at her perplexedly.

CHLO stood five feet ten in her nylons, all alluring slimness. There was a slight and attractive slouch to her shoulders; her walk was a swift glide. As she moved, eyes followed her.

"I get it," said Pix. "There's a phone booth in the corner."

Eiler looked after the tall slender figure. "There, Pixsley, goes the dame I love. Why the hell don't you join the Foreign Legion?"

"Allergic to deserts," Pix grinned. "And don't call my girl a dame."

(*Continued on page 74*)

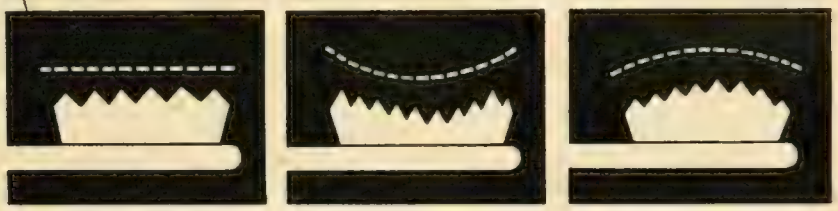
"Scallions! You told me to be offensive."

*Are you using the right tooth brush?*

# STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN CLEANS TEETH BEST SAY DENTISTS 2 to 1

## How Dentists Voted on Brushing Surface Designs

There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:



**Straight Line Design**
*Tufts all set in a straight line*

**Concave Design**
*Tufted higher at ends, lower in middle*

**Convex Design**
*Tufted higher in middle, lower at ends*

***When 30,000 dentists were asked*** which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design"!

## Every PEPSODENT Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend for cleaning teeth best

**In an impartial, nation-wide survey among 30,000 dentists . . . Straight Line Design won over the other widely used types. 2 out of 3 dentists declared it most effective for cleaning teeth!**

You no longer have to guess which tooth brush to buy . . . *which* design cleans teeth best. Now, for the first time—you have the opinions of thousands of dentists to guide you!

In a nation-wide survey, just completed, an independent research organization asked 30,000 dentists: "Which tooth brushing surface design, in your opinion, is most efficient for routine home brushing of teeth?" By overwhelming odds, the answers were: "Straight Line Design!" And that's the design you get in every Pepsodent Tooth Brush! 2 out of 3 dentists declared Straight Line Design *cleaned teeth best!* Dentists preferred it 2 to 1 over the other two designs combined!

Moreover—Pepsodent's brush head is small and compact, easy to use. Feels comfortable even *far back* in the mouth, where teeth are hardest to get at.

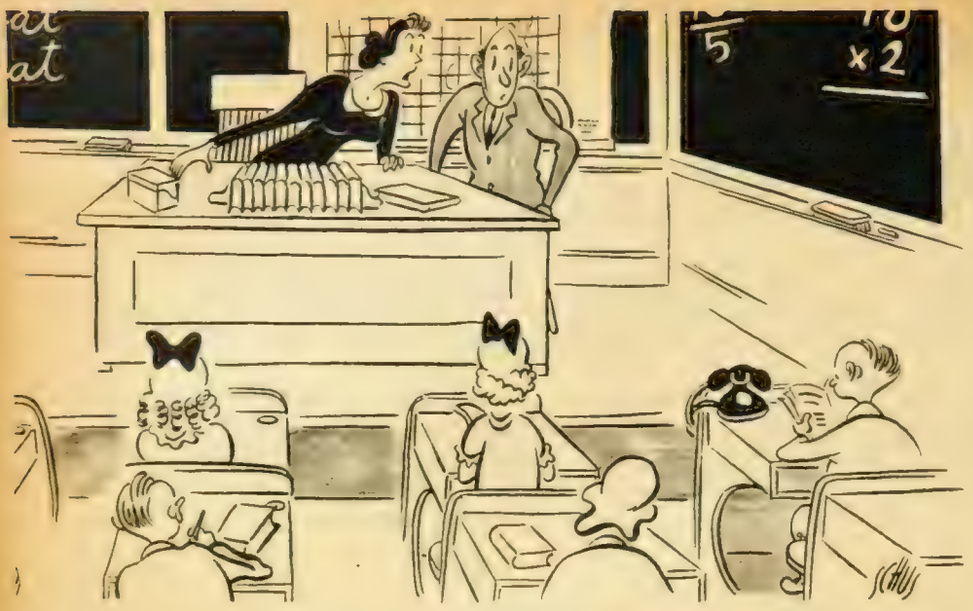
So, when choosing your next tooth brush — get the design most dentists recommend. Remember, 2 out of 3 dentists chose Straight Line Design as the design that cleans teeth best!

### Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Despite popular belief, it is a fact most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines.

These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs. Actually, Pepsodent's Straight Line Design cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke

**GET A PEPSODENT TOOTH BRUSH TODAY!** In Sanitary Glass Vial




"He must have a pull with the phone company!"

(*Continued from page 72*)

The "dame" did set a course for the phone booth. She never reached it.

As she drew near the individual who sat in lonely majesty, she stumbled slightly. One hand shot out, clutching for the nearest support. That happened to be the gentleman's right arm.

At the moment the gentleman was using the arm to convey his glass mouthward. With commendable presence of mind, he hung onto the glass. But he did not come off unscathed. Part of his drink slopped over, drenched his sleeve.

Apparently, however, the gentleman was shockproof. He merely turned his head and looked at Chlo, deadpan.

"Nice work," he said. Then he smiled.

Chlo found her feet. "Oh, my heavens," she gasped, "I'm so sorry!"

"Think nothing of it," he said, wiping his sleeve.

"But, look here!" Chlo sounded mortified no end. "You've got to let me replace your drink."

"Certainly," the man said. "On condition that you let me buy you one."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly. You see, I—I'm convoyed."

"Where is this convoy?"

"Don't look now," said Chlo, "but it's in the far corner."

The gentleman did look. So did Chlo. They caught Pixsley's eye. Pixsley put thumb at ear and waggled his fingers at her.

"Strange as I think it is," Hamlet said, "they don't seem seriously disturbed at your talking to another guy."

"You're perfectly right," Chlo said slowly. "Well, darn if I won't teach those two a lesson. Can I still have that drink, Mr.—"

"Tony Wilson."

CHLO told him her name and climbed onto a stool.

"This is rather unorthodox," Chlo said. "But they've got it coming. They're in a kidding frame of mind tonight."

"Good," said Tony Wilson. "Let them kid themselves. Now! Tell me as much about yourself as you usually tell strangers you pick up in bars."

"I didn't pick you up, Mr. Wilson," Chlo said. "I merely fell on you."

"Red-letter day for Wilson." He glanced across the room again. "Ha! Your pals are giving you the we-are-supremely-indifferent treatment."

Chlo turned. Pixsley had deliberately moved his chair around until, like Eiler's, his back was to Chlo and Wilson. Their heads were together, as though they discussed weighty problems compared to which feminine strayings from the reservation were of ludicrous moment.

"Well, how do you like that?" Chlo squinted. "I've half a mind to—" She stopped abruptly.

"Yes?" Tony Wilson encouraged.

Impulsively she turned to him. "This is little short of an attempt at kidnaping. But if—well, if you'd help me I could pay those clowns off beautifully."


THIS IS KNOWN

BY

*Medical Authorities*

*about* PHILIP MORRIS

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT – DUE TO SMOKING – *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY*, OR *DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors... *Proving this finer cigarette is less irritant!*

"In my book," said Mr. Wilson, "clowns should be paid, every time."

Very suddenly Chlo slid off the stool. "Then I'm going through that side door, there. In a hurry. But" —she hesitated — "it loses its point if I go alone."

Mr. Wilson was quick in the uptake. He flung a bill on the bar. The next instant they were in the street.

"Destination to be?" Mr. Wilson snapped fingers at taxis.

"Niccoletti's," said Chlo, inspired.

"THE answer is 'no,'" Bob Weaver of the Radio Department said. "The Riverton woman hasn't changed her mind. But I'd give six months' salary if she would."

"A headache?" inquired Chlo.

"Strictly." Weaver made a sour face. "The latest is that she's jumped into our scripts with both feet. She's having them revised to suit herself. And after that—well, la Riverton will deign to sign a contract."

"When's that to be?" Chlo asked.

"Around the end of next week," Weaver informed her, "if the writers aren't in the loony bin long before. By the way, Chlo, how's that little Carr girl?"

"Just swell. She's shrugged it off beautifully. And it wasn't easy. That part meant more to her than just getting into radio, Bob."

"H'm," said Weaver. "Well, I'm sorry. Why anyone would want to get into radio, though, when she could sit in a nice cool penthouse, beats me."

A few minutes later Chlo left the office. She wore a black velvet tricorn that obscured one eye and revealed the other through a nose veil; sheer black crepe dress with a wide gold-kid girdle and suède sandals. Large gold earrings matched a heavy gold bracelet on her left wrist. It was a costume, T. K. Dark had pointed out, more suited to a fashion show than an advertising agency. For his pains, T. K. had been asked if he would prefer her in starched shirtwaists, gray skirts, and flat heels.

The instant she appeared on the street, a taxi, which was lurking near the corner, slid along the curb. A door opened.

"Congratulations!" Tony Wilson smiled lazily. "How many nights have you eluded the wolf pack now?"

Chlo got in. "Five. Including the first one, when we left it stranded at Crawford's."

Tony said sleepily, "So you've stood me for five dates? Remarkable woman."

"But of course, Tony. This is a beautiful friendship."

"From my angle it is. I'm old, poor, and sick. And you're lighting up my night life." Tony was all of thirty-three, well-to-do and healthy, despite the weariness he wore like a cloak.

"Don't forget 'jaded,'" Chlo reminded him.

"You ain't kiddin' there, duchess. Well, what's the good word?"

"Um," said Chlo. "Could be that the termites are nibbling at the foundations. What's needed now is a good swift hammer blow."

"You sound like George Fielding Eliot," Wilson said. "But it's what I think myself. Which is why I'm taking you to see a friend of mine."

"A good swift hammerer?"

Tony chuckled. "Oi, such a hammerer he is!"

And while this was going on, Pixsley, a picture of brown chagrin back in D., D. & D., said to Eiler, "So you let her slip away again! And your office is on the same floor as hers. Phooey to you!"

"Huh," growled Eiler. "You try pinning that woman down. It's like catching a butterfly in a clothesbasket."

Chlo banged the receiver of the interoffice phone back in its cradle. She had just learned from Bob Weaver that Ada Riverton was due to invade the agency at four that afternoon, to sign her contract for the part in Starcrossed.

For a moment she sat still, frowning. The last lingering hope that at the eleventh hour some way could be found to swerve Miss Riverton from her purpose and reinstate Midge Carr now went glimmering. Chlo shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, anyhow," she said to herself, "nobody can say I didn't try."

"Lunch?" Chuck Eiler's wheat-colored head popped in at the door.

"No," said Chlo, almost automatically.

"Now, look here, pet!" He wagged a finger at her. "Pix and I are slightly fed up playing stepchildren while you paint the town with a pick-up from a joint. And, incidentally, you haven't apologized for taking a powder in said joint a few nights ago."

"How do you know who I paint the town with?" Chlo skipped the apology.

"Never end a sentence with a preposition, kid. You've been seen, that's how. Our spies are everywhere."

"Oh, go away," said Chlo.

"You'll be sor-ree." Eiler grinned and vanished.

Chlo spent a restless afternoon. She felt frustrated and as if she had handled this whole matter badly. Probably, she thought now, calling on Ada Riverton had been a great mistake. Knowing that someone else wanted the part, needed it even, would only strengthen that lady's determination to have it herself.

Sometime after three thirty T. K. Dark interrupted her lonely recriminations. T. K., it appeared, wished to dictate.

He was floating gems on the air and Chlo was catching them on a pencil when the phone rang. Bob Weaver, sounding urgent, desired speech with Mr. Dark.

Chlo passed the phone to T. K. while, under soft black hair, her ears perked up. But they could make nothing of the swift crackling coming over the wire. T. K. listened, then said one word: "Yes."

With that he put down the phone and heaved his short round body out of his chair. "Come along," he commanded briefly.

"Where?" Chlo asked. But she knew very well and she hung back. If Ada Riverton were in Weaver's office now, and if Riverton were by chance annoyed, and if Riverton ever connected . . .

"Come, come!" barked T. K. "Don't waste time. This is important. And I might want you for something."

Chlo shot a beseeching look toward the domain of the Almighty and followed.

SHE needn't have worried. Ada Riverton was in no condition to connect anything with anything else. She was pacing up and down Weaver's office, eyes flashing like gray daggers, silver foxes flying around quivering shoulders. She favored Chlo with a brief glance that was almost bare of recognition and went on measuring carpet. Chlo subsided in a corner.

"What," Mr. Dark inquired, using a mild gambit, "seems to be the trouble?"

Weaver, eyes on the flouncing foxes, spread his hands. "Miss Riverton," he said, "flatly refuses to take the part in Lantoine's radio show, after all."

"But," T. K.'s blue eyes bulged, "I thought Miss Riverton wanted the part."

"And so I did." Ada Riverton spun on a spike heel. "So I still do. But darned if any cheap ink-slinging idiot can say things like that about me and get away with it."

Something warm and satisfying, like a sun-washed wave, swept over Chlo.

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Honey, she thought, with the wraps off you look bronzier and brassier than ever.

"Who," said T. K. Dark, mystified, "said what about who?"

"You don't know?" The Riverton whirled on him again and T. K. retreated into his collar. "Pieter Van Tassel did, that's who. He's been needling me in his scaly column for two weeks. So I can't face footlights again, eh? Can't swing an audience? I'm a hag, am I? Washed up? Well"—the silver foxes seemed practically to simmer— "I'll show Mr. Smartpants Van Tassel. I'll walk out there in Sam Gallard's play and knock him and the rest of New York cold."

Attababy, whispered Chlo inaudibly, sock him again! But her eyes were demurely on her lap.

"I take it, Miss Riverton," T. K. Dark said, "that Mr. Weaver has already tried to persuade you to change your mind. I can only add that I hope you will." He strove valiantly for a ring of sincerity, but didn't quite make it.

Ada Riverton's teeth clicked, hard. "Thanks. But there isn't a chance. And here's why!"

She strode over and snatched a sheaf of press cuttings from Weaver's desk. "There! Read those! Particularly the top one. Read it out loud!"

While Chlo studied her manicure, Mr. Dark read:

"'Refusal of the once-glamorous Ada Riverton to accept a role in Shining Swords, the new Sam Gallard production, comes as no surprise to this department. A bouquet to Miss Riverton, one actress at least who knows when to cry "Hold, enough!" Meanwhile, we hear she is considering a part in radio, that heaven-sent haven for all the fading stars of yesteryear.'"

"H'm," T. K. said inadequately. "H'm."

"And that," snapped Miss Riverton, "is typical of what that male sob sister's been writing about me. With Sam Gallard all but on his knees to me the entire time. Why, only last week Sam raised the ante, plenty. Well, I'm taking him up." She snorted through quite a decent-looking nose. "'Fading stars of yesteryear,' eh? You—just—wait."

"Is that," ventured T. K. Dark, "final, Miss Riverton?"

Ada Riverton snapped her fingers. "That's final. I'm sorry. But I'm going straight from here to Gallard's office. Oh, another thing! It won't do any good for

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# THE HOME FRONT

"Remember when we used to discuss being career women?"

you to bother my husband about this. He agrees with me, all the way."

At this point Chlo slipped from the room. She slipped practically unnoticed. The Great Riverton, really a competent actress, held the center of the stage.

Two minutes later Chlo dropped a light hand on Midge Carr's shoulder. "Look, darling," she said swiftly, "powder your nose."

"P-powder—" Midge began.

"Powder," confirmed Chlo. "And don't leave your desk. Because in just about five minutes your phone's going to ring."

Her timing was off by exactly thirty-eight seconds.

MR. TONY WILSON sat at the bar in Crawford's, looking lonely as the publicized cloud. The dark-haired girl at a corner table caught his eye and gave him the V for Victory sign.

"There you go!" said Chuck Eiler, who was fifty per cent of the dark-haired girl's escort. "I knew there was a catch in this, Pix. She finally invites us for a drink and drags us here again. But she's really still pursuing that weary bird over there."

"Should have turned her down flat," Pixsley said.

"Back in a minute, boys." Chlo got up. "Just keep calm."

This time she didn't climb onto the stool beside Tony. Instead, she put out her hand.

"Captain," she said, "our fearful trip is done, and I do thank you. You were simply swell."

Wilson grinned. "Came off, did it? Well, glad I could help." The grin turned rueful. "I don't suppose I'll be seeing you much any more. But how about a date once a year on—say, St. Swithin's Day?"

"St. Swithin's Day it is," Chlo said. "Good-by and thanks again." She returned to her table.

"Pix," said Eiler, "it's our night to howl. Sitting Bull seems to have cast her out of the tribe."

"Put it that way if you like," said Chlo. "But Sitting Bull is one grand guy."

"You should know," Pix said. "You've practically nested in his vest pocket for two weeks."

"Just to see that he didn't lose interest in a little conspiracy, darling," Chlo told him. "I—oh, I'll take off the hair net. I've been carrying a torch lately—for that nice kid in Research, Midge Carr. You know about her trouble?"

Eiler nodded. "Everybody knows."

"Well, listen!" Chlo brought them up to date.

"But," Pixsley objected, "I still don't see—"

"Imbecile," interrupted Chlo, "Tony Wilson is Pieter Van Tassel. He'd been writing a good deal about Ada Riverton in his column, some of it not too complimentary, and after my talk with her, he looked like my best bet. I wanted to wound her ego, of course. So I found out that Pieter Van Tassel comes here almost every evening and I decided to meet him, informally, rather than try to make an orthodox appointment. I imagine hundreds of people try to do that and get turned down pretty promptly. Well, they run his picture at the top of his column and I recognized him and—but you know the rest."

"What made you think he'd co-operate?" Chuck asked.

"Imbecile Number Two, I had to take a chance on that. So I put all my cards on the table that first night. Fortunately Tony was quite willing to throw a few more barbs into the Riverton. He doesn't think much of her. As a person, I mean. Oh, one thing more! He took me to see Sam Gallard the other day. He's a great friend of Gallard. And he told Gallard, in confidence, what we were trying to do. Well, it was right down Gallard's alley, because he really wants Riverton in his show. So he decided that it might help all of us if he offered her more money. It did, too. And I'm not worried about Mr. Gallard ever giving us away. He's a very nice man."

Eiler looked at Pixsley. "You perceive from all this, Mr. P., that from now on we've got to gang up on the celebrated Van Tassel, indefinitely?"

"Don't be asinine!" Chlo waved a hand. "Tony has a wife and three children and an Airedale and a house. In Maplewood, New Jersey. And I'd have brought him over to meet you, but I've already bothered him enough. He works when he comes here, you know. He has to see people and get dope for his column."

"In my uninvited opinion," said Pixsley, "you're dressed in horseshoes and four-leaf clovers. You played an awfully long shot with a minimum of logic in it."

Chlo wrinkled her nose, attractively activating freckles and scar-crescent. "Leave us," she said, à la Archie of Duffy's, "leave logic to Socrates."

THE END


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CARELESS TALK
CAN BE
PIECED TOGETHER
BY THE ENEMY

# HERE'S YOUR COUNTRY, SOLDIER

Continued from Page 31

though some items demanded coupons. Drugstores served soft drinks, ice cream and ices, sodas, milk shakes, sundaes, fruit cups, and, if you happened along at the right time, banana splits. Restaurant menus displayed just about everything they had had to offer before Pearl Harbor, except occasionally steak was crossed off. You can get whiskies, liqueurs, and domestic wines in bars, we found out, though there is a little difficulty in buying whisky by the bottle. Some of it may not be of best quality, but the worst of it is nectar compared with the European and African products.

All the beds I've been in since we invaded these shores have had clean sheets and good mattresses, and I think it safe to presume the same is true with most of the others. I haven't seen my Victory girls that I recognized as Victory girls. The story depicting girls whistling at men is the bunk. They don't. Well, not at me, anyway.

Soldiers, no place in the States is crowded, by overseas standards. True, trains are jammed; frequently people have to stand up. Hotel rooms can't always be had. But even in Washington taxicabs are not as difficult to patronize as the tabloids and movies would have you believe. You

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**We all hope for the day when isms will be wasms.—*J. W. Losch.***

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

can't walk to a curb and have a jinnee appear in a cloud of smoke with a taxi at the mere snap of your fingers. Sometimes you have to wait ten minutes. In the United States, war is heck.

I know now it was the task of describing *just how it feels to get home* that proved too much for our friends who came home first. The writing of the answer is simple enough. That's the trouble. The answer is so simple it will sound unconvincing to the overseas soldier, who has thought, talked, and dreamed so much of home that he is prepared only for drama and emotion surpassing anything he has ever experienced. I expected the same. It's not that way.

Suddenly you are home. You are Jack back in the pulpit; you are the man back in the moon. Your return is a great feeling of naturalness; you belong here, you are a part of it—you have never been gone. More than exultation or gripping tensity, you experience a surge of comfort and contentment. Perhaps that's hard for you guys overseas to believe, but that's the way it is.

It may come to you as you catch sight of the U. S. shore line, or you may feel it when you first set foot on the pier, or days later when you walk down your own Main Street.

It may even sweep over you while you're still two days out at sea—as with us. At ten in the morning someone turned on the radio. A smooth announcer's voice, coming over the domestic wave length, punctured the quiet of the ship without warning.

"All you have to do is send us a dollar," the voice said, "and we will send you a dozen rosebushes."

The ship's main lounge burst into laughter. We were home.

THE END

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## DEAR JOHNNY

Continued from Page 23

"I didn't sleep much last night, Pete."

"I didn't either," he said, "and when I did, it was—you know, as though I were still with you—hearing you talk and smelling that perfume—"

"And hearing that song," she said.

"That's funny," he said, "because— Hey, Kat—know something? We're just alike!"

"Pete," she said, "how can two strangers meet and just all of a sudden—"

"I don't know."

She was beside herself. "I'm terrible to be telling you everything like this! It isn't very ladylike. But today I don't care! If you *feel* something, you should tell it, shouldn't you?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well," she said, "I think you're a very wonderful shipmate, sir; and I'm happy to be in this Navy with you, and"—her voice was husky—"happy I met you—"

"Kat—"

"I didn't treat you very well on Tea Wharf. You wanted to tell me something, and I stopped you. But, you see, I've been —confused. And last night I thought it all out and everything is all right now. Shipshape, sir, trim, and secured!"

He felt like a fool. He *still* couldn't talk! Instead, he rose from his chair and came over to hers. "Get up, Yeoman Winters," he said. She did, looking up at him tremulously, and he took her in his arms. He kissed her. It was dark in the Tavern, and, anyway, no one was looking.

"Now anchors aweigh," he said. "Let's do the town! Let's find out what Boston looks like!" What he was really saying was: *Kat, I love you. Do you understand me? I love you!* But he was too ineloquent to say anything like that. He put some money down for the check, and they left.

THEY didn't talk about it any more, not at once; not for a few hours at least. It was exciting tonic just to be together, and they didn't want anything to spoil the magic. They were treading on stars, drunk on laughter—warm, lovely laughter.

Little bars, smiling bartenders, everyone smiling—because both of their faces were flushed to the exact same degree, and it was good to see them; it made your heart hurt to see them. Rare was this couple who cheered the lives of even passers-by—newsboys and cab drivers, waiters and cops on the corner—everyone with whom they came in contact. "It's Navy Day," Pete'd say. "Don't you hear the bands playing?" But only he and Kathie could hear that.

They did Boston all right. From the Pepper Pot for dinner to Beacon Hill for a rather stiff Navy party; then back again, Pete saying, "I'm not crazy about admirals' parties right now, Kat," past the Commons, to the Silver Dollar Bar.

It was noisy in the Silver Dollar, soldiers and sailors, M. P.s and Shore Patrol, music loud, voices loud—boisterous. They sat at the bar here, Pete and Kathie, and it was here that he told her. He said she knew by now that he couldn't talk very well. "It's one thing to know what you want to say, and another to say it."

She was looking up at him, her hair glistening black, green eyes shining. "But you talked beautifully all afternoon," she said.

"Did I?" he said. "But that was different. It's something else I want to say now."

"Then say it."

"It's about—what you said. Two people meeting."

"Yes, Pete?"

"If you feel what *I* do—" He broke off. "No. Look! There's only a little time. I


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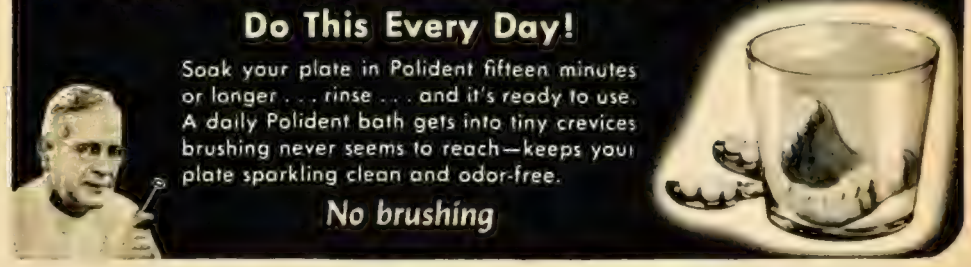

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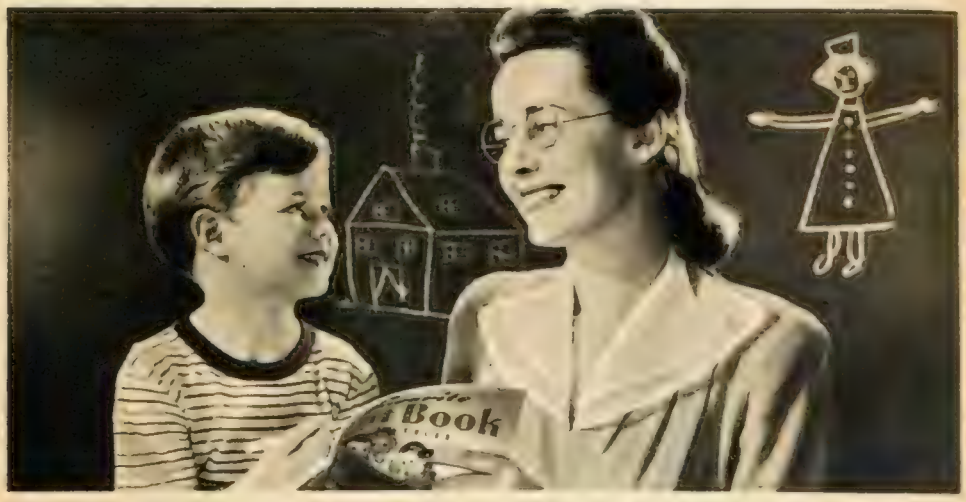


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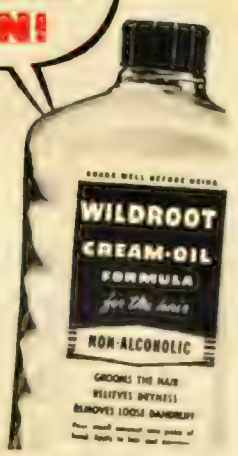


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leave Boston in a few days for the West Coast. Then the Pacific again, and combat. And—there are only these few days— and—I love you. I give you my word I've never been in love before, like this; and—"

"What, darling?"

"Well, while we were in the Pepper Pot for dinner, and I asked you to wait—remember? I had a wild impulse. You'll laugh probably, but—"

He fished a little box out of his pocket and opened it. It was a diamond engagement-and-wedding-ring set.

"—I got this from a jeweler near by. He'd seen our picture in the morning paper. I didn't even know the damned picture was in the paper, but—"

She didn't laugh at the rings. She was holding the little box cupped in her two hands, and she was crying.

"You still didn't ask me, Pete."

"I will now. Will you marry me, Kat? I'll make you a helluva husband whenever this war's over. I promise you I will! I'll even do the cooking if you want me to."

The music stopped, and people were glancing . . .

Their lips brushed, and she put on the engagement ring. He saw her do it, and so did one bartender and half a dozen soldiers and sailors. Pete said huskily:

"Come on, we'll get out of here!"

AND they did, the sailors very respectful until they were three feet away, and then, with the bartender joining in, they began singing Anchors Aweigh in a loud off-key chorus, drowning the juke box.

Outside, Pete said, "See? We're sailors together, Kat. They're glad about it."

And she was saying, "I'm sure nothing this nice has ever happened to any other two people in the world."

But even as she said it, there was something troubling her, and she knew in her heart that soon he would have to know.

She told him late the next night. She didn't know where or how to say it and she'd suggested they take a walk. They did, and they ended sitting on a cold park bench. There was white moonlight on the ground, the shadow of trees, and a rustle of leaves; and in the background were all the lights of Boston.

"It's nothing," she started, "and still it is—or was—something." She was looking at the ground. "Another boy. I thought I was in love with him. He lived in Salt Lake City. That was over two and a half years ago. His name is Bill O'Neil."

"Go on," Pete said.

"Well, we weren't engaged, not the way people get engaged, but—"

"He thought you would marry him?"

"Yes. And I thought so, too. It wasn't long after Pearl Harbor, and he had joined the Navy. He wanted me to promise—"

"That you'd wait for him."

"Yes. Oh, Pete, you put it so bluntly, so coldly! If you only understood! I wasn't really in love with him. It was only—war hysteria."

"Maybe this is, too."

"No, it isn't. Pete, you know it isn't!"

"Tell me about Bill O'Neil."

"Well," she said, "we wrote at first—twice a week or so, and then less frequently; and after a while it was down to about once a month. He sent me a grass skirt from somewhere. But his letters weren't the same. They were interesting, geographically, but not personal any more. Then even that kind of letters began coming further apart."

Pete was silent.

"Eventually," she said, "we stopped writing altogether. And as for myself, I knew I wasn't in love with him. But I didn't know for sure how *he* felt. And there was that promise I'd made. I tried to write a nice letter explaining how I felt and calling the whole thing quits. But it sounded terrible and I tore it up. I wrote another one. Same thing."

"And you were writing still another one when I met you at the Merry-Go-Round."

"Yes."

"That's why you thought you might need a cocktail to get it finished and mailed."

"Yes, that's right, Pete. But I *was* writing the letter. Don't you *see*, darling? I'd *already* made the decision! You had nothing to do with it!" She paused. "Then, when we went out—I hadn't been out with anybody else at all since he went away, and—well, that's why I acted that way on Tea Wharf. But that night I reasoned it out, and I knew then it was all right to fall in love again. I knew I was free, even though I hadn't yet actually written and mailed the letter, because—"

"I understand."

She looked up at him. "Do you? Do you really, Pete? Are you sure?"

"Yes," he said.

"It doesn't make any difference with us, does it? Tell me it doesn't. Please!"

"Of course it doesn't."

"Everything's all right, then?"

"Sure," he said.

But it wasn't, and that night it was he who lay awake thinking.

He met her the next afternoon in the Merry-Go-Round Bar. Everything was the same. The dazzling bar, the crystal glasses, the music—the little tables that circled around and around. Everything was the same—except his eyes.

"Pete . . ."

He smiled wryly. "Feel like I've been on a binge or something," he said. ("Emotional binge" were the words he'd thought of last night.) "You know how it is—guy comes back off combat duty—and he's wild—" He fumbled a cigarette.

"What are you trying to say, darling?"

"That guy—Bill O'Neil. How do you know you wouldn't like him?"

There was fear on her face.

"Now, wait a minute," Pete said. "Time does funny things. If O'Neil was a swell guy once—he still is. After he was back two days it'd be just the same."

"Pete—"

"As for his letters becoming infrequent—remember he's fighting a war." He was talking fast now. "On the other hand, you had all day and all night to write letters, or did, before you joined the Waves."

She was looking down at her glass.

"I want to tell you something, Kat," he said, "and I wish to God I could tell it to *every* serviceman's girl! Every girl in this country who ever made a promise to a guy. The worst thing we've got out there isn't bullets or bombs or hand grenades or even shells—it's a thing so common it's even got a common name."

She was looking up, eyes wet. "What?"

"A 'Dear Johnny' letter," he said. "They come all the time. The kind that say, 'Dear Johnny: Since you went away I've been thinking it over, and I don't want you to get mad or feel bad, but our marriage, our love, our engagement was a mistake.'

"And there's another kind," he went on. "'Dear Johnny: I've met another fellow. He was on leave here.' Or 'He's an aircraft worker on the same shift with me—'" He broke off. "'Dear Johnny' letters. Do you know what they do to those guys out there who get them—guys who live day and night under a thing called Condition Red, and haven't one damned thing in the world to live for except a girl back home?

"Well, *I* know! I saw a kid who got one walk over the fantail one night and right into the ship's screws—and the screws churned him up, which was what he wanted. I saw a guy lie in the cradle of a turret gun and let the compressing barrel crush him to death.

"And the other kind, the kind that don't die. I've sat beside their bunks, nights at sea, trying to console them—and the look in their eyes— I wish you could just once see a man's eyes like that! Because, you see, all a man's got out there is faith—in you. An almost naïve belief. You've got to have it to live and to go on fighting!"

HER eyes were on the table.

"Why, I might be out there two years myself before I get back," he said. "And how do you think I'd feel if—"

"What about *us*, Pete?"

He drank his drink. "Us? Me? I told you already. Binge. Emotional binge. It's always like that. You go off beam about any girl you see and want to marry her."

"Pete!"

"Sure," he said. "Doesn't mean a thing. You go around talking like poetry. Then it passes, like now."

She was searching his face, but she found nothing there. She slipped the ring off her finger and pushed it to him.

"Why don't you keep it—for Bill?"

"No."

So he took it. "I'm leaving for the Coast tonight," he said. "Get my train at six. I'll spend the rest of my leave there. We can have a couple of more drinks here, though, if—" He stopped, cold, just like that. The radio, a voice:

But we went on dancing,
for we didn't know . . .

Their eyes met and held, but they didn't kiss; and now he pulled his eyes away. He heard her choke—and then she was gone—away, and out of the room.

Now in the cab, here in the dusk and the sunset, it was the same song. He'd stayed there in the Merry-Go-Round Bar all afternoon, wondering if she would come back, and knowing that she wouldn't. Never again in his life would anything be quite so lovely. There could never be quite the same magic again, quite the same quality of laughter, nor even the small things—like the beauty he'd seen in Boston, and which was all gone now.

He was sick with his loss. And yet the idea had been worth it. Maybe this one particular Bill O'Neil wasn't—he had no way of knowing—but the idea itself was. There were millions of Johnnys in this war. If only girls realized how important they were as girls! And that whatever sacrifice they made in not writing a letter like that it was worth it! What the hell did they think the guy was fighting for?

Yes, the idea was worth it. Later he would remember that. Later, when he no longer remembered Kathie so clearly, and the pain was less intense than now. Later . . .

The railroad station was big and crowded, and Pete's head ached. Uniforms everywhere, girls kissing soldiers good-by. Tile floors. Chewing-gum stands. Baggage racks. Porters and newsboys and M. P.s. Which gate for the New York train?

The music stopped . . .

He stopped in his tracks automatically. A juke box.

And then he saw Kathie. She came rushing up. She was waving something at him, so excited she could scarcely talk; and she was crying. He thought his head was whirling. There was a singing in it and he was dizzy. She's beautiful. The most beautiful girl I've ever known. She was showing him a letter.

"I'm in the service, aren't I, Pete? I'm a sailor, aren't I? Well, *I've* got a 'Dear Johnny' letter! It was waiting there for me when I got back! Read it, Pete! Bill O'Neil's met a girl in Melbourne. He said he didn't know how to tell me, but—"

"Where?" Pete said. Then he was looking at her. "But, Kat—I told you I didn't care! I said that—about the binge, and—How'd you know it'd make any difference?"

"Because I saw it in your eyes when the song played there in the Merry-Go-Round Bar! You just stopped talking, and I knew you were lying then. And then I knew that I *couldn't* stay. I knew you were leaving me because of Bill, that kind of letters—and I knew that nothing I could say would ever change your mind. But now—well, now that *I've* gotten one—"

"Come on," he said, "let's get out!"

And they did. They started out, passing the chewing-gum stands, ticket booths, and baggage racks. It was dark outside, and there were lights and taxicabs, people, noise, confusion. Pete would spend his leave in Boston after all. "We're headed for the jeweler's," he said, and Kathie just held tightly to his arm. They started up the street gaily, the way they'd been before, and passers-by turned to look at them because they made such a beautiful couple.

THE END

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FROM WIND AND WAVE
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Betty talks to herself!

**Betty:** I wonder if this Tampax really is the marvelous improvement they say it is for monthly sanitary protection...

**Herself:** *Why not try it and find out? Your reasoning mind says O.K. It appeals to your common sense . . . Are you hesitating only because it seems so different?*

**Betty:** Perhaps you're right . . . Come to think of it, the more alert and progressive among my friends are the ones who use Tampax!

**Herself:** *Anyway, how can all those millions of Tampax users be wrong? Especially with a doctor-invented product like this?*

**Betty:** That's a challenge! Why should I be the one to hang back from adopting a modern, scientific improvement? I'm going to use Tampax this very month!

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# Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

COOKED: James Vincent, now in England with the Army, has a formula for detecting character. He claims crooked seams are a sign of a virtuous woman.

MISGUIDED WOMANHOOD: High point in misguided attentions to overseas soldiers was the cake especially baked and frosted by a doting mother, who then painstakingly planted a forest of toothpicks in the top so that the cover of the box wouldn't touch her darling's favorite chocolate icing. Though she must have read warnings by the post office that would indicate packages aren't always carried right side up, she was astonished and disappointed when her son wrote, breaking the news to her that there were mysterious splinters of wood throughout the cake which kept it from being edible. . . . Neatest culinary trick of the season is taking the top entirely off a soup or vegetable can, then baking a fruitcake in it. When it cools, the top may be replaced with adhesive tape, and you have a fully-protected cake for mailing overseas.

TO THE POINT: Mainbocher, in discussing his own fall collections, says, "I am tired of older women, 'quite big girls now,' wearing fashions that are sophomoric." He believes his "lightish, whitish" coats, worn with black dresses, gloves, and shoes, merit the attention of women who would rather look like women than *old girls.*

MISTAKEN IDENTITY: Six-year-old Wendy rushed into the kitchen to tell her mother there was a big black bear on the front lawn. Mommy protested. Wendy insisted. Wendy took Mommy to show her. Bear proved to be a big black dog. Mommy said, "Wendy, you know perfectly well that's a dog. Go straight upstairs and ask God to forgive you for telling a lie." Up went Wendy. When she came down, she said, "You know what God told me? He said the first time He saw that dog, He thought it was a bear, too."

OBJECT LESSON IN THRIFT: Two Australian fliers were waiting in New York for transportation home from the European theater when they heard there was a shortage of farm labor in Sussex County, New Jersey. They volunteered. The farmers were delighted to pay them, and others who followed, four dollars a day plus room and board while they waited to continue their trip to Australia.

TYPICAL AMERICAN NEEDS: Friends and relatives of prisoners of war will be interested in the requests of Second Lieutenant Kendrick U. Reeves, who was shot down and taken prisoner by the Germans April 13, 1944. Here are some tips taken from letters he wrote to his father: "Contact the Red Cross and they will give you all the information you need concerning Prisoners of War and the sending of packages. There are some things I would like to have so here is a list: tooth powder, several good toothbrushes, razor blades, socks, undershirts, shorts, any kind of candy, vitamin B-1 pills, and a pipe. . . . The overseas work of the Red Cross is wonderful. . . . No doubt the Red Cross has given you instructions concerning letters and parcels. Both items mean a lot so shoot the works. Don't believe any rumors about letters being limited to a few words. Write all the family news. In the personal parcels include plenty of chocolate candy and any unperishable foods you might find (dehydrated soup, spaghetti, etc.)." . . . During the summer Ken's father, Captain I. S. K. Reeves, U. S. N., of Washington, D. C., received a gratifying letter from the War Department. It said, "I have the honor to inform you that, by direction of the President, the Air Medal and one Oak-leaf cluster, indicating five additional awards of the same decoration, have been awarded to your son, Second Lieutenant Kendrick U. Reeves, Air Corps. The citation is as follows: 'For meritorious achievement in aerial flight while participating in sustained operational activities against the enemy from 18 January 1944 to 23 January 1944, from 24 January 1944 to 30 January 1944, from 31 January

1944 to 15 February 1944, from 17 February to 11 March 1944, from 17 March 1944 to 4 April 1944, and from 5 April 1944 to 13 April, 1944.'"

STAGGERING STATISTICS: Nearly 10,000 Australian girls have married American servicemen since 1942. Two hundred and ninety-five of these war brides recently disembarked at San Francisco. Seventy-four of them brought babies. Prior to their arrival, nearly 1,000 other Australian brides had come to the United States, and 2,000 others have applied for permits to enter the States. . . . Some 6,000 British girls have married American soldiers and airmen, and many more are waiting for their fighting fiancés to return from the Continent. American and British investigators work together to make sure there are no objections to these marriages. . . . Fifty-six Irish girls recently arrived in New York. They were all brides of U. S. Navy men formerly stationed at Londonderry, Northern Ireland. Sixteen brought babies. Thirty-four were accompanied by their husbands, who have been reassigned to U. S. duty after long stretches overseas.

## SUCKER BAIT

Continued from Page 33

knowing your wife owed nothing to anyone. It would be a very simple solution to all this."

"You mean you're willing to tear up her I O Us?"

"Not exactly, commander. But if the game she's playing in continues for another three or four hours I have a feeling she may have won enough to pay off her debt. She may even make a small profit. The trouble is, I have a feeling you're a man with scruples."

Colin stood looking squarely into the pale blue eyes. "I think I get this," he said. "It's Tierney you're out to clean. He's on the level, not one of you. You've been using Marcia as a come-on. By . . ."

"Now, commander, take it easy," Grant drawled. "Mr. Tierney is very much the gentleman. The old Southern gentleman. He felt sorry for your wife because she'd lost so heavily. He wanted her to have a chance to win it back. It provided a perfect build-up for us. Now the time has come for the kill. Mr. Tierney is going to be taken to the cleaners tonight. But good!"

"And Marcia's the bait."

"It's elementary psychology, commander. We had to be sure when the time came for the—uh—cleaning that Tierney wouldn't quit in the middle. Your wife is our insurance. Mr. Tierney likes to make grandiose gestures for the benefit of attractive women. He will lose his shirt and pay with a flourish to show Mrs. McGrath what a sport he is. You see, commander, why I'm concerned about your conscience and your memory. If Tierney were to discover he was being taken, he might be hard to handle. I had hoped I might be able to control your memory by getting something on you. That's why I searched your apartment tonight after Mrs. McGrath had left to come here."

"It's all very interesting," Colin said, "but it isn't going to work. I'm going to take Marcia home. And I'm going to tell Tierney what cooks. I don't think you'll use that gun. I'm going to risk it."

"Wait just a minute, commander." Grant made no move toward the revolver, but his voice was compelling. "This night's work will net us probably a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That's a lot of

"Eddie'll be with us in a minute. He's making a withdrawal."

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money. There are men in this town who will kill for a ten-dollar bill, commander. I wonder if your conscience could be quieted by my making you a promise."

"What kind of promise?"

"A promise, commander, that if you spoil this particular play I'll see to it that Mrs. McGrath isn't long for this world. She might, you know, fall from a subway platform in front of a train. She might inadvertently step off the curbing in front of a truck." Grant studied his polished nails. "I make that promise, commander."

And Colin knew he wasn't bluffing.

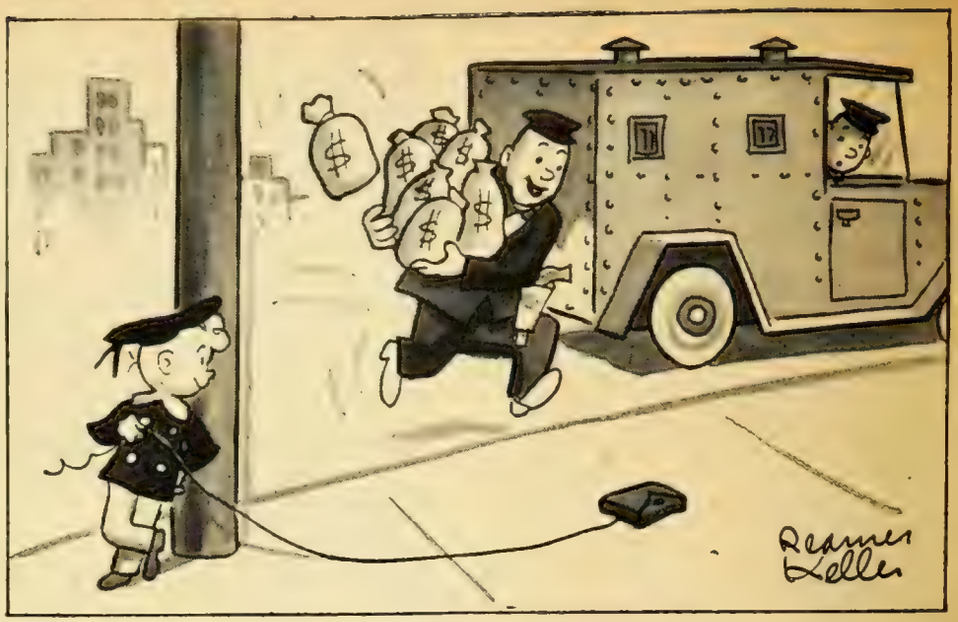
"It's only your wife's story that she owes me money. I have the I O Us. It is only your wife's story that her relationship with Tierney has been entirely casual. It could be made to seem that she'd been more deeply involved and that out of shame and remorse she'd done away with herself."

Colin moistened his lips.

"You can have me arrested tonight, commander, if you can think up a charge that will stick. You can keep me in jail for months. and still Mrs. McGrath will have a regrettable accident. And how is your conscience now, commander?"

Colin stood very still, trying to think it through. Grant's history as recited by Coyle indicated the man wouldn't hesitate to kill for money. It was his trade. It wasn't as if Grant himself would have to do the killing. God knows how many men he had who would follow orders. There was no way to fight it. After all, Tierney was a sucker. He could probably afford the loss. If Colin agreed to keep still, to let the game run its course, he and Marcia would be free from danger. If he refused, they would never be sure that around the next corner death would not be waiting.

# HARDTACK




"An interesting dilemma, isn't it, commander?" Grant said.

"It looks as if I had little choice."

"I'm glad you see it that way," Grant said. He stood up, took the revolver from the desk and slipped it into his pocket. "Shall we go back and watch the game?"

They walked to the door together. "After you," Grant said.

Then Colin let him have it. Weeks of commando training on the beaches of Australia had taught Colin exactly what to do. Grant went down hard, his head striking against the doorjamb. In a matter of seconds Colin was standing over him, the gun now being in his possession.

"Get up!" Colin said.

Very slowly Grant got to his feet. His lip was bleeding. There was murder in his pale blue eyes. "So this is what you choose, commander."

"This is what I choose," Colin said. "I don't like threats, Mr. Grant. I've been fighting a war for two years because I don't like threats."

Grant shrugged. "Don't say I didn't warn you, commander. What's the next move?"

"We're stopping that bridge game," Colin said. "Start moving."

Grant walked slowly across the card room, blotting at his lip with his handkerchief. Several players looked up at him, startled. Colin made no bones about holding the revolver against his back. People pushed back their chairs. Colin kept a sharp watch. Grant might have other allies here besides Flood and Vanescue. Colin looked around for the man from Coyle's, but he was nowhere in sight.

As they approached the table Marcia looked up. She dropped her cards on the green table top and stood. "Colin!"

"It's all right, darling," Colin said. "This thing has gone far enough." He moved nearer and put his left arm around her.

Flood and Vanescue had both risen. Tierney was looking at the scene, dumfounded. Colin's gun covered Grant and his two side-kicks. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that the card room was emptying rapidly. He moved slightly so that he could see the door to the room. He mustn't forget the bald doorman.

"What the devil!" Tierney exploded.

"Mr. Tierney, I'm Marcia's husband," Colin said. "This whole thing is a clip. You're about to be taken for a large sum of money. They've been using Marcia as a decoy in order to get you."

Tierney laughed. "You're loco!"

"I'm sorry this has happened," Grant said calmly. "It seems that Mrs. McGrath has lost a great deal more than she can afford. The commander is making a grandstand play so that she can walk out on her debt."

"I don't know just how you're being cheated," Colin said to Tierney. "The cards may be marked or these men may be expert manipulators. But Grant has admitted that this whole thing is an elaborate scheme to take you for all the freight will stand."

"That is a lie," Grant said. "I suggest you examine the cards, Mr. Tierney."

"We'll hold those cards for evidence,"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Colin said. "Stay where you are, Flood."

Flood had reached for the two decks lying on the table.

"Marcia, take those cards and put them in your bag," Colin said.

She obeyed, Flood drawing back as Colin's gun menaced him.

"A very interesting move," Grant said. "You've noticed, Mr. Tierney, that Mrs. McGrath has been winning tonight—winning consistently. If the cards are marked she most certainly introduced these decks into the game. Perhaps if we searched her bag we would find the original decks."

"You know that isn't true," Marcia said.

Tierney pushed back his chair and stood up. "I've seen some pretty raw moves in my life," he said, his eyes on Colin, "but this one takes the cake."

"It is raw," Grant said. "I'm sorry we weren't sharp enough to prevent its happening, Mr. Tierney. Fortunately they are getting away with no cash."

"Maybe they aren't getting away at all," said Flood. The little bald man had come in. He had an automatic in his hand.

"Well, commander," Grant said, "it looks as though you were fighting a two-front war. Stay where you are, Blackie." The bald man stopped his advance. "If McGrath starts shooting, let his wife have it. Rapid change of picture, eh, commander? I think I'd put down that gun if I were you."

COLIN moved quickly in front of Marcia. "Get back against the wall," he said. "Colin! Colin, for God's sake!" she said in a frightened voice.

"A murder will just about rivet the case against you, Grant," Colin said. He looked straight at Grant, Flood, and Vanescue. "Tell your little boy to start shooting. Unless he's awfully good I'll still manage to get you."

"I don't think that'll be necessary," said a tired voice from the other side of the room. There was a sickening thud and a groan. All of them turned toward the door. The bald man was sprawled on the floor. Standing over him was the bulky figure of Danny Coyle.

"Put away your gun, McGrath," he said. "I hate melodrama."

He came over to the table.

"How did you get in here, Coyle?" Grant asked.

"Through the front door," Coyle said. "I had taken the precaution of having someone here who would let me in when I wanted in."

The little man, Colin thought.

"The game is really up, you know, Grant," Coyle said. "I have to admit I'm disappointed. I thought you'd be a much slicker operator than you are."

"Who is this man and what the devil is he talking about?" Tierney demanded.

"My name is Coyle. It's your privilege, Tierney, to be cheated if you like. Perhaps I ought to let you take it."

"I've been cheated all right," Tierney said. "This lunatic and his wife—they've introduced marked cards into the game and are trying to get away with them."

"Oh, the cards are marked all right," Coyle said. "Didn't anyone ever tell you not to play cards with a stranger who has a damaged thumb, Mr. Tierney?"

"Damaged thumb?" Tierney glanced at Vanescue, at the tape on his thumb.

"The count's a very obvious cheat," Coyle said. "If you were to grasp that thumb firmly, Mr. Tierney, you'd find there is a needle-like point there with which the count marks the cards in the course of play. You'll admit there is quite an advantage in knowing where every card lies. But it's a clumsy method."

(*Continued on page 88*)

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# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

## BY EVE STANLEY

Mortimer frantically tries to stop an unsuspecting victim from tasting his aunts' wine.

## ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

*(Warner Brothers)*
*Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre*

THIS gruesome frolic (from the Broadway stage hit) owes its unique appeal to the fact that it splits your sides and chills your spine at the same time. The two dear old Brewster sisters (Josephine Hull and Jean Adair of the original cast) who trot about putting elderly gentlemen out of their misery with arsenic-spiked elderberry wine are so sweet about it all that it's downright touching—till you run up against the weird details. Then when horror-boys Peter Lorre and Raymond ("Karloff") Massey drop in with an extra corpse, and a *third* pixillated Brewster (John Alexander) keeps charging in and out like Teddy Roosevelt, the plot becomes a riot. Amid all this, the one sane Brewster nephew (Cary Grant) tries frantically to iron things out and get off on his honeymoon. Thanks to Producer-Director Frank Capra, this comic nightmare takes to celluloid like a witch to a broomstick.

1 *It's Halloween in Brooklyn*—a setting which bodes no good for the honeymoon Mortimer Brewster plans with his bride.

2 Mortimer's sweet old aunts, who have a body hidden in that window box, resent the arrival of two weird, uninvited guests.

3 The aunts want to get on quietly with their burying (there are eleven graves down cellar), but new horrors interfere.

4 Looks like a torture session for Mortimer—unless that Karloffian murderer and his side-kick drink the Brewster wine!

## THE BATTLE FOR THE MARIANAS

*(U. S. Marine Corps)*

HERE'S a tremendously exciting twenty-one-minute film expertly culled from the official Marine Corps record of the battle for the Mariana Islands. "Japan's back door" became an American stronghold with the August capture of Saipan and Tinian and the recapture of Guam, and in this picture you get an idea of what those battles meant. You're on the front line with the camera nearly every moment, groping through smoke, dodging the curtains of fire shooting up in the wake of the flame throwers, holding your breath in the long, tense silence after the guns stop firing. Then come the listless, bewildered little groups of island civilians, shuffling in to surrender. Out among the rocky cliffs, Jap soldiers can be seen committing suicide—small, violent figures leaping to death before your eyes. This is another memorable chapter of real war.

## SAN DIEGO, I LOVE YOU

*(Universal)*
*Jon Hall, Louise Allbritton*

THE saga of the motherless McCooley family (four irrepressible small boys and Louise Allbritton) whose absent-minded papa (Edward Everett Horton) has invented a collapsible life raft makes quite a jolly little excursion into the realm where anything can happen. And anything *does* happen—from the loss of three thousand dollars out of a window to the discovery of tearful Eric Blore up a tree. The main efforts of the family are confined to coping with San Diego's wartime hubbub and proving the raft seaworthy, with minor outbursts of general tomfoolery.

This featherweight story is enriched by a host of lively, diverting minor characterizations. Tycoon Jon Hall (his muscles eclipsed in a business suit) remains straight-faced throughout, but energetic Louise Allbritton finds him worth her efforts, and there are plenty of refreshing laughs along the way.


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## 8 BOOKLETS BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

Bertrand Russell, the distinguished philosopher, mathematician, logician and Freethinker, recently said that he enjoyed writing booklets for E. Haldeman-Julius because he is given the fullest freedom of expression. In fact, it is only in essays written for Haldeman-Julius that Dr. Russell can give circulation to the mind-liberating thoughts he feels should be made known to the average person. Most standard publishers are afraid to issue works that are frowned on by the orthodox and conventional. Such a restriction is never encountered in the editorial department of the H-J Publications. In the booklets listed below Dr. Russell offers a feast of reason, information, logic, wit and rollicking humor. We present:

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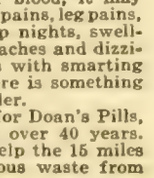

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**Cystex** Helps Flush Kidneys

"I took a chance on catching you in."

(*Continued from page 85*)

Tierney's eyes narrowed. His big hand shot out and caught Vanescue by the wrist. With his other hand he felt the adhesive strip.

"But that's only half of it," Coyle said. "Mr. Flood is clever. He can deal from top or bottom with equal ease. He can tell when to deal from the top and when to deal from the bottom." Coyle paused, scowling. "Where are the cards?"

"In Marcia's bag," Colin said.

Coyle held out his hand for them. "You see, these cards are marked in another way, too subtle for a clumsy cheat like the count," he said. "The decks of cards you've been playing with are called belly-strippers." Coyle handed one of the decks to Tierney. "If you'll examine those closely, Tierney, you'll see that the deck is divided into two parts, cards above eight, and those below. The cards above eight have been shaved along the sides so that they're about a sixty-fourth of an inch wider in the center than they are at the ends. This makes the bulge in the middle. Educated fingers can feel that bulge. The low cards have been shaved at the middle so that they're wider at the ends. Flood always knew whether he was dealing a high card or a low card. He could always slip you a low card from the bottom if the top card happened to be high."

Tierney's face was getting an angry red.

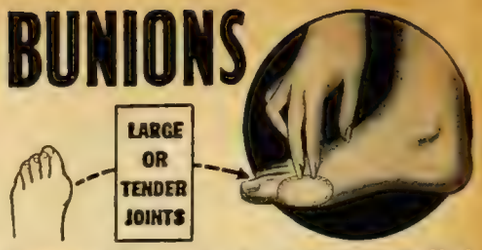
"You never had a chance, Mr. Tierney," Coyle said. "From Vanescue's markings they always knew where the cards were, and on Flood's deals they could actually distribute the cards the way they wanted them to fall."

"I don't get one thing," Tierney said. "You knew all this before you came."

Coyle looked at Lewis Grant and smiled faintly. "This kind of stuff is hard to prove in court," he said. "So I had one of my best men here tonight. He had a card of introduction from a character who couldn't refuse me. He kibitzed your game. It so happens he had a miniature camera under his vest. He took about four hundred shots of Flood dealing and the count marking the cards with his needle point. Enough of those shots should turn out well to put you all in jail.

"Incidentally it was he who let me in. I spent a most uncomfortable hour in a café across the street. He called me from your pay station downstairs when he'd taken enough photographs. We'd arranged


# BUNIONS

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for him to let me in, and the moment seems to have been most opportune. The photographs will make an airtight case, with these cards as substantiating evidence."

There was the sound of a bell ringing.

"Perhaps, Mrs. McGrath, you wouldn't mind going downstairs and opening the front door. That will be the men from the district attorney's office. I phoned for them before I came over here."

Marcia slipped out from under Colin's embrace. Coyle, Colin, and the angry Mr. Tierney faced Grant and his two confederates.

"My, my," Coyle said ironically, "there doesn't seem to be much fight left in you gentlemen."

COYLE sat behind the big flat-topped desk in his private office. On the desk were bottles of beer, stacks of sandwiches, and a gallon-sized coffeepot. Colin and Marcia and Mr. Tierney, the Texas oil man, were seated around the desk watching Coyle. The fat man sat back in his custom-built armchair, eyelids hooded, his fingers toying with the inevitable deck of cards.

"It's always been the belief of the average card player," Coyle said, "that bridge is one game at which he can't be cheated. All the rules of bridge are designed to prevent dishonest practices. But a good mechanic can lone-wolf any bridge game and make a huge profit. You were a fish worth playing expertly, Mr. Tierney."

Tierney shook his head. "I never even dreamed of it," he said. "I won for several weeks. Not much, but I won."

"Naturally. You were to be nursed along until just before you planned to return to Texas. Then you were to be given the business. Without realizing it, Mrs. McGrath was part of the scheme. You enjoyed playing with her. They kept her in the game by seeing to it that she lost—lost more than she could afford. The plan was that she would recoup all her losses tonight from you, Mr. Tierney. That would be twenty thousand they'd take without your realizing you'd lost it to them. Fortunately for you, Mrs. McGrath, not knowing that tonight was the big night, came to me for help instead of joining the game. They were desperate. I suspect Tierney said he didn't want to play unless Mrs. McGrath was in the game."

Tierney flushed and looked uneasily at Colin. "I did," he said. "I'm married, commander. It was just that Mrs. McGrath was good company. I never dreamed—"

"You hadn't won enough to obligate you to play on this last night. Just enough to make it seem on the level. When Mrs. McGrath left here she went home to wait for her husband. They located her there by phone. They told her to come over and play, or else! I had instructed her to take the bait when it was offered, so she went and the game got under way. Meanwhile I'd gotten my man in there. He began taking pictures as soon as the game got going. We arranged that he should leave at a certain time and I would be waiting on the doorstep. It was the only way I could get in. Grant's doorman knew me by sight—as most people in this town do." He shrugged. "That's all. With the photographs, the cards, and your and Mrs. McGrath's evidence, Grant and his friends will have a long time to think things over in a secluded spot."

Colin's arm tightened around Marcia and he looked down into her face. She was pale, but her eyes were free of fear. Colin wished Coyle's explanation would end. He wanted to be alone with Marcia. He wanted to be alone with her for the rest of time.

THE END


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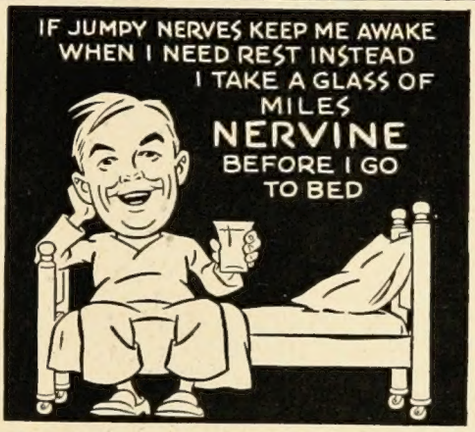


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OCT. 28, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
*Publisher*
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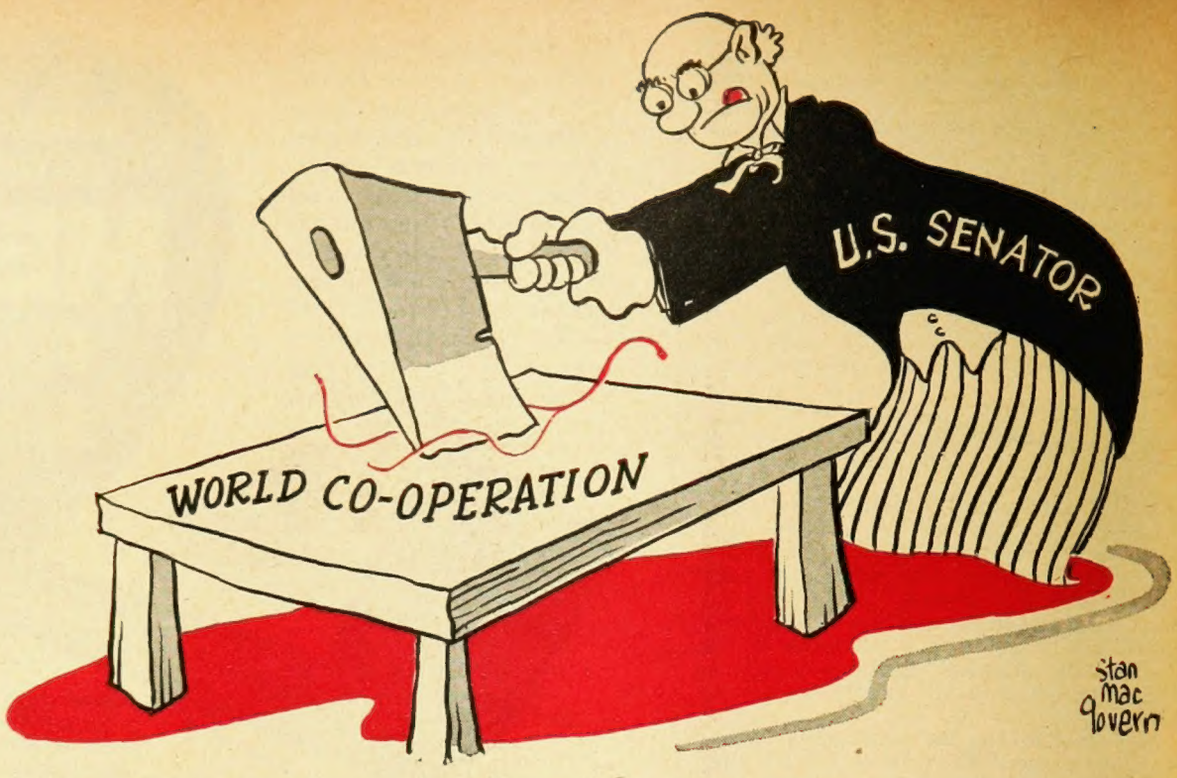



Don't split the table, too.

# THE U. S. SENATE—BOGEY OF WORLD CO-OPERATION

BOTH President Roosevelt and Governor Dewey have gone on record as favoring full U. S. participation in an international organization to enforce peace. Nevertheless, a great deal of argument will rage before we find ourselves actually members of such a body. The President, no matter who holds the office, does not have the final say.

The United States Senate must ratify our participation, and one third of the senators plus one can block ratification.

Though American citizens do not seem greatly concerned over this very important fact of our national life, the other nations of the world are only too aware of it. They see clearly that no international organization can work unless the United States participates fully. They know that agreements made with U. S. conferees hang by very tenuous threads until the Senate has had its say.

Thus the arguments which have already started in the Senate are watched abroad with much more attention than we ourselves pay. The members of the Senate seem to have lost none of their old-time skill at splitting hairs when the question of U. S. co-operation with other nations is debated. This is an honored Senate privilege, of course, and no one would deprive our senators of it. But it does hamper the serious business of hewing out an organization of nations that will work. Other nations hesitate to commit themselves because they don't know to what extent we will play ball. Until such time as our Senate goes on record by a resolution as to its attitude, passed by more than a two-thirds majority, this hesitation will continue.

Of all the nations of the world, the United States should be most interested in an international organization to preserve peace. Simple logic supports this contention. The world now knows something it wasn't sure of before. This war has demonstrated that the U. S. A. stands athwart any attempt to subdue the world by force. Future conquerors, therefore, will make the conquest of America the first order of business. We are the ones upon whom the robot bombs will fall without warning. We are the ones who will be attacked in the dead of night by weapons yet undreamed of.

Perhaps we can guard ourselves successfully, but it will take much of our wealth and manpower to maintain an impregnable defense. Even at that, history seems to show there is no such thing.

We have a great stake in world peace. We have much to gain and little to lose in joining with other nations to prevent war. Unless we do our part, no international organization will work. If it doesn't work, we are sure to suffer from its failure. The sooner the Senate gets the hairsplitting out of its system and passes a resolution assuring U. S. participation in keeping the peace, the more likely we are to get an organization that will be satisfactory to all concerned.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

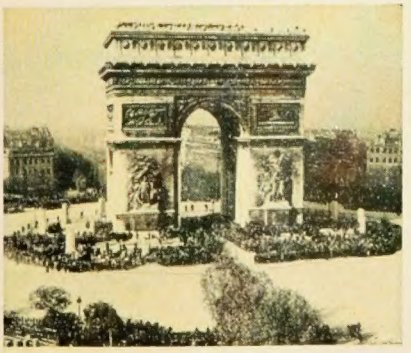
# The Story of France...
# Liberté... Egalité... Fraternité!



**1874** **FRANCE** takes long strides toward liberty, equality and brotherhood with the founding of The Third Republic. French citizens contribute money for the Statue of Liberty, a present to a sister Republic in Corby's 16th year as a great whiskey name.



**1890** **EIFFEL TOWER** highlights the Paris World's Fair. France displays her art and industry. French love of freedom, originally inspired by the writings of Chateau-briand, Victor Hugo and others, creates a world power. Corby's reaches its 32nd year.



**1944** **PATRIOTS HELP** free their land of the hated invader. Inborn love of freedom and the rights of man stayed alive in France through four years of occupation and now shines out anew in this, Corby's 86th year as a grand old Canadian name.

## A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

**PRODUCED IN U. S. A.** *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

**FRANCE HAS RISEN AGAIN!** The day of world-wide victory will thrill freedom-loving people everywhere. As you work and contribute to the cause, you may occasionally toast success with your favorite drink made of Corby's, the light, sociable blend. This whiskey with the grand old Canadian name is being distributed evenly. *We believe an occasional acquaintance with Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after Victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits
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This fine old distillery is today the home of **OLD TAYLOR** whiskey—and has been since 1887. Not a single drop of any other whiskey has ever come from this distillery.

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